
S L A V E R Y:

OR

THE TIMES.

NEW YORK

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6
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OR

T H E T I M E S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
MONMOUTH, THE DANISH MASSACRE, &c.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud
— — How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. —

————— Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious pow'rs
Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
Is off the poise within. The passions all
Have burst their bounds. —
Even love itself is bitterness of soul.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

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S L A V E R Y :

OR, THE TIMES.

TO ADOLPHUS HAMILTON *in* ENGLAND.

From ZIMZA, King of TONOUWAH.

Second Moon.

I Have trusted thee with a deposit more sacred than Zimza's existence.—For what is life without honour, that enlightening principle of Zimza's soul, which for so many moons he has preserved unsullied?—Thou hast promised to guard it unblemished in the person of his son. But what is the promise of a European?—Yet Hamilton is *not* a European either in feeling, manners, or disposition. Often, when the generous warmth of his passions has broke through the dark due our sun had impressed upon his countenance, often have I said, "This man has an African mind." And when thy dejected eye has turned with pity (I am sure it *was* pity,) mixed perhaps with indignation from the horred scenes our native shores so frequently exhibit, "Surely, (have I pronounced,) Surely the Deities have reserved this man to revenge the cause of our helpless countrymen!"

B

Had

Had I *not* so thought, had I *not* so witnessed, during the years of my residence in England, Adolphus should yet have remained in his father's house, still have retained his influence in the nations of his forefathers, improving in every masculine accomplishment under a parent's inspection, nor quitted the mansion of peace and glory, the rough abode of stern virtue, to receive a polish which, in less skilful hands than thine, might lose its original lustre in the indiscriminate indulgence of his prejudices, appetites, and wishes. Oh ! let him not sink, with the noble name of Zimza, those qualities which, I am honest to own, are resident in my bosom. And may the sacrifice I have made, in permitting my son to take the title of a European, never burn indignantly on Zimza's conscious cheek !—It was all my friend required. Could I do otherwise ! May he, then, with the name of Adolphus, adopt his excellencies, adding them to those he already possesses !—But oh be careful not to indulge his inclination at the expence of his reason. Yet wear not away, by a slavish impression of national and feminine habits, the *brilliant boldness* (if I may so speak,) which characterises the children of the sun ; those I mean whose spirits have not been bowed by slavery ; whose virtues have not been destroyed nor their vices confirmed by bad examples and worse treatment.

I know how difficult it is to manage a youth whose quick perceptions are yet unchecked by the cold hand of prudence ; but *you* are equal to the task.—Touch, then, with delicacy those marks of pride which even Zimza's tenderness has discovered in his child's disposition ;
those

those spots and (shall I say, in some degree, if not removed) those degrading stains in a hero's glory.—Remind him of his dignity as man, but let him claim no consequence from his birth : for well do I know, from experience, how little value Europeans set upon African greatness.—Yet wherefore these cautions to the guardian of my son ? Cautions, I would hope, unnecessary, and perhaps contradictory. However, what thou canst not excuse in the friend may be forgiven to the parent. And yet what I shall farther say may occasion a still greater exertion of thy patience.

Last night, the seventh, as thou knowest, of our separation, I reached the mouth of the Gambia. My feet were irresistibly impelled along its banks.—Alone, pensive, and meditating, I advanced. The moon transmitted her clear beams through our lucid atmosphere, unchecked by the unwholesome fogs which, at certain periods, render this climate dangerous, and discovered that immense prospect we so often have admired. A dead calm gave the river all its charms ; to the entrance of which, almost unconscious of fatigue, paternal eagerness directed my steps. I arrived at a rock that overlooked a part of the harbour, when the bright rays of a swiftly rising sun extinguished the softness of the inferior planet, and threw a glorious radiance on the sails of a vessel which was slowly attempting her passage over the bay.—A mist rushed into my eyes.—It dissolved in a tear. What a disgrace to Zimza's cheek, to Zimza's situation !—But, Hamilton, the source was clear. Neither empoisoned by blameable passions nor disappointed ambition.—A tear !—Well, my

B 2

friend,

friend, it flowed not from unworthy motives.—That ship was—loaded with slaves! Unhappy sacrifice to domestic feuds, savage war, or interested, shall I not say, *inhumanity*? Silent and still, the winds seemed to refuse their sanction to the theft, as if loth to tear the wretched creatures from all the social comforts of life.—'Tis true, they laboured for the precarious morsel, but it was sweetened with liberty. Unpolished by education, unrestrained by example, and unawed by the Deity thou and thy countrymen acknowledge, (I will not say worship) they have not learned to disguise *revenge* under the name of justice or sanction of law: and, in the infliction of that power, did not always advert to reason or mercy. It is likewise too true that many of our chiefs are deeply concerned in the vile custom of betraying their fellow-creatures.—But never shall Zimza gratify his interest at the expence of his peace, or of the lives of those he may have conquered.

Thus I thought: and oh! what I felt, when the sails began to fill? The sea breezes creeping on the water ruffled its beauty, and I could fancy they brought to my ears the groans, the sighs, the honest execrations, of the deluded Africans.

Mortals, influenced by that bloody distinction ye have acquired over us by your modes and manners, or the knowledge ye have cultivated at the expence of your faith, your truth, your honesty, in what are ye superior to us? Do not the same beams enlighten, the same passions inform, the same principles animate, us? If, unactuated by the artful motives of interest, miscalled prudence, does
it

it follow that our lives are to be sacrificed, our blood (boiling with rage at such cruelty) to be spilt, for the advancement of your fortunes? But you tell us, that, influenced by sordid gratification, you are concerned to preserve the health of your slaves.—And *how* preserve them? The beasts of burthen, in your own nation, are considered in a light more humane than the captured negro. While those are plentifully fed, nay almost pampered, *he*, too often sinking under the lash and scantily supported, finds every active power restrained; while forced beyond his natural strength, and still more oppressed by indignant grief, he yields in despair to his fate, and mortifies the barbarous inflictor of his undeserved punishment. I *know* a sulky tenaciousness, a gloomy obstinacy, are the characteristics of my countrymen. I *know*, that, under the idea of a quick, and in some instances a barbarous, spirit of retaliation, numerous families have been sacrificed to an unjust and inhuman resentment. But is this to be cavilled at, when they can find a market ready for the victims of vengeance and interest? And is the example of a people, whom the Europeans consider as inferior to themselves in every instance, to be held up as an extenuation of faults ye can no otherways palliate? Judge for me, my friend; I speak as a sufferer on this occasion, and indignantly look upon the widows and orphans whose husbands, captured by other powers, have left them to lament a loss never to be repaired.

But think not, though an African, that Zimza condemns without reserve. Some amongst you, I would hope, are alive to the sufferings

sufferings of their fellow-creatures. There are more Hamiltons than one. Nay, it has been reported, that the grand council of thy nation are not impenetrable to our distress.—The prayers of Zimza shall call for blessings on those who nobly make a stand against such treacherous baseness.

But is this the only theme which unmans thy friend?—Hurried away by glowing rage and pity for the sorrows he has endeavoured to relieve, is there not a cord of his heart that trembles yet more powerfully for the agonizing feelings of nature?—Yes.—That *ship*, Hamilton, carries with it the subject of his hopes, fears, wishes, and joys, for it contains his child, and the generous man who left his family and country, when called upon by a doating father, for the noble purpose of guarding an only child to shores hostile to his peace.—Zimza cannot compliment, or with what reason might he praise a conduct so uncommon?—But Hamilton lives in his heart.—Once more, then, think of the charge thou hast undertaken. It is Tonouwah's prince looks up to an Englishman for protection, instruction, and all that sedulous attention youth requires. Watch over him; guard him from the bitterest foes; and, while the vessel remains at Port-Royal, waiting to dispose of her miserable cargo, trust not Adolphus from thy sight, but safely conduct him from the dangerous island; an island so truly hateful to an African. *My son* would be a prize worth their notice.—The thought is death!—But is he not Hamilton's care? Away, jealous suspicion.

Only

Only a few words more. This will follow thee to Jamaica.—It may be long ere I can receive an answer.—Pardon me, I would just add, transmit, by every possible opportunity, his words, (need I say *whose*?) his thoughts, his actions, nay I would read his very looks, in your epistles.

ZIMZA.

From

From ZIMZA to Mr. HAMILTON.

Seventh Moon.

IT is true, I know but little of the navigation between Africa and England; yet I thought there was a probability of thy meeting the Guinea or Sierra Leona ships, in thy passage to England. I am in painful suspense! . . . But they arrive. I hasten to the harbour. The boats put off! My heart, beating as if each stroke threatened even existence, prevents my speech.—Feeble mortal, where is thy fortitude? King of Tonouwah, where is thy dignity? Down, throbbing breast, enough have I sacrificed to nature.—Azilli approaches with my attendants. Fearful of their safety, yet alive to duty, they croud about me, and, in silent earnestness, seem to wait the wished command to quit this fatal spot, fatal to many miserable families.—But wherefore fear? Zimza will protect them with his life.—Thus, while the boats are making to shore, do I, upon the tablets thou gavest me, express the emotions of my soul.

Now yonder crew are landed.—The captain comes this way.—My child, my friend, I shall soon receive intelligence of your safety.—

“Savage, I deal not in human merchandise.”—Hamilton, he brings no letters, but would persuade me to negotiate for the freedom of my people.—“Men of Tonouwah, doubt not: ye are all my children. Why, then, thus dismayed? We will soon quit these shocking scenes.”

Hamilton, thou hast undone me. Where is Adolphus? Where the dear pledge of Leonora’s love.

love. — Monster! Not *one* honest European to be met with. — Is it thus I am to suffer for the liberality of my sentiments towards ye? — Three vessels and no letters! — I tell thee, Christian, if thou hast left my son a slave in Jamaica, revenge, in its most horrid effects, shall pursue thee. But what would I say? Thou laughest at my calamity. My groans and sighs, could they reach thy polluted soul, would be sport to Hamilton. — But I will even descend to intreat thy pity, and implore thee to send my son back. — Send him back, gentle European, if thou hast not infamously betrayed the innocent wanderer; in mercy, send him back to a distracted parent. — I will hide him, — ah! I will hide him from human eyes. We will hasten to the interior parts of Ethiopia, where there is no traffic for MEN.

I have interrogated the commanders of the several vessels. — “They saw no prince;” (thus haughtily they answer;) “they hailed “the Frederic, on her passage, but none of “her people came on-board.” — And this is all *they* know. — Cruel! thus to tear the strings of affection which bind a father to his child! — Oh! he is certainly left in Jamaica. —

And is the noble offspring of him thou calledst *friend* doomed by *thee* to work in fields fattened by African toil? Infatuated man! have I not provoked the fate I am sinking under? — And yet I would not irritate thee — But surely *my* tuition might have served the grandson of him who passed a peaceful life amidst his native wilds! But *I* was desirous he should visit that nation where I had safely

passed my youth, and willingly trusted my lovely Adolphus with him whose father so kindly protected *me*. —

Hamilton, by all our past intercourse, by the happy hours we enjoyed in England, by the yet more pleasing ones so lately marked with placid serenity at Tonouwah, restore, I beseech thee, restore my son, Leonora's son. — Leonora was thy countrywoman; she loved the English, though her sensibility distinguished innate sincerity through the dark hue that shrouded Zimza's countenance. Yes, *she* looked to the heart for that equality the Christians deny us, nor shrunk disgusted from the sable umbrage of an honest countenance. Yet did not that partiality blind her to the virtues of a nation she adorned. From her and thee I received those favourable prepossessions which Oh! yet confirm those prepossessions, nor strengthen my belief that the dear departed Leonora and thy sire were the only benevolent Europeans. Alas! *thy* treachery would make me more than doubt the justice of the noble few whom, in my former letter, I characterised as the defenders of our rights.

Am I not inconsistent? And cannot Hamilton account for it? Perhaps he will perceive that my distresses, my agonizing feelings for a dear lost child, bewilder the imagination, destroy propriety, and — but what more would I say? — If thou art guilty, of what avail are expostulations, intreaties, or remonstrances? If innocent, what anguish is preparing for the credulous.

ZIMZA!
ADOLPHUS

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON to ZIMZA, King of
Tonouwah.

Port-Royal, Jamaica,

April 10.

A GREEABLY to the sacred promise my friend received at parting, I have retired from the convivial set, to obey the noble Zimza. My engagement, if memory deceive me not, was, "To endeavour, by a particular attention to the scenes in which your son may be concerned, to gratify your impatient affection in a full description of them: nay, to describe (thus you expressed yourself) every incident passing under his eye, or that may come within my knowledge. Such (you said) I mean as may tend to elucidate his conduct, principles, and disposition." That you may, in the glass of retrospection, again view England, and its diversities, prejudices, and peculiarities, as well as behold nature as she daily unfolds herself in your amiable Adolphus.

To begin, therefore, a task which friendship only could render agreeable to me, I shall endeavour to delineate the following instance of my young pupil's artless humanity, to which virtue, courage and intrepidity must be added as his inheritance.

Soon after our arrival at Port-Royal, the persons appointed to conduct the slaves on shore came to execute their commission; and, as our captain was confined to his cabin with the gout, he solicited me to supply his place.

For a short period, the business went on very calmly, till a poor creature, with her
little

little infant (born on the passage) was ordered up. Weak from that unhappy circumstance, she in vain attempted to get over the ship's side ; but (should I write these things to an African ?) the hardened overseer roughly pushed her forwards, that others might follow. A tall sullen-looking negro, who waited for his turn, observing the transaction muttered something in his own language, and shook his hands, ironed as they were, at the menacing wretch who had so rudely treated the poor woman. The ready whip was immediately applied to punish his temerity. Adolphus, who had his arm within mine, trembled. On seeing the strokes unmercifully repeated, he quitted my side, and, seizing the overseer's hand, while the tears rushed into his eyes — “ My father's subjects obey without the whip, (he cried ;) we have no whips at Tonouwah.”

The slave looked up, and exclaimed — “ My master, my prince.” — Adolphus ran back to me. — “ Oh ! stop him, stop him ; do not let him be beaten any longer. — It is poor Sambo.” —

I then interferred, and interrogated the distressed fellow upon the cause of his imprudence ; he told me the unfortunate woman was his wife ; that error as well as weakness had overcome her, from the dread she had, in common with the rest, that she was to be sacrificed to the European gods, as soon as they were landed.

Adolphus took his hand, for he turned aside in speechless agony, and bid him not cry, for when *he* was a man he should return to Jamaica and would give them both their freedom.

Sambo

Sambo sunk on his knees before me, saying,
“ O massa — be *our* slave. — Go my
“ prince.” —

“ Yes, (interrupted Adolphus, dropping
“ likewise by his side,) Dear friend, take
“ Sambo to England : he was my father’s
“ subject, and used to attend me when I was
“ an infant.” —

I immediately consented to purchase him ;
though, being a fine healthy young man, I
imagined his price was rather high, and your
liberal presents, which would otherwise have
enabled me to gratify our noble boy’s re-
quest, were not in specie, so that I was but
scantly provided for such an unexpected ex-
pence. However, it was impossible to resist
the suggestions of humanity, pointed and en-
livened as they were by the innocent pleader,
and Adolphus joyfully congratulated the
astonished negro on his success, attempting,
at the same time, to raise him from his knees.
Sambo spoke not, but stood mute and dejected.
Lifting his eyes to the boat which contained
his wife and child, he gazed on the affecting
objects till they had reached the landing-place,
while your son, with the eager benevolence of
youth, was drawing him towards the cabin
steps, that he might go down to receive some
refreshment. But Sambo gently remained
fixed and pensive, till again resuming his hum-
ble posture and wringing his hands — “ Sambo
“ go England. — Live with prince. — No
“ whip, no work like slave. — No. — Sambo
“ stay.” —

Adolphus burst into tears, and, looking at
me as if to read my thoughts, “ Oh ! Mr.
“ Hamilton, you will not let Sambo stay to
“ be

"be a slave? — Go with us, Sambo. — Oblige him to go, my dear friend." — I was really distressed, and the more when the affectionate creature, kissing the prince's hand, his heart apparently rising to his throat, with a tremulous voice, said, — "Dear Massa, poor Sambo tank you, — but, Omra stay, me stay too. Work all day, — fare hard, — all for poor Omra. — Me go, who comfort her? She cry, man laugh. — She sick, tired, labor all day, no one pity. — She call Sambo, — Sambo gone. — Sink down. — Die!" — He could say no more, but, passing his arm over his face, strove to hide or wipe off the swelling drops that would force themselves a passage. The scene was pitiable, but I continued silent; when Adolphus, as if impelled by some happy thought, flew from us, ran down to his chest, and presently returning with a parcel, — "Here, (said he to the unhappy man,) take this gold dust, it is all I have. Go, lose no time, fetch her on-board. We will all go to England together."

Doubtless, Zimza will admire the generosity of this act, but what will he say to Sambo? who, pushing the treasure from him, cried, — "Perish Omra, — perish Sambo. — Me would serve my prince, me would work, me would die, for him: but me will not make him poor."

Who could mortify the grandeur of an untaught soul, and impelled alone by its native feelings? Who could check a liberality so amiable? How can the haughty masters of these wretched people account for such sublime affection, which, while dreading slavery worse than

than death, could brave its utmost fury, rather than desert a partner destined to the melancholy fate. — Again I was conquered, and, bidding Sambo take courage, told him means might yet be found to reunite him to his wife in the way most agreeable to his wishes. But now, when Adolphus explained what I said, his gratitude became more eloquent than his scanty knowledge of a few English words, acquired on his voyage, would permit, and he employed every idiom of the Tonouwah language to express his delight. I soon quitted him, to try the success of a scheme which partly depended upon a sudden and well-timed impression.

Going, therefore, into the cabin, where I had left several opulent planters, who were come on-board to view the *cargo*, I mentioned, in a general way, the hardships of those females who superadded, to the sorrows of their own captivity, that of introducing to their helpless little ones such an unfortunate inheritance; and then strengthened my observations by a more particular description of the affair I had just witnessed. My remarks were received with the contemptuous half-concealed smiles of one of my auditors; but, not intimidated, I went on to paint in strong colours the sufferings of those poor creatures, and declared my intention to purchase Sambo, his wife and child, for the purpose of liberating them, and freely added my wishes that I could emancipate the whole cargo. A look of incredulous wonder went round; when the above-mentioned person, who seemed more interested than the rest, observed, that Sambo was his intended property,

property, and he did not choose to give up such a valuable acquisition. —

“ It is owing (said another) to the false indulgence these rascals meet with, from people of Mr. Hamilton’s description, that they so hardily defy the wholesome severity so necessary to the keeping them to their work. Idleness is a negro’s character; and, if he will rather bear the whip than exert his strength, are we to be stigmatised with cruelty, if we endeavour to cure them of that vice ?”

“ Prithee (answered the first) add sullenness and pride to the charge, and you then behold a complete African. — I have a fellow on my plantation who would lie down to receive correction. — To be sure, my overseer went a little too far, one morning, in his duty. But it was his obstinacy that provoked him. The villain got well enough in a fortnight. — There is nothing to be done without it, gentlemen; nothing to be done. Here I give forty, fifty, sixty, pounds for a negro. — Well, he becomes my property, and consequently I shall do with him as I please; and let any of these soft-fouled gentry condemn me for it, if *they* please. I have the law on my side. — Let the dogs work or take the consequence; and, as to the women, let them work too. — I am sure they cost us enough. — Depend upon it, if once we slacken in our discipline, it is all over with us.”

“ True, sir, (said an elegant looking man, who had hitherto kept a strict silence, and whose friendship for our captain only had
“ procured

"procured us the honour of his company,) you
 "are undoubtedly right in your assertion, that
 "pride, fullenness, and even laziness, are too of-
 "ten to be met with in such a numerous body of
 "untaught people. But does it follow that
 "they are vices existing *only* in the disposition
 "of a negro? Certainly not. I have now
 "upon *my* plantation a large number of these
 "poor despised *outcasts* of nature, as a *tender-*
 "*hearted* senator once styled them. I will not
 "explain *my* mode of treatment, but I will tell
 "you its *effects*. A justly-founded report has
 "lately prevailed that I am about to quit them.
 "Upon hearing which they struck their tools,
 "and, notwithstanding the commands of an
 "overseer, whom they were accustomed
 "strictly to obey, (and who has not yet worn
 "out *one lash* in my service;) they assembled
 "at my gates, and, unused to disguise their
 "feelings, poured forth such a mixture of
 "groans, tears, and lamentations, as would
 "almost have softened the heart of ****;
 "expressing so much artless sorrow for, and so
 "much fear of, a change, which, from com-
 "parison, they conceived there was much
 "reason to dread, that I was obliged to sooth
 "what in general might have been severely
 "corrected."

"Never tell me, (interrupted the first
 "speaker,) never tell me, Mr. *Sealy*, of in-
 "dulgence, tenderness, and such cant, we
 "must be rigorous, if we would be safe."
 This conclusion was confirmed by a violent
 stroke on the table with his fist.

"And are you certain (said I) that rigorous
 "treatment will *always* produce the effect you
 "mention? Take care, gentlemen, that
 "the

“ the means you use to secure your interest
“ prove not its destruction. The negroes are
“ extremely numerous, and, should they once
“ be roused to a sense of their undeserved
“ usage, may be provoked to a dangerous
“ revenge. I do not mean, at present, to
“ descant on their equality, as that, in *my* esti-
“ mation, admits not of a doubt. I shall take,
“ for a moment, *your* side of the question, and
“ ask, if you think our *beasts* of burthen would
“ quietly submit to the yoke, if they were
“ sensible of their own importance? Now,
“ as you *must* allow these men the possession
“ of some degree of reason, is there not dan-
“ ger to be feared (should they act according
“ to their feelings) that a day *may* come when
“ rebellion shall tinge your land with blood,
“ and the wretched dependents, you so severely
“ force beyond their strength, turn with fatal
“ fury upon their masters? And which of
“ you, in such an instant, would oppose him-
“ self to an enraged multitude? Which of
“ you (except Mr. Sealy) could confidently
“ appeal for protection to the slaves of his own
“ plantation, and exult in the gentleness of
“ that conduct, the reward of which would be
“ your certain safety?”

Mortified, but unconvinced, they remained silent; and, as it was not so much my business to irritate their pride as to rouse a sense of interest, I adverted to my first subject, and calmly assured them it was Sambo's intention, if left upon the island in slavery, to free himself and family by a sudden death. (Something like this the poor man hinted to Adolphus.) This threat succeeded beyond expectation. The planter willingly gave them up upon terms
more

more moderate than could have been supposed, and I found myself enabled to gratify my young friend in giving *liberty*, for such I may call it, to the objects of his benevolence.

We have taken Sambo's family on-board ; but to paint their rapture in its true colours, as it breaks forth in every look and action to Adolphus, would be impossible ; nor shall I particularise the share *I* take in their artless thanks. — Adieu, my noble friend. I shall trust this letter to a captain who is commissioned, for some secret but important reasons, to navigate the coast of Sierra Leona. An uncommon though fortunate circumstance this, as you know the difficulty attending a voyage from the West-Indies to Africa. — I imagine, notwithstanding those delays, they must reach you before the European ships. Adolphus sends every wish for Zimza's health and peace. Ever Yours.

A. HAMILTON.

Journal of Mr. HAMILTON's Voyage to England.

Port-Royal, May 17.

THE morning breaks with every prognostic of an approaching tempest. Pale sections of rainbows, with a dark crimson flush impressed upon the shifting clouds, give strong indications of stormy weather, which are still farther confirmed by a halo surrounding the just-risen sun.

Twelve o'Clock.

The ship is already under way ; Adolphus comes down to say, we are out of the harbour. — I have been upon deck ; the prospect is terrible. The wind, though fair, is dangerously boisterous. My young companion cannot keep his footing. He imputed the tossing of Smith's vessel to her inferior size ; but he finds this, though of considerable burthen, equally agitated, perhaps in a more alarming manner, however, he smiles, nor can I perceive the least diminution of his courage. Not so Sambo ; his eyes betray somewhat of apprehension, though it may arise from conjugal affection, for, sick and speechless, Omra clings to him as her only support. — I must quit my pen.

Twentieth.

I could write no longer ; the winds, shifting, redoubled the turbulence of the waves, and prevented every possibility of continuing my employment. — In the state room I was received by two passengers, who came on-board just before we hoisted anchor. The lady appears about fourteen, from the slight view

view I caught of her face, as she raised it from the shoulder of a gentleman, when I entered ; but, sinking again into her position, she seemed to shrink from observation. I expressed my concern for her apparent anguish. — “ She is unused to the violence of con-
“ tending elements, (answered her venerable
“ supporter ;) I have vainly endeavoured to
“ fortify her timorous mind against these
“ occurrences, but cannot boast of my
“ success.”

Methought, in the address of this stranger, I saw the soul and manner of an ancient patriarch. — He possessed a profusion of *silver* hair ; without hyperbole, I may truly call it such. His face was deeply indented with numerous furrows, but they gave a dignity to his features, which possessed an angelical sweetness, tinged with a melancholy cast. His dress and deportment discovered him to be a clergyman ; and, from his engaging frankness, I soon learned he was returning from a mission among the Canadians, and came from Quebec to Jamaica for the purpose of conveying his orphan niece to England. The poor girl, with an affectionate motion, drew him closer to her, as if conscious of her helpless situation, “ Oh ! my uncle, deserted by you,
“ I shall be *indeed* an orphan.”

It was impossible to hold a connected conversation during a tempest which might have checked a stouter spirit than feminine delicacy could boast, and, leaving my new acquaintance to console his niece, I went in search of Adolphus.

On a coil of rope, regardless of the tumult and confusion around him, was reclined our
beloved

beloved boy, his eyes fixed on Omra, who, in an agony of grief and fear, alternately cast the most piercing looks of despair on her pitying husband and dying infant, who, neglected in the middle passage, at a time when its mother was incapable of giving it proper attention, had contracted a complaint which threatened its speedy dissolution. A thoughtful sympathy had entirely banished your son's apprehension of his *own* danger, which was great enough, and he appeared to feel for the unhappiness of his country-people, independent of any idea of his own situation.

A shriek from Omra, who that moment received on her lips the last breath of her departing child, roused Adolphus from his mournful meditation. He, I imagine, had never before seen death in human form. The contracted features and ghastly figure shocked him. Rising slowly, he came towards me, his head turned to the inanimate corpse, till we had descended to the cabin ; he then covered his face with his hand : I observed him in silence, as you wished me, to give way to the operation of his nobler passions. He sat down upon the bed and broke into tears : for some minutes, they flowed unchecked, when, wiping them away, and looking stedfastly upon me.

But here I shall doubtless lay myself open to your censure, in confessing that the religion which, during so many years residence in England, you could not imbibe, notwithstanding its evident purity, and your partiality for its sublime oracles, has already, through my explanation, attracted the notice and admiration of your child, and which, (forgive me,
Zimza)

Zimza) brightens the wild emanations of savage virtue, softens the rough though noble qualities of the untaught mind, refines and elucidates the conceptions of mistaken paganism, and heightens every native grace by its mild yet irresistible power over the human heart.—

I will proceed : “ How terrible, (said he) “ Mr. Hamilton ! Omra kisses her infant, but “ she cannot restore it to life. They will fling “ it into the sea.—Tell me”—He stopped and appeared confused ; then resuming — “ Pray, “ do you think your God will take it ? you “ know poor Omra is not a Christian. She “ has never heard of Christianity, except in “ the name of those who forced her from “ home. And I am sure an African can never “ think well of that religion which teaches “ the practice of such cruelty, except some “ good Mr. Hamilton would inform them of “ the difference between that and such of its “ professors as they have suffered by.”

“ If Omra (said I) had committed murder “ or any other unpardonable crime, in your “ father’s kingdom, would *be*, think you, “ have punished her *offspring* for it ? And do “ you imagine *our God* will have less mercy ?”

He mused a little while ; but, suddenly, clapping his hands together, joy sparkling in his eyes, “ I understand you, sir ; Omra’s “ child should not answer for her mother’s “ ignorance. Oh ! what a good God is your’s ! “ —Yes, yes, it will be happy.”—And then, hastening back to the steerage, whither I followed him, cried out, “ Do not grieve, “ Omra, do not lament, Sambo ; your little “ one will go to the Christians’ God.”

“ What,

“ What, (said the sorrowing father) Taina
 “ be slave ! No, better fishes eat poor Taina
 “ than Christian man. — She go sea : no whip
 “ there.”

Adolphus eagerly entreated me to correct this unhappy mistake, but the increasing storm prevented my compliance.

The late tempest has subsided into a calm which lessens our hopes of a speedy passage, though it affords me the leisure I have wished for continuing my journal and instructing my pupil.—He reads with avidity, is fond of his pen, and listens with serious attention to lectures upon geography, but music is the food of his mind. Already he has mastered its first rudiments, and sings with a taste that must be seated in the soul, for there is a melody in his notes that prove their origin.

Twenty-Seventh.

This day has exhibited my impetuous ward under the guidance of passions not altogether so laudable as those I have before exemplified, and yet the *motive* may plead, in some degree, for its consequence. — The morning proving extremely beautiful, we took our breakfast upon deck. By some accident, the cabin-boy over-threw the tea-kettle so near *me* that one of my legs received a painful share of its contents. Adolphus started up, before I could interfere, pursued the flying lad, and struck with such force as to dash him against the companion. Irritated by the hurt he had sustained, Anthony arose, and returned the blow with his utmost strength. The enraged Adolphus caught up a marlin-spike, (every feature agitated with insulted pride and anger,) and, swinging it backwards to give it full effect, I luckily snatched

it

it from him. All the fierceness you so justly attributed to his disposition then inflamed his cheek and glared in his eye.—The dark crimson tint gave a savage appearance to his countenance.—I spoke not a word, but forcibly detained him from farther conflict.

The captain, while I was thus employed, unmercifully kicked his offending servant off the deck.—“Let me go, (said Adolphus, struggling) “the son of Zimza is not used “to correction from his inferiors; that blow “shall be revenged.” His power was amazing for a youth only sixteen, but I found it necessary to repel his obstinacy by manual exertion.—

“You do not use me well, Sir. You degrade me. Am I to crouch to a *dog*? the “meanest even among the Europeans? Let “me at least hide my shame below.”—

The object of his wrath had now escaped, and I liberated my prisoner. He sullenly quit-
ted the witnesses of his disgrace; but I privately pursued him, and, perceiving his intention of shutting himself up in our small bed-room, quietly left this unhappy victim of violent passion to his melancholy meditations.

Two hours past ere I went down again, when, looking in, I saw him stretched upon the bed, his face downwards, and sobbing as though in danger of suffocation.—This was the time to forward a scheme I had concerted with the captain in the hope of conquering his rage by rousing his humanity. Entering therefore, I told the sullen youth he might now gratify his darling revenge by only going
C upon

upon deck. He lifted up his head, spoke not, but again dropped upon the pillow.

"Your antagonist, (said I,) young sir, "waits but *your* presence to atone for his "mighty offence." With an averted eye he slowly arose; but what an affecting struggle of contradictory though natural emotions his countenance exhibited!

Soon as Adolphus approached the deck, pity and terror became predominant. No wonder, when he beheld the boy tied up to the shrouds, his back stripped, the boat-swain standing close behind, with a *cat* in his hand, all the ship's crew attending, while the captain, in a stern voice, insisted the rascal's shoulders should not be spared, for daring to insult an African prince. This, with poor Anthony's petitions for pardon, accompanied with streaming tears, completed the solemn attack upon Adolphus's tenderness, and gratified my anxious care. The triumph of pride was no more. The natural goodness of his heart burst forth. Lifting up his hands in extreme agony, he exclaimed, "Take him down, this instant "take him down.—Am I — am I the cause of "this terrible preparation? Oh! release him, "or I shall expire.—Hear me, Mr. Hamilton, "I know *you* are angry with me, for you do "not think me worth expostulation. — Yet "can you refuse to hear me? On my knees I "solicit that unhappy creature's pardon."

"That *unhappy creature* (said I, in a cold "unmoved accent) you have said was but a *dog*, "a European; nor can you wonder at *our* treatment of *your* people, who so freely return "the shocking contempt."

In

In his artless eagerness to be heard, he clapped his hands together with a strange quick motion. "I know I know, I have been very wrong. I know I am not worthy of your attention. But this once, only this once, accept my petition."—

"Strike," commanded the captain. The boatswain advanced the tremendous *cat*, which forcibly imprinted its marks upon Anthony's naked back. A loud shriek testified his reception of this unwelcome application. The captain fiercely ordered the strokes to be repeated. Two more followed, in slow succession. Adolphus grew frantic, and crawled on his knees towards the arbiter of Anthony's fate. "Stop (he cried) that merciful fellow. I know you will forgive *him* if Mr. Hamilton will pardon me." Then, in the same humiliating posture, returning to me, who was negligently leaning against the ship's side,—“You tell me, sir, that *your* God is a God of mercy; that he passes by, upon proper application, the greatest injuries; and that *we* must imitate *him*. Look upon me, Mr. Hamilton; pray turn this way. Oh! that I was with my dear father!” He paused, to wipe away the flowing tears, then resuming, “Come, beloved friend,—you was *once* my friend; be so still; shew me that you believe what yourself has told me.”—Then, looking up,—“Oh! God of the Europeans, will *you* not hear me? Pardon poor Anthony, and pity me. Surely our faults are not too great for thee to overlook.”

I could bear it no longer. It was the crisis I waited for. And, indeed, I began to be
C 2
alarmed

alarmed for him, as his color went and came, his whole frame trembled, and he appeared overwhelmed with despair. The captain, in pursuance of a nod from me, released the criminal. I raised my humbled penitent, who with a look of gratitude shook hands with the boy, and seemed ready to bathe with tears the discoloured shoulders of his suffering partner in affliction, and emptied his pockets of all his treasure, as a compensation for the evils he had brought upon him, also adding, likewise, his free and ready acknowledgment of his own censurable violence. It was not my intention to carry this tragical scene so far *merely* to conquer my companion's haughty spirit, but our captain assured me Anthony had been so intolerably saucy, for several days, that he only waited a suitable opportunity to shew his resentment, and that he doubted not but the effect might be equally salutary to them both.

It was matter of much consolation to Adolphus that the whole business had passed unnoticed by the other passengers, Miss St. Leger being confined by indisposition, while Mr. Hawkins remained employed in reading and meditation in his own little cabin.

June the Second.

We have this day, for the first time, met all together at table. Mr. Hawkins shews a discriminating attachment to Adolphus, who looks up to him as to a superior being; a circumstance which gives me real pleasure, as it is highly necessary the youth should conceive an exalted opinion of the professors of a faith so well calculated to inspire humility and reverence

verence towards its sincere votaries. You may perceive I freely own my intention of making the knowledge of our pure religion a part of your son's studies. The agreeable St. Leger claims likewise his particular notice, which I shall certainly encourage, as she appears delicate and sensible. An air of Creolian dignity is sweetly tempered with a modest cheerfulness, which now and then broke through the gloom that shaded her features.

During the short interval before dinner was served up, Adolphus, unconscious of any impropriety, asked me if *all* the European ladies were as pretty as Miss St. Leger; adding his wish to find them so. "*All*, my dear," (said Mr. Hawkins) makes that wish rather "too capacious."

"True, (I answered;) but my young friend has not yet met with any one to make his observation unnatural.

"No, Sir, (rejoined Adolphus,) for I cannot, at present, judge from comparison, except you permit me to mention my mother, who was as handsome as this young lady, and as good as Mr. Hamilton."

Insensible to the confusion which deepened almost to crimson the cheek of her so ardently complimented, he was going on, when the entrance of a gentleman who had likewise, till now, been confined by some complaint, interrupted his remark, and, chilled by the frigid aspect and sordid manner of this stranger, Adolphus intuitively, as it were, shrunk behind my chair, as the formidable gentleman approached the table. Accosting Mr. Hawkins with a rude contempt, he passed him to make

make his compliments to Miss St. Leger, who arose without ceremony and, evidently shunning him, walked composedly round to the other side of the table.—Thus situated, it was impossible to force a conversation, and dinner passed with unusual tediousness, but the departure of Mr. Abrams relieved us from the disagreeable embargo his presence had laid upon our tongues, and we again became socially pleasant.

The serenity of the evening inducing Mr. Hawkins to accompany Adolphus upon deck, while Miss St. Leger was amusing herself below with a guitar, and Abrams offering a potent libation to Bacchus, our venerable companion took the opportunity of explaining the nature of our fellow-voyager's connection with the family, as far at least as it had reached his knowledge. "You would scarcely believe, Mr. Hamilton, (said he,) that a being of that description is entrusted with the person and very large fortune of my dear niece; for my power is little more than nominal; mentioned, indeed, in my poor sister's will, as the person of her choice to superintend the sweet orphan, to protect and accompany her to England. Engaged for two years in a mission among the Canadians, and with tolerable success; I thought not of returning to Europe, till a letter, explaining Mrs. St. Leger's death and the necessity of my presence at Port-Royal, occasioned me reluctantly to quit the honest creatures, who distinguished the moment of my departure with tears of unfeigned esteem. In five weeks

" weeks I arrived at Jamaica, and found Mary Ann in a state little short of distraction."

" Save me, my uncle, (she cried, in an impetuous tone,) save your child from that terrible man."

" She turned away from me upon the entrance of Mr. Abrams, who, without any previous preparation, opened his commission, saying,

" So, sir, your name, I suppose, is Hawkins, brother to the late Mrs. St. Leger?"

" I was affected, but he went on."

" Humph; perhaps you come to claim a part of your sister's effects; but I believe you will not dispute my right to the management of those and of her daughter's future establishment, when you read this will."

" I took it, and, to my utter surprise, found it was a copy of the general's, made within three weeks of his fatal death, which justified this man in his assertions. He then gave me another parchment, expressive of my sister's desire to join me in the sacred trust."

" That a stranger to us all, a man whose origin was mean, his disposition selfish, his literary acquirements extremely circumscribed, and his pecuniary advantages limited to a spare mediocrity, should be fixed upon by my brother for the protector of his darling, was inexplicable, but it was incontrovertible, and I could only lament the fate of my niece, who informed me that, about a year and a half before her mother's death, this man arrived from America, where her noble father

" father lost his life ; that he had several pri-
 " vate audiences with Mrs. St. Leger, whose
 " early dislike soon fixed in a settled aversion ;
 " and that she would often sigh and weep,
 " when called to a conference with him.
 " Once, looking inexpressibly affectionate
 " upon her child, she cried, ' Heaven preserve
 " thy innocence and peace. O my child, thy
 " dear misguided father !'

" This passed only three days before her
 " demise, which no sooner happened than
 " Abrams came, and took possession of every
 " thing as sole executor. His imperious
 " vulgarity formed in her bosom an inveterate
 " dislike. She also suspected, from the dis-
 " patch attending every transaction, that he
 " meant to leave Jamaica before I could ar-
 " rive, and, shocked by some flagrant exertions
 " of his authority, she wrote privately to
 " me, under the impression that I might re-
 " strain a wretch, who I dread is devoid of
 " principle.—Certainly, Mr. Hamilton, when
 " I consider this dear girl's helpless situation,
 " my heart is weighed down with affliction.
 " Delicate, generous, nobly, too nobly spi-
 " rited, how will she submit to a situation so
 " different from that she has hitherto enjoyed !
 " Unused to controul, born, as it were, to
 " command, nay to consider herself as equal to
 " the greatest upon the island, how will she
 " endure an association where low-minded
 " people from every part in it, and act as her
 " superiors ? It is true, Abrams might possi-
 " bly be induced, from sordid motives, to give
 " up the guardianship of her person, but—(he
 " hesitated) *I* have no proper residence for
 " such

“such an amiable creature. Misfortunes and disappointments, perhaps an imprudent disregard to worldly wealth, have deprived me even of that power which contributes to convenience and creates respect. And—but this is an ungrateful theme.

He wiped his eyes.—“Now, then, sir, do you think there is any method by which the safety, honour, and tranquillity, of my niece may be secured?” The pause this interesting question induced was immediately ended by Adolphus, whose feelings dictated the effusions of his heart. “Do not, (he cried,) my dear Mr. Hamilton, do not let the sweet lady go with that ill-looking man. Why cannot you take her home with us?”

The venerable man smiled through a tear. “I wish, indeed, (he said) she had such a protector.—But I must submit.”

He sighed. Adolphus shifted his position.—Left us—returned almost instantly,—and, looking in my face, with that fascinating expression so natural to him,—“I have been thinking, sir, (he whispered,) that this difficulty may be easily removed. Suppose you were to ask Mr. Hawkins to live with us as my tutor. The poor gentleman, perhaps, has no where to go.” And then, without waiting for my answer, he turned to Mr. Hawkins, who had overheard the proposal, “Do, sir, pray let us have your company. I am sure my guardian will take care of you.”

I was really struck at this abrupt attack upon the delicacy of the worthy divine, who appeared much confused, first casting his eye upon

your son, then on me, while his bosom heaved as though struggling to repress a painful gratitude. I could not bear it, but, taking his hand, entreated him to forgive the undisguised bluntness which had attended this proposal.—

“Forgive! (he repeated,) Oh! Saviour of the world, what a term is this!”

I went on to say, that, as Adolphus had abruptly touched a theme so tender, he must permit me to enquire in what way we could most certainly have the happiness of relieving his private sorrows. That settled, we would advert to his paternal solicitude respecting Miss St. Leger’s singular situation. He drew his hand from mine, and, holding it before his eyes, I saw drops of anguish trickle between his fingers.

Adolphus cast a timid glance at me, as though fearful he had done wrong, and was stealing off, but Mr. Hawkins, as he was passing, caught him by the arm, saying, “Do not go, my sweet boy. Why should false pride prevent the confidence such goodness ought to inspire? Mr. Hamilton and you, my beloved girl excepted, are the only beings in this creation who take the smallest interest in my welfare. Know, then, that a teacher of the gospel, one who has endeavoured to communicate to others the blessings of that faith which has been a source of consolation through every event, scarcely can tell where to lay his head. An imprudent, I hope not a censurable, liberality, while resident, in Canada, induced me to distribute what I then possessed wherever it was wanted, as my sister had given me every
“reason

“reason to expect a considerable legacy. But
 “what was my disappointment, to find a
 “stranger invested with power to shut her
 “once friendly doors against me! Indeed, I
 “blush to say, I am forced to restrain a laud-
 “ble indignation excited by the illiberal con-
 “duct of Abrams, lest he should refuse to pay
 “my passage.”

Adolphus now threw himself into his arms, and sobbed out, “Ah! poor old man, and
 “have you no comfortable home? Must I
 “be kept in splendour and attended, while you
 “who deserve every thing must suffer such hard-
 “ships? Dear Mr. Hamilton, be not of-
 “fended at my vehemence. Let him live with
 “you.”

“It shall be so, my noble Adolphus; Mr.
 “Hawkins must add to our social pleasures in
 “Finsbury Square. We will try to steal his
 “sorrows from his heart, and endeavour to
 “establish in their room permanent content.”

“Thank you, dear sir, (said the delighted
 “boy.)—But you will not let him be obliged to
 “that mean fellow for his passage.”

“He shall not, my love.”—Then addressing
 the astonished gentleman—“Come then,
 “good sir, comply with my guardian’s invita-
 “tion. Won’t you? Do tell me that you
 “will.”

Mr. Hawkins was quite overwhelmed. But
 his young benefactor, attributing his silence to
 mortified pride, went on. “No one will up-
 “braid you for accepting this offer. No one
 “shall. Do speak. Say we shall all be one
 “family. Upon my knees I ask your acqui-
 “escence.”

“Heavenly

“ Heavenly pleader, (exclaimed the distressed minister,) rise. I cannot bear such excess of goodness. Christians, Christians, profit by so rare an example! Do with me as you please, my child. But what——”

The unwelcome approach of the inebriated Abrams stopped him, and changed the object of Adolphus's attention. Indignation contracted his pretty mouth, and lowered on his brow. I would not suffer him to stay any longer upon deck, fearful his impetuosity should surmount the very small share of artificial politeness which he possesses, and break forth in some bitter invective against a brutality so opposite to his sense of justice and probity.

Our voyage, from this period, proved smooth, prosperous, and uninteresting, and we arrived safely in the

Downs, England, July 5.

Nothing material occurring during the last month, I shall close my *sea* journal with the past four days observations, and take the opportunity of the first ship bound to your coast to transmit what I have written. Since we entered the Channel Adolphus has been pleasingly employed in surveying shores so different from those which skirt his father's dominions. The beautiful variety of bold cliffs, level lands, hills ascending from the latter, covered with woods, cattle browsing near the edges of the former, with here and there a magnificent mansion, lofty spires, and lonely cottages, give him inexpressible delight. While passing near Portland, I gave him a concise description of the loss of the *Halsewell*, in which perished the major part of an unfortunate family, with some

some of their friends. He heard me with a tear, but was at a loss to imagine how a vessel, constructed to baffle the force of fiercer winds and waves than those which completed its destruction, should so soon be wrecked. Adolphus is not the first, I believe, who has ventured a question upon that melancholy business, but it seems to be beyond the power of elucidation.

The smiling aspect of that world in miniature, the Isle of Wight, gave a more cheerful turn to his contemplation. It was intended to run along the south side of that island, but, impeded by nautical reasons, we made our way with some difficulty between the Needles, which afforded fresh gratification to my ward's curiosity. I stood with him upon deck while sailing through the noblest fleet, (ships, officers, and sailors, included in the eulogium,) that ever gave its protection to this nation. Though desirous of reaching London, we could not resist the opportunity of admiring the strict discipline observed in a ship of war; and, in consequence of an invitation from Captain Mann, of the Bedford, accompanied by my young charge, I went on-board. The chair was hoisted out, but Adolphus, looking upon it with contempt, caught hold of a rope, depending from the ladder, sprung with his usual agility up the side, and received the polite commander's compliments with sense and spirit.

The officers, whose day it was to dine in the great cabin, were evidently pleased with our young African's pointed observations upon every part of the vessel that fell under his inspection,

spection, and answered his enquiries with cheerful frankness. The quiet subordination, cleanliness, and contented looks, of the sailors, confirmed the excellent character given of their captain for his skill and management in the department he so worthily filled.

Those sparks of a warlike genius which you and I have often observed in your son's ardent countenance, when listening to my descriptions of European contests, now broke forth in all their brilliancy, beamed in his eyes, actuated his manner, and animated every question, particularly when the ordnance was discharged, in consequence of some illustrious visitors, who honoured the admiral of that division with their presence. He was in a delirium of pleasure, nor would stir from the quarter-deck, (a post nearest the ship whose guns were firing,) till the ceremony was finished ; but, too soon awakened by the information that our boat waited, with intelligence that the Frederick was under sail, he could scarcely articulate his thanks to captain Mann for his elegant reception, and slowly descended with visible reluctance.

As we were just leaving the above-mentioned station, a boat was seen sailing swiftly after us, and, hailing our vessel, demanded the name and number of our men. The captain, who had no resource, suffered them quietly to come on-board, and had the mortification to see his best seamen taken from him. Their reluctance to leave the ship, and the tears of several, who were just, (as they supposed,) on the point of meeting wives and children whom a long absence had doubly endeared, convinced Adolphus that the practice of making *slaves* was not confined to the West-Indies.

Indies. He ran down at the instant I was quitting my pen to enquire the cause of the unusual tumult. "Oh! sir, (he cried,) we are lost. Sambo and Omra will be taken. Nay, I too shall be enslaved. The planters are come to purchase us, and that wicked captain has sold his men."

I had not time to undeceive the poor boy, before we reached the place of action; nor indeed could I perfectly comprehend his meaning, for we were positively assured, at Spithead, that the press-warrants were recalled, as the ships had received their full complement. However, I was quick enough to see several unhappy fellows, awed by a naked cutlass, pensively and sullenly lowering themselves into the boat. This sight transported Adolphus beyond any consideration of his own safety. His face was inflamed. His eye shot fire. "I thought, (said he, haughtily,) England was a land of *freedom*, and that you made no slaves here."

"Slaves, young gentleman, (answered the lieutenant, sheathing his cutlass, and looking as if he were ashamed of the business,) no, no; these men are going to fight for their king and country."

"But they do not like to go, sir; they wish to visit their families. It is a long time since they saw them."

"That reason will not man our fleet, my pretty lad."

"What, then, they are compelled to go."

"Compelled, nonsense! We *press* them, it is true; but they will think nothing of it in four-and-twenty hours."

"*Press* them! What is that?"

"Why

“ Why oblige them to go : and if they
“ make any resistance,—”

“ You kill them, I imagine.”

“ You have strange notions, my brave boy,
“ but not quite right in your guesses. Do you
“ take us for savages ?”

“ No more *palaver*, (interrupted another,
“ who seemed equal to the first that spoke,)
“ bear-a-hand, and let’s be gone.”

Adolphus turned an awful look upon this true
son of the waves, “ And will you take these
“ men from their wives and children ? Can
“ you answer it to your conscience ?”

“ Conscience, Captain Bounce ? You and
“ your conscience——. Time enough when
“ we have done with them.”

“ And when will that be ?”

“ O, all’s one for that ; perhaps when the
“ war’s over.”

Shocked at this unnecessary rudeness, your
son lifted his eye towards me, crying, “ *And*
“ *yet these people make no slaves !* O ! Mr.
“ Hamilton, take me home again. What a
“ world is yours ! I do not like it. Let me
“ not stay to witness such barbarity.” He
then wept with such violence as to abate his
passion, though he continued low and very
uneasy the rest of the day. In the evening,
resuming the subject which apparently occupied
his mind, he composedly demanded if there
was no gentler method of supplying our ships
with seamen.” “ Certainly, (I replied,) we
“ have many more volunteers than pressed
“ men.”

“ What a cruel hardship, then, to frustrate
“ the sweet hopes of visiting their native land,
“ and, instead of enjoying your boasted British
“ liberty,

"liberty, to be dragged, like a poor African
"from all that makes life desirable."

I could not help asking why he should think that circumstance more cruel endured by another, which I knew himself would eagerly embrace. He readily answered, "Because in
"me it would be an act of choice : besides, I
"might be able to procure an honourable
"distinction."

"Not so, Adolphus ; what think you of a
"royal prince, who went through, in a regular gradation, every office, even that of
"midshipman, before he arrived at his present
"exalted station in the navy ? But to return.
"Is it not possible for another to reconcile
"himself to serve in what you think a glorious
"establishment ?"

"Not if family connections interfere."

"Then how can you covet a profession that
"would hurt a parent's feelings ?"

"This is flying from the subject, my good
"sir : you cannot argue effectually in support
"of a practice which every feeling heart must
"pronounce to be inhuman. Besides, did not
"the man you called a lieutenant say, they
"were taken to fight for their king and country ?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Monstrous expectation ! From whence
"are they to derive that vigour and courage
"free-will must naturally inspire ?"

"O child, necessity is a sufficient substitute,
"in this instance, for free-will. They cannot
"run away from an enemy's broadside, nor
"avoid returning it from their own ship. I
"have now in contemplation an instance
"which

“ which occurred on-board the *Bedford*, whose
 “ men you so much admired for their *cheerful*
 “ appearance. A young man*, who was
 “ taken in the manner you just now witnessed,
 “ taken in the moment of premature expecta-
 “ tion, picturing to his imagination a tender
 “ mother waiting to embrace the son she had
 “ not seen for a tedious interval, friends, re-
 “ lations, all eager to give him the warmest
 “ welcome. The breezes swell their sails.
 “ The white cliffs of Albion, dimly discover-
 “ ed, inflame his wishes. Hope animates his
 “ endeavours to make the shore,—when a
 “ frigate appears in sight. Happy to meet an
 “ English ship, he hails her in joyful terms.
 “ Speedily she boards the vessel.”

“ Well, sir, (said my impatient companion,)
 “ and how did his hopes, wishes, and expecta-
 “ tions, terminate ?”

“ As you doubtless guess, Adolphus. A
 “ press-gang, unfeeling, unconscious of the
 “ misery they were about to inflict, and un-
 “ mindful of the passengers entreaties, the
 “ captain’s remonstrances, or the sailors peti-
 “ tions, swept off the best of the crew, among
 “ whom this young fellow, blushing for the
 “ tear his disappointment extorted, sullenly
 “ seated himself in the boat, and, with a heart
 “ almost bursting with indignation, took an
 “ unwilling farewell of those he left behind.”

“ O ! sir, do you think this example can
 “ lessen my abhorrence of such tyranny ?”

“ Patience, Adolphus. Not long after,
 “ this identical youth was noticed by captain

* The Author’s son.

“ Mann,

"Mann, rated a midshipman, and, in the
 "polite attention of his superior officers found
 "a compensation for all his sorrows."

"And what became of the others?"

"I do not know, my dear."

"Ah! sir, they were not *all* made *midship-*
men. However, if *they* fought for their
 "king and country, it is more than *I* would
 "do. And I am sure your king would be
 "more faithfully served if this horrid imposi-
 "tion was disallowed; for indeed I can see very
 "little, nay, not any, difference, between
 "the custom which authorises a man to enslave
 "his fellow-creatures, for the purpose of making
 "him work, or that which forces him against
 "his inclination to fight."

I could no longer defend a practice, so ini-
 mical to the general character of our people,
 against the artless argument of inexperienced
 reason, and Adolphus triumphed in his victory.
 Though I fear the knowledge of this unlucky
 transaction will not assist my endeavour to fix
 in his bosom an exalted opinion of British
 philanthropy.

The Hope.

A fortunate opportunity presents to send my
 tedious journal by the Pallas, captain Wing-
 man, who lies along-side waiting for the tide.
 I shall resign my pen to your son, who is anx-
 ious to display his improvements.

A. HAMILTON.

ADOLPHUS

ADOLPHUS to his FATHER.

HEALTH, peace, and glory, crown the illustrious Zimza's days.—O ! my father, with what eagerness do I look forward to the period when I can pour my heart and soul into thy bosom, by the ingenious invention which already empowers me to thank the friend of my fame, the illustrious Zimza, for the blessing of a faithful teacher, a careful guardian, an affectionate companion, in our respected Mr. Hamilton. One word more ; I have not yet seen, among Europeans, more probity, more sincerity, no, nor yet more generosity, than graces the court of Tonouwah.

Adieu, noble father,

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

ADOLPHUS

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON to ZIMZA.

Finsbury-Square, August 1.

THE packet I have just received by the way of Jamaica nearly deprives me of my boasted confidence in Zimza's rectitude. What mean these shocking suspicions, these unjust accusations? Know, sir, that *all* truth, *all* humanity, have not yet fled from Britain to your African shores. Rash man, what induces these groundless complaints? Have you so little confidence in the friend you so liberally trusted? Let Adolphus, your gentle Adolphus, witness to his guardian's honour. Poor lad, he weeps for your imbecility. "Write, (he says,) dear sir, write to my afflicted father. *Who* shall comfort if you neglect? Pity, Oh pity, the noble Zimza."

I can only say, farther, that it is my hope these few lines will make you blush for the insult offered to

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON,

To his revered Parent, from ADOLPHUS.

MY father, my sorrowing father, look upon this paper, blotted with the tears of thy child.—Our good Mr. Hamilton is offended, and shall not Adolphus be miserable? O! how many days, nay weeks, must pass, darkened with the cloud of despair! What is this new world, its wonders, magnificence, and dissipation, to a creature struggling with the weight of a parent's sorrows? Had I the speed of an ostrich,—but what would that do? Hasten then, with artificial wings, the vessel that shall carry comfort to Tonouwah's king. Lightly mayest thou skim the vast Atlantic, nor remit thy swiftness till thy sails shall flutter to the breeze that cools our glowing sands. Adieu, beloved parent.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

ZIMZA,

ZIMZA, King of TONOUWAH, to A. HAMILTON.

[*The Journal and last Letter not received.*]

Ten Moon.

WERE Adolphus Hamilton witness to Zimza's humility and gratitude, would he not forgive the unjust rashness of my doubts, when he considered that excessive tenderness had superseded reason, and wild apprehension offended against probability? How bitter was the anguish of my soul when groundless distrust had devoted Adolphus to misery, and his guardian to the triumph of treachery!

Filled with such afflicting apprehensions, I passed three tedious moons, when the time advanced that several ships were expected from England. I went down to the Gambia. They were arrived. European streamers waved to the wind. The infamous traffic was begun, and soon, too soon, was completed. They departed, but anguish yet occupied my soul. Again I returned to the harbour. "It may be some mistake, (I exclaimed;) some letter may have miscarried." My heart throbbed at the suggestion. A vessel, whose colours I could not decypher, dropped her anchor. I watched impatiently her boat, which quickly reached the shore, when a stranger approaching, with a small packet in his hand, enquired the readiest road for Tonouwah. I darted towards him, crying, "Are these for me?"

"If

"If, (said he,) you are king of Tonou-wah,"

"And father of Adolphus," added I.

O! Hamilton, where was African fortitude? Cold sweats bedewed my face; I sunk to the earth, The man respected my grief. He spoke words of consolation. He assured me my son was thy chief care, while at Port-Royal; that his rank, his beauty, and disposition, must procure him admirers even in the midst of enemies.

"I know, (said I,) I knew he would be noticed, but—"

"Read, illustrious Zimza," interrupted the stranger.—Yes, he guessed right, for the blessed intelligence was calculated to remove every doubt, and he beheld my agitation with seeming pain; but, though my fears were dispelled, and my hopes confirmed, yet my *grief* remained—it had only changed its object—and now flowed from another source to Zimza's soul. Cruel, hasty, and misjudging, what wilt thou say to my horrible suspicions, so basely thrown upon thyself and country? But thou wilt pity my weakness, thou wilt forgive my anxiety. If not, return, oh! return, the keenest reproaches, Zimza will bend to the correction of his injured friend. . . .

And so thou openly declarest thy intention of making Adolphus a Christian. Thinkest thou Zimza would not have adopted the solemn doctrine, had he not witnessed the infidelity, luxury, and carelessness, of its professors? When I read thy law, I admire its sublime morality, and when I contemplate the character

ter of him thou callest its glorious Founder, his dignified patience, benevolence, and spotless meekness, under his cruel sufferings and death, they forcibly impress on my mind an origin more than human. But when I observe how small the influence of these noble principles, even in the conduct of many of your priesthood, and how weak their power in guiding the practice of a great majority of those who profess to be members of the Christian church, I am again involved in doubts and uncertainty.

However, I am not mortally offended at thy resolution to confirm in my son those principles his father does not wholly reject. Be it thy care, my friend, so to manage that his path may be clear and plain. Let him not be bewildered by casuistical disputes. Enough will he hazard, in the practice of your faith, as king of Tonouwah, nor must his future subjects guess even at the important secret. Adieu, worthy Hamilton; may Adolphus, by his subsequent conduct, reward thy care, tenderness, and affection. I would have remarked upon the ardent propensities he has already discovered, but Azilli interrupts me to say, the boat waits to take my letter on board.

Z I M Z A.

D

ADOLPHUS

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON to ZIMZA.

Finsbury-Square, August 3.

HOW soon repentance follows the rashness of premature decision! Unhappy Zimza! Were not your own distresses acute enough, but I must sharpen them by impatient nay cruel remonstrances? For too plainly I see you have not received my epistle dated from Port-Royal.

You will certainly shed tears over my hasty note, which will doubtless reach you before the concession of mis-judging anger, for I wrote the unfriendly lines in presence of a captain who sailed the evening after. There is only one hope that supports us, namely, that my journal, now on its passage, may prepare you for the insulting letter. Ill-governed passion, thus to point the anguish which the intelligence of our boy's safety would otherwise have softened;—for well I know that pride of soul which will keenly feel the sarcasms of friendship.

Adolphus joins in the earnest wish that you will forgive his guardian, and assure yourself that absence, if possible, encreases my esteem, and his dutiful affection.

A. HAMILTON.

Journal

*Journal continued.**Finsbury-Square.*

THE last day of our nautical expedition, my young companion's attention was agreeably attracted by various scenes our Thames affords, and I could scarcely induce him to quit the deck at dinner-time.—But as want of *natural* politeness is not among his little failings, he acceded to my wish of meeting our fellow-passengers, and the meal passed with tolerable sociality.

Before we separated, I requested Mr. Abrams's attention for a moment, as he was about to quit the table.

"*Mine*," said he, hastily, and re-seated himself, with an impatient stare, from which I could deduce no favourable omen. Miss St. Leger turned pale, Mr. Hawkins attempted to hide the trepidation my attack had excited, and indeed *I* felt a degree of awkwardness, while opening a subject from which I could expect but little success. "I have understood, (said I,) in the course of our voyage, that you have been appointed, by this young lady's father, to the care of her person and fortune."

"Well, sir, and what then?"—The haughty independence with which he spoke was discouraging, but I went on:

"And that her mother, in her will, particularly expressed a wish to join this gentleman in the important trust. This would

“undoubtedly be a more natural establishment,
 “as it respects the propriety of subjecting a
 “delicate girl to the care of a prudent and
 “virtuous relation.”

“*Prudent and virtuous* I do not understand.”—

“I believe, not, but hear me out. The
 “justice I would do Mr. Hawkins depreciates
 “not *your* consequence, nor can *his* claim to
 “those qualities lessen *yours*.—What I would
 “offer to your consideration is this: I am
 “aware that it is in Miss St. Leger’s power
 “to chuse another guardjan; in which case,
 “her election would, doubtless, fall on her
 “mother’s brother.”

He arose, filled a pipe, sat down again, applied it to his mouth unlighted, threw it upon the table, bit his lip, and looked contemptuously at Mr. Hawkins, while something like detected guilt flushed his yellow-cheek, muttering, “This is strange! devilish
 “strange! What business have you, sir, (raising his voice,) with my concerns?”

“Patience, Mr. Abrams. I shall soon release you; but you *must* hear my proposal.”

“Well, sir.” And the pipe was again applied the bottom upwards.—

“Which is merely this, that you will
 “quietly resign your ward to Mr. Hawkins,
 “who tells me his confined circumstances will
 “not permit that liberality in the exercise of
 “such a trust as her fortune might demand or
 “his affection enforce. I have only then to
 “observe, that it becomes *you*, sir, either to
 “enable her uncle to fulfil the duties of his
 “charge, by an appointment out of your own

"large legacy, or give up such sums from your ward's possessions as may suffice for this purpose."

"May I perish, if I do." And he dashed the pipe against the stove. But his eager desire to express his anger almost choked him. He pushed his wig backwards with such violence that it deserted his head and fell to the ground. The form of his features took a most spiteful cast, and, turning round to his poor ward, who trembled universally, "Pray, Miss, (he cried,) who put *you* upon this fine contrivance?—But I can guess.—That gentleman is at the bottom of this scheme. I am pretty well acquainted with his reason for wanting you to live with him. But let me tell *you*, sir, addressing me—

"Be composed, Mr. Abrams. Put on your wig, and sit down."

"I will not sit down in such company. I see your aim. But it will not do, gentlemen, it will not do. I am not to be wheedled in this manner. Let Mr. Hawkins do his worst, Sam Abrams defies him. He has ruined himself by his *charitable* extravagance, and must abide it. No, no, (shaking the wig as he settled it,) I will have nothing to do with him. All he can expect is what I promised, only to pay his passage. That is all, indeed."

"And that is more than he shall receive," said Adolphus, who interrupted, by his impetuosity, a spirited retort from Mr. Hawkins, if I may judge from his sudden change of attitude and countenance.

A contemptuous marked grin was Abrams's reception of this ill-timed effusion, as he quitted

quitted the cabin. Before we could make any arrangement respecting Miss St. Leger, her persecutor again entered, to inform her a boat waited to convey themselves and baggage to Spital-Fields. She addressed her uncle in a tone of frantic despair, and, clasping his hands, "My father, my friend, my only dear relation, let me not leave you. I will go with my uncle, Mr. Abrams. Who dare controul me?"

"I shall, miss, if so be as you do not come quietly.

"My dearest love, (said her sympathising uncle,) you must go with that man. I have no legal authority to detain you."

"The Creolian spirit again burst forth. And where, (she exclaimed, haughtily,) is the daughter of general St. Leger to live? What infamous residence hast thou chosen for my abode?—Sir (to me) I have a fortune sufficient to keep me in splendour, but this person, under the pretence of accumulating riches I cannot consume, would deny me the elegancies, nay the conveniences, of life."

"Very well, very well, miss. I shall only say, in contradiction to your rude assertion, that I have a good house in Spital-Fields, and a smart little box near White-Chapel, so there's town and country for you, if you know your own mind."

I saw rage gathering again on his brow, and, knowing his prerogative to be extensive, I chose not to irritate him any further. I therefore added my entreaties to her uncle's, that she would reconcile herself to this uncomfortable establishment.

establishment. She submitted in mute anguish ; but, when Abrams offered his hand to lead her out, your son's passion again broke forth. " You will not let her go, sir ? Let me plead for the young lady. Do not suffer her to go with that wicked man."

" And who told you I am wicked, boy ;" glancing a menacing look at Mr. Hawkins. " Be silent, Adolphus, (said I,) you grieve our friend ; you hurt his feelings, and prejudice the cause you wish to serve. Take your leave of your fellow-voyagers."

He turned his back upon Abrams, bowed respectfully to Miss St. Leger, and, shocked at Mr. Hawkins's visible grief, cried, " Do not weep so, sir. I will be your child and companion."

The distressed divine looked after his niece, who was reluctantly following the wretch, while her tearful eye seemed to bid a melancholy adieu ; and, clasping his hands, while a fresh flood of tears burst forth, " My God ! (he exclaimed,) protect this beloved child from treachery and insult. Oh ! Mr. Hamilton, my spirit, bowed by poverty and affliction, can ill support this fatal separation. —Leave me, sweet boy ;" (for Adolphus attempted to wipe the venerable cheek,) " Let me seek where I shall not be denied for that resignation so necessary to my present state."

I drew the tender youth away, and went upon deck to assist the amiable Mary Ann. She withdrew her hand from Abrams and, placing it in mine, appeared happy to escape his awkward civility, while a degree of cheerfulness

fulness animated her manner; and, evidently to her companion's dislike, entreated me to see her safe on shore. When I quitted her, she warmly recommended Mr. Hawkins to my care; and, in answer to my respectful intimation, that Miss Hamilton would be happy to receive her in Finsbury-square, she answered me, with much spirit, that no one should prevent her sedulous cultivation of an intimacy so honourable.—I really parted from her with regret. So young, so lovely, so noble, a creature, to be sacrificed at best to vulgarity and ill-nature. When I returned on-board, Mr. Hawkins was conversing with Adolphus in the cabin. His tears were stopped, but the fixed melancholy that hung upon his pale countenance spoke to the soul of sensibility.

Wishing to avoid the expression of gratitude, at all times painful to a susceptible heart, whether received or conferred, I slightly hinted that it was time to go on-shore, and motioned him to lead the way. He turned about, declaring, with a firm voice, his resolution of declining any further correspondence with us, at least till happier hours." "It is incumbent on me (said he) to shun the abode of affluence. A single room, in some obscure street or lane, will be competent to my present wants. I have only to recommend the unprotected.—(He faltered.) Defend her, dear sir, if possible, from the machinations of a worthless man. Indeed, I know not if he has enabled me to leave the ship."

"You

" You are perfectly at liberty, my friend,
 " to go on shore, but it *must* be in *our* com-
 " pany ; we will hereafter enter upon the
 " difficulties of *your* situation. Your delicacy
 " shall be consulted in the arrangement of
 " your affairs. For the present, suffer me to
 " introduce you to a lady whose partiality to
 " *my* friends will receive a high gratification,
 " when desired to revere and esteem Mr
 " Hawkins. Remember, (I added, smiling,)
 " that a twelvemonth's absence sharpens my
 " ardent wishes to embrace a worthy sister."

" My good Mr. Hamilton, (cried our
 " young enthusiast, squeezing my hand,) let
 " me thank you for our afflicted companion.
 " Come, Mr. Hawkins, let us depart, I
 " long to tread your boasted land of freedom."
 And then he respectfully conducted the re-
 luctant gentleman, who could only lift his
 eyes in speechless thankfulness.

Need I describe my amiable Louisa's tender-
 ness, while congratulating the brother she had
 not seen for a tedious period ? Could any
 thing have added to my admiration of her
 estimable qualities, the affectionate reception
 she gave us must have done it. The tears my
 sudden appearance excited were soon succeeded
 by a lively joy, and, when I presented my
 fellow travellers, she welcomed your son with
 the kindness of a parent, while, in her atten-
 tion to Mr. Hawkins, one might discern a filial
 reverence.

For several succeeding days, we enjoyed, if I
 may so speak, a *social* solitude, exactly con-
 sonant to the lassitude which naturally follows a
 tedious voyage. During this period, Louisa,

by her engaging familiarity, banished the shyness her appearance, as a European lady, had impressed upon your son's countenance ; and he reassumed his usual cheerfulness.

I believe Sambo and Omra would willingly exchange the plentiful comforts of an English table for the fruits and humble beverage of Tonouwah, and prefer a simple draught of milk to the various produce of culinary skill. The ungenerous observations their persons, dress, and manners, excited, when they first ventured abroad, added to the aversion they conceived against the lower class of people, exceedingly strengthen their wishes to be sent back again. Already does Adolphus regard them with an anxious eye, and hints his pity for those who, in a strange country, cannot be content.

Yesterday, he again mentioned their desire to return to Tonouwah. " But (said I) you know we brought them hither in consequence of their inclination to serve us in England. Perhaps this anxiety may abate as they become familiarized to the modes and customs of our country. You are satisfied apparently with your situation."

" True, sir. But I am neither a servant nor a slave ; and the son of a king should not be capricious."

" Am I to infer, from that observation, that your compliance with your father's intention to educate you in England is an act of necessity rather than choice ?"

" Oh no, dear sir, think not so meanly of Zima's son. I am no hypocrite. That I love my father is most certain. And I would forfeit, Oh ! what would I not forfeit ! to lay my head upon his sacred bosom, though

“ though but for one moment.—Yes, every
“ thing but my integrity.—But, well knowing
“ this cannot be, I will not only be satisfied,
“ but cheerful. Forgive me, Mr. Hamilton,
“ (and he called up that fascinating persuasion
“ in his eye which weakens even necessary
“ contradiction,) but though you continually
“ aim to lessen my ideas of hereditary dignity,
“ yet—do not be angry, sir,—yet I cannot
“ forget that Adolphus is a *prince*; that Sambo
“ and Omra are but his father’s subjects.
“ How should *they* then think as *I* do? I know
“ they are my fellow-creatures, claiming all
“ the rights of humanity; but do not, good
“ sir, do not suppose they are my equals, in
“ strength of mind, self-denial, or descent.”

“ It remains with *you*, then, sir, (and I
“ spoke in a solemn tone,) to prove, by the
“ *justice* of your conduct, the superiority you
“ so decidedly contend for. But remember
“ how difficult it is to separate a due sense of
“ your own importance from a weak falsely-
“ grounded pride. Believe me, it is extremely
“ possible, while keeping a guard over your
“ fancied greatness, to neglect and give up the
“ *real* nobleness which distinguishes a Christian
“ and a gentleman. But this theme I shall
“ leave to Mr. Hawkins. Open your mind
“ to that good man, from whom advice of this
“ nature will come with the highest propriety.
“ As to Sambo and Omra’s future destination,
“ it shall be left entirely to yourself. Question
“ them as to their desires to leave England,
“ and determine for them as your heart shall
“ suggest.”

Recovering

Recovering from a confusion which my address had induced, he thanked me in their names for the permission, adding, "I will go this minute and rejoice their souls with the desirable intelligence."

The business was soon settled. Adolphus returned with a humble request that I would suffer them to depart in the first ship that sails for Africa. Will Zimza accept these poor itinerants, protect them from their subtle enemies, and place them in some suitable employment about his person? Adolphus warmly joins in this request, who means to prepare a long letter against the time of their departure. I expect you to admire his amazing improvements. His genius is equal to every thing, and does honour to his first preceptor. Already the little imperfections which a foreign accent and (your pardon, friend,) a foreign *teacher* created are nearly vanished. His pronunciation is clear, except when quick perception and impetuous passion give it too much rapidity. His idioms are various and well chosen. The majesty of his figure, and dignity of aspect, I think increase. Miss Hamilton would scarcely believe he had but just attained his seventeenth year, if a certain juvenile cast of features did not betray his extreme youth. His answer, to her observation on his height, was pertinent and characteristic. "The sun, madam, which warps and contracts our unhappy countrymen, in the West Indies, does but invigorate and strengthen the free African. And the same plant, which his influence refreshes in its native soil, sinks overpowered when torn from thence. It
" *droops*

"*droops* (how he sighed!) unsheltered on the "scorching lands." I was pleased with the remark, as well as astonished at the unembarrassed air he assumed. You cannot suppose the different incidents I mean to convey follow in regular succession, as convenient opportunities does not always occur for immediately transmitting them to paper. Therefore, Zimza will kindly allow for little inaccuracies in point of chronology, and be satisfied with my compliance in essentials, in full assurance that no intelligence shall be neglected which may gratify parental curiosity.

The arrival of an African prince was a circumstance which, when our doors were open to company, drew together all who, from interest or acquaintance, could claim admission. Among those who received cards of invitation, Miss St. Leger was doubtless included; but as Mr. Hawkins anxiously wished to witness the establishment of his niece, he availed himself of my general request to consider our carriage as his own, and, accompanied by Adolphus, was set down at a decent-looking house, in Church-Street, Spital-Fields. After sending in his name, and waiting a quarter of an hour in a small parlor, they were desired, by a clumsy black-boy, in a crimson and white coarse turban, to walk up stairs. Take the description as given by Mr. Hawkins. "Adolphus gazed at the boy, and seemed "excessively hurt at his appearance, but followed silently to a large shewy dining-room, "where we met my dear girl, who, colouring "very high, led me to Mrs. Abrans, a tear "starting, as she presented me by the endear-
"ing

"ing titles of uncle and guardian. I was
 "absolutely stunned when the lady loudly
 "exclaimed,

"Well, Miss, I hope we shall have no
 "more whining now you've seen your uncle.
 "Mercy on me! what's this the young black-
 "a-moor you said was so handsome? Why,
 "he is not at all like our Mark Anthony!
 "Laus a me! he's almost as white as a
 "Christian."

"My poor Mary Ann was sinking with
 "confusion."

"You will be so obliging, madam, (she
 "cried,) to leave me with my friends, as I
 "have business of importance to transact."

"Ay, ay; very likely. But I suppose
 "they have dined, so Mark Anthony hand a
 "glass of wine."

"Excuse me, madam, (said I,) we need no
 "refreshment. My business is soon dispatch-
 "ed, merely to convey my niece to Finsbury-
 "Square."

"But I suppose your niece will ask *my* leave
 "for that, as her *garjan* is out, (answered
 "the offended Mrs. Abrams,) and, to say
 "truth, you *mought* have *excluded me* in the
 "invitation. If these is your *West-Indee*
 "manners, indeed!"

"I understood the speaking eye of my
 "distressed girl, and made what *I* thought a
 "decent apology; but she expected a greater
 "sacrifice to her fancied importance, and
 "declared her intention to accompany us,
 "adding,

"One coach will hold us all; and, as for
 "young *Cæsar*, I have no objection to his
 "riding

"riding with us, though he isn't, perhaps,
"of our own *speech*, as the great Mr. ***
"says."

"*Young Cæsar* ! (repeated Adolphus) does
"this *gentle* woman mean a compliment or
"reflection ?"

"*Compliment* ! (returned she, unmollified
"by the pleasing adjective,) compliment truly !
"What, to a saucy *mellotto* boy ?—Really.
"Miss Molly, you need not behave so *imperial*
"to my visitors, when you can give your
"company to such a——"

"Cease, I entreat you, (said the poor girl,)
"and believe I dare not venture to tax Miss
"Hamilton's politeness by introducing an
"entire stranger, who am myself known only
"by name to that lady. You must permit
"me to attend my uncle, madam. I am
"certain Mr. Abrams would comply with
"my request."

"Answer for yourself, Miss. *My* husband
"is not so easily *persuaded*. And, since you
"are so desirous to leave *me* behind, I beg Mr.
"Hawkins may go without *you*."

"Indignation again superseded my pupil's
"prudence, and he declared, with a look of
"the warmest dislike, that Mr. Hamilton
"entertained none but people of fashion, birth,
"or education ; consequently, as Mrs. Abrams
"could not be admitted under either of those
"claims, she would meet with a repulse."

"*Pulse* ! (exclaimed the enraged woman,)
"*me* ! who, but I scorn to *bemean* myself
"by——"

"Patience, good lady, you distress my
"niece and expose yourself."

"There,

There, again, because this scrubby negro, "this *cannable*, this *selvidge*, chuses to insult me.—Sir, if he was a Christian, or even a Jew, one would not mind it so much. But when the *parlemint*-house is all up in arms about e'm, when even all Mr. Will-by-force can say stands for nothing, though he pretends they're free born like us, is such a puppy as *this* to chatter?"

"This vulgar nonsense was received with silent contempt by Adolphus, who now discovered, in his opposition to such coarse behaviour, the degradation of his own dignity; and, upon his adversary's quitting the room in violent warmth, expressed his wish that Miss St. Leger would leave her, and permit me to conduct her to Finsbury-Square."

"O sir, (she cried) I blush to say, in this house I cannot be a free agent, nor can I perceive any mode of reconciliation but by venturing Miss Hamilton's displeasure, in making such an uncomfortable addition to our society."

"However, I immediately engaged for that lady's acquiescence, who, I presumed to say, would overlook every defect in Mrs. Abrams's manners from a delicate consideration for her amiable companion."

Here Mr. Hawkins ceased." "Certainly, (answered Louisa) to procure the dear girl any satisfaction, I could almost offer the incense of adulation at the shrine of ignorance."

The grateful man sighed, and bowed; then, resuming the description of his niece's disagreeable

agreeable situation, told us, that her anxiety was somewhat relieved by what he had said, and she retired to conciliate the irritated Mrs. Abrams, with whom she found much less difficulty in arranging matters than Mr. Hawkins experienced, while endeavouring to soothe our high-spirited boy, who could scarcely be prevailed upon to leave Spital-Fields without his revered Mary Ann; and it was clearly impossible for her to go without her weak companion, to whose obstinate perseverance she was obliged to sacrifice her wish to attend her uncle, as the preparation for their evening visit precluded all hope of dining in Finsbury-Square.

Adolphus became extremely impatient for the hour which was to gratify his ardent curiosity, and I would not render this novel appearance less interesting to him by premature explanation, but entered with him at the moment when my sister was settling the etiquette of the card-tables. This little business adjusted, I set myself to remark the conduct of our youth. For some time his eye was turned toward the door, regardless of the gay scene before him, doubtless expecting the arrival of his favourite, but at length, with an expressively disappointed aspect, he advanced to a sofa, on which he threw himself, to attend the manœuvres of a whist party. Their steady attention, seriousness, and the technical terms they used, changed the object of his reverie, and he considered them so deeply that even Miss St. Leger seemed forgotten. But he spoke not till the rubber was finished, when one gentleman, not more admired for his knowledge

knowledge of Hoyle than his testy reception of fortune's frowns, hastily threw the cards from him, and, with a voice in which mortification and covert rage were blended, told his partner she had lost the game by her improperly changing the suit.

"What are these people about? (asked Adolphus, in a half whisper) one would think, by their gravity, it was an act of devotion, if that person's strange behaviour did not contradict the supposition."

"*An act of devotion!* (replied the losing gamester,) O yes, my dear sir, these little enchanting deities have more worship than all the idols of the East or West."

"Not very zealous ones, I fancy, answered Adolphus,) if I may judge from *your* treatment of them just now; though perhaps, like some ignorant Pagan, you use them according to their fancied justice in dispensing good and evil, and caress that image to-day which to-morrow you will destroy."

Mr. Staples appeared more surprised than offended at this bitter retort, when the entrance of more company prevented any farther stricture upon an amusement which I am pleased to see makes no favourable impression upon our young hero. He turned hastily about, and, with a sparkling eye, exclaimed, "Oh! sir, she is come at last!" And then arose to conduct the elegant St. Leger to the sofa, without noticing her awkward companion, who, with an unnatural mixture of bashfulness and assurance, received Miss Hamilton's compliments, contrasting, in the strongest style, the modest grace and blushing timidity
of

of her agreeable ward, whose confusion she painfully encreased, by informing Louisa that they should not have been so late but Mark Anthony, in getting up behind the coach, missed his hold, and came *clean* down in the mud, and lost his *turbin*, which some rude boys had snatched from his head. "And really."

"O no more, dear madam, (interrupted my sister,) this is a mere bagatelle."

"Law! Miss *Hambledun*, 'twas no such thing, indeed; I tell you 'twas his *turbin*, "he is too young for a *bag* or *tail* either." She had now so far conquered that shyness, which is ever the mark of a low mind, as to declare her intention to join the ladies in a game of *whisk*, and then, without ceremony, placed herself in Mr. Staples's chair, at the back of which he then stood, telling him they would take *turn* and *turn*, and appealed to us if that was not fair, for indeed it was always her way. Without waiting for a reply, she gathered up the cards next her, desiring to cut for *pardners*. Astonished beyond the power of refusal, three ladies smilingly complied with her request, while Mr. Staples, whom she had so bluntly excluded, recovering his temper, appeared excessively diverted, and, in a humorous strain congratulated them upon the happy exchange. Too ignorant and self-conceited to comprehend the contemptuous remarks and sarcastical innuendoes, which were liberally dealt on all sides, Mrs. Abrams perfectly enjoyed herself; and, delighted to take advantage of the lady's engagement, Miss St. Leger withdrew with Louisa to another part of the room,

room, where Mr. Hawkins, Adolphus, and myself, immediately joined them. "Pity," (said Louisa, in a low voice,) that this excellent young creature should be left to mercenary wretches so ill calculated to fix the principles of a delicate mind. Something must be thought of to extricate her from their authority. I can already see her influence over our Adolphus, and am certain, from the observations I have made, she can contribute more, by a few words or seeming neglect, to the checking his unextinguished pride of disposition than whole volumes of instruction from a preceptor can effect."

What says Zimza to Louisa's assertion? Shall we submit our opinion to female decision? At any rate, I am resolved to procure her frequent visits hither, although perhaps obliged to open my doors to her shocking guardian. . . .

I have this day been to take the instruction of an eminent counsel on this young lady's situation, and am concerned to say there is no hope of present relief. The legality of the will, from Mr. Hawkins's representation, is indisputable; and, though Abrams is under restrictions respecting the embezzlement of her fortune, yet is her person too much in his power, nor can she chuse another guardian, while not justified in any important charges against this. We have only one resource, and that, if allowed, tedious—to make her a ward of chancery. The poor girl quitted my sister with reluctance; and, when she parted from her

her uncle, at Abrams's door, she kissed his hand with vehemence, crying,

"Oh! sir, my sensations are now more poignant than ever. Why did you introduce me to——"

"Heyday! (interrupted Mrs. Abrams, who was just stepping from my carriage, which I had ordered to set them down in Church-Street,) Heyday! what are you again in your *romanticals*? Do hold fast, Mr. Abrams, (to her husband, who, with Mark Anthony holding the step, was assisting her to dismount) Stand away, coachman."

For my servant, seeing Abrams stagger under his burthen, offered to take a share, but, checked by the haughtiness of her manner, he readily retired. Alas! too readily. For, leaning her whole enormous weight upon her sullen partner, she slipped through his hands, and came rather suddenly to the ground. Enraged at the consequences of her fall, the chief of which was nothing less than seeing her whole head-dress, consisting of *human hair*, feathers, flowers, &c. spurned by the heels of Richard's favourite coach-horse, she accused every one present, in the rudest terms, of contributing by their neglect to this misfortune, not excepting the trembling Mary Ann, who was so disconcerted as to leave the carriage at her peremptory command, and, without taking any further leave of her uncle, who left her with regret. Adolphus heard the relation with a tear, and, sighing heavily, hoped she would never forget her dignity to such low wretches.

Your son's indefatigable application having made him capable of the task, I shall, in future, resign

reign to him the delineation of our general transactions, and shall only step in to relate those things which may, with more propriety, come from my pen.

His *first* essay (for the few distressful words inserted at the bottom of my last, could not be called a letter) is to accompany this ; and I readily anticipate the agreeable sensations with which it will be received.

Adieu, worthy Zimza ; Miss Hamilton adds her wishes for your peace and health to those of your faithful

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON.

ADOLPHUS

ADOLPHUS in ENGLAND to ZIMZA, King of
TONOUWAH.

WHEN I contemplate the vast extent of ocean which separates me from my noble father; when I look up to the bright sun whose rays, in this temperate climate, rather cheer than oppress, and reflect that thou mayest be fainting beneath his fervid beams; am I not dejected? Do I not say,—“ungrateful Adolphus, dost thou feel the troubles of thy parent?” For I *know* thou art sorrowful. I traced thy bitter anguish along the mournful paper; nor would be comforted till my friend assured me thou wert long before then undeceived; when I consider these things, I am astonished at my tranquility, and weep because I am too happy. Wherefore, then, this hardness in my nature? Can the royal Zimza inform me why *he*, a man, a king, a being superior to the race among whom I now reside, should droop under circumstances which so slightly touch his child?

When chasing the tyger through the barren desert, or to the thickest recesses of our majestic woods, I have seen thee calm, collected, ardent. When a savage hyena, (even now I shudder to think of it,) with his iron fangs, fastened upon my light garment, with what courage thou transfixed him, with a deadly weapon, to the earth, and snatched me from the jaws of destruction. But how art thou altered? And why does thy pen mark the characters of fear, doubt,

doubt, melancholy, nay, *despair*? Alas, Adolphus, thy absence is the cause which troubles Zimza's soul. What then are the operations of nature? And why do they not act upon all alike? This is one of the many things I cannot understand. Sambo and Omra, too; how eagerly they look forward to the hope of returning to their own nation! And yet Sambo sighs and Omra weeps to leave *me*, who think but little of their departure, though probably I may never see them more. The captain came yesterday to say they must be on-board to-morrow night. Sambo fell on his knees. "Oh! my master, (said he,) go back with your poor servants. This is bad people, they laugh, they call me dog. I am no dog, master. And Omra, too, they call her black dog." Oh! then, how I cried! not for them, but for myself and thee. Yes, thought I, why not go to my dear father? But then something whispered, "What! leave these kind friends!" And then poor Miss St. Leger. Father, she is so like the image thou wearest upon thy bosom of my departed mother, Mr. Hamilton too is so kind, his sister so tender, and Mr. Hawkins so good, that—how can I leave them? Oh! if thou knewest the sorrows of his niece, thou wouldst surely say, "Stay, Adolphus, and comfort that sweet girl." And so I will.

Omra peeps in. How she cries!—I am wanted below.

Dear father, I cannot bear their tears. A messenger is come to take them on-board.—Sambo looks at his wife—wipes her eyes, and says, "See, my prince, Omra love you.—

"Don't

"Don't grieve, Omra, pray for prince
"Adolphus."

"Yes, Sambo. But if they should make
"him slave, what will king of Tonouwah
"do?"

I have shewn my letter to Mr. Hamilton,
he has corrected it a little, and seems pleased
with it.

Farewel, my beloved father. May thine
hours pass lightly away. May the dew of the
morning refresh thy early walks, and thy wan-
dering footsteps shun the fatal den. May the
remembrance of Adolphus come over thee
with renewed hope, and enliven dreary thought.
More than all, my the GOD of the Europeans
shield thy soul from guilt and grief.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

P. S. In a few months, I shall be able to
send some remarks which occasionally occur
upon the various inconsistencies that every
day fill me with perplexity; but I am not always
disgusted, nor is it right I should, since what
appears strange and unjustifiable to my confined
and yet confused ideas may wear a better aspect,
when time and investigation shall expand
them.

To Miss HAMILTON, from Miss ST. LEGER.

HOW indulgent are you, my dearest madam, in thus encouraging a helpless orphan to pour the vexations of a mortified heart into your friendly bosom ! and at a period too when she began to think herself exposed as a mark for vulgar ignorance to level its shafts at. Indeed, I once fancied my prospects bright, desirable, and extensive, but the mystery which veils the transaction that has given me into this man's power has thrown an impenetrable gloom around, which my beloved uncle fears cannot be easily removed. However, Mr. Hamilton's generous interference revives my spirits, and, still further cheered by *your* notice, I will endeavour to look with patience to a better hope, although every day is distinguished by degradation verging upon insult. How kind then in you, my dear lady, to steal me as it were from the harassings of a mind, alarmed by the irritable suggestions of wounded pride ; wounded perhaps deepest by the awkward attempts of malicious vulgarity to conciliate ! A mind too that scarcely, till within these twelve months, knew the pain of opposition. And how pleasing to renew an employment which, from an early season, occupied the most delightful hours of my life !

Separated from my noble father for seven years, my happiest time was past in a filial correspondence : (oh ! that it were not eternally past !) which may account for the facility
with

with which I am enabled to obey your requests. Ah! madam, I am interrupted.

These—what shall I name them?—These people impute pride, obstinacy, and, as *they* stile it, sulkiness, to me. Judge, from what follows, if their censures be just.

Desirous of dedicating this day to your commands, I had informed Mrs. Abrams of my intention to remain alone till I had finished my letter. She muttered some objection, but I withdrew, unheeding her evident ill-humour, and, shutting myself up, began a task from which I hope to deduce a serene pleasure, the only substitute for that valuable society I cannot often enjoy. One hour had nearly elapsed, when several strokes upon my chamber-door broke in upon my employment, and jarred every feeling. I was hurt. It was like the shock of electricity, which my curiosity once enabled me to endure. In a pettish accent I demanded who was there. “You are wanted, Miss Molly, (said my rude informer,) your favourite tawny-moor has brought a message from Miss *Hambeldun*.”

I went down, swelling indeed with indignation at the freedom of the appellation. The word *favourite*, in the light she uttered it, disgusted me; and, when I entered, her boisterous laugh at my being *taken in*, as she stiled it, certainly added to my vexation. Even Abrams forced a grin upon the success of her scheme. “See how she colours, (said the provoking woman, laughing immoderately;)” “why surely you need not be so angry; there’s sweethearts enough to be got, without running after a *mellotto*. A gentleman, my

"dear," making an awkward attempt to announce a well enough young looking man, who officiously rose from his chair to be introduced. But oh! madam, resentment superseded my wishes to be civil, and, turning disdainfully from them,

"When, (answered I,) you are disposed to treat yourselves with a jest, look for a subject among your *equals*." And then, without staying to hear the effect of my plain dealing, I ran up stairs to avoid that fury my behaviour doubtless had excited.

This cruel attack upon the delicacy every female ought carefully to preserve, and which more properly belongs to a young creature who till lately could not look beyond herself for the maintenance of that necessary appendage to the manners of our sex, has broken in upon my recollection of mind, and I trust, dear madam, you will permit me for the present to subscribe myself your most obedient

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

Brighton, Sussex, October 1.

I FEEL for you, my amiable girl, with the affection of a parent, the esteem of a friend, and, I should be happy to add, the carefulness of a guardian. Your situation uncommon, I would hope, unprecedented,—calls for something more than attention, more than commiseration. But I mean not to increase the poignancy of reflection by any magnified representation of present or future danger. To say truth, I have neither ill-natured forecast nor over-prudent caution enough to prognosticate any violent impending evils in your fate.

I do not blame your reprehension of that low woman for her ridiculous contrivance, which indeed I cannot fathom; but let me caution you against *false* delicacy; there *is* such a thing, my dear, and believe me it is very troublesome to its possessor, who cannot discern the difference between that and the virtue which it poorly represents. The latter originates in native dignity of soul, the former merely in blameable pride. Methinks I see your blushing resentment when accused of undue partiality towards our noble Adolphus. It would be strange if *you* should not discover those qualities in him which so eminently adorn yourself.—Fear nothing from that quarter.—Let not exalted modesty lose its essence in the
above—

above-mentioned weak representative. Love Adolphus as a friend, as a brother. His heart knows no guile. His passions wear no mask. His intercourse with our world has not soiled the purity of a mind which reflects, with added brilliancy, the virtues set before it. All is open and sincere in his conduct; I will venture to say all is equally so in his heart. A youth of fashion, as our high-spirited gentlemen are termed, seeks his acquaintance with avidity. They have met in the libraries, have joined in those athletic amusements consonant to their age, and frequently converse in the rooms; but, of late, Adolphus has flung his companion. Berisford wears a smile of half-concealed contempt. Adolphus looks haughty. They passed each other this evening without speaking, but, on returning, "Well, (said the youth, in a low voice,) are you convinced? Will you submit?"

"Never," retorted Adolphus, and quitted the Stein immediately.

I have no doubt but his dissipated and dangerous companion has ventured too bold an attack upon our African's feelings. I give you this anecdote to strengthen your good opinion of him. But when once you perceive hypocrisy to be the spring, or rather the guide, of his actions, when once you find he departs from his own rectitude or countenances falsehood in another,—then, my child, no longer trust him. Let modesty, for that is real delicacy, let sincerity, judge between your esteem for him and his newly-acquired feelings, and you cannot err. Do you not already condemn the free use of *your* permission, or rather request,

to

to remonstrate, or even to chide, my young correspondent? Sweet girl, you have little to fear. Repose your unlimited confidence in me. I will be free to say, you are in safe and not ungenerous hands. Adolphus is preparing a long letter for you. "For what, (he says,) "can poor Miss St. Leger know of this gay "world, while shut up with that frightful "woman and her sullen husband? My brother laughingly says, he shall delegate the office of guardian to me, as I seem to be his ward's ostensible counsellor. Indeed, he is my *protégée* and *chaperon*, and attends me, with much respect, through the whole routine of amusements and excursions which invariably mark our time. Take the journal of a day as kept by a fashionable friend, and, allowing for one or two incidents, it will be an exact epitome of a Brighton diary.

"Rose at six. *M-m* Not the smallest "inconvenience this, of ending at an hour "so early the glare of day and the chilling "sharpness of a sea breeze. A *beautiful* "morning, as the silly admirers of cheerful "sunshine and dazzling prospects would term "it.—Walk to the Stein. Wait two hours "for a guide and machine.—Wind rises.— "Disgusted with the idea of being launched "under water like a Thames wherry, as "mortified to be exposed in a dress so excessive- "ly *outré*. Conquer my reluctance, and "awkwardly submit.—Breakfast over, air in "the carriage.—Encounter the wheel of a "three-story phaeton.—Quite the thing! six "long tail greys.—Shocked to death, but "happily no mischief done, though the noble "charioteer,

" charioteer, like his predecessor, encountered
 " a similar fate from a too great proximity to
 " my powerful charms.—After parading round
 " the Stein, in a dangerous confusion of
 " different vehicles, adjourn to the libraries.
 " —Turn over or mismatch the whole jumble
 " of novels, politics, *secret* anecdotes, which
 " all the world know, and *public* histories,
 " which nobody reads, poems, satirical with-
 " out wit, libels without truth, and epigrams
 " as *long* as my arm. From thence to the
 " shops; where, after undervaluing every thing
 " laid before me, and asking for those they
 " have not to produce, I purchase a shilling
 " toy, ribbon, or trifle of equal value, and
 " flutter home to dress. Fill up the space
 " between dinner and going to the rooms with
 " scandal, back-gammon, and coffee. If an
 " undress-night, change the scene, and, in an
 " indolent attitude, survey the company at
 " *****, laugh at the no-meaning witticisms
 " and vacant faces that obtrude on the ear and
 " pass before my eye, make parties for the
 " ensuing day, and retire a victim to *ennui*
 " and wondering at the cause."

Come, if possible, to Brighton. The
 charms of novelty will give a zest to what
 the votaries of fashion look upon as hardly
 supportable. If *circumstances* should interfere,
 (such as the obstinacy of those you are with,)
 to prevent your acceptance of my earnest in-
 vitation, supply, as much as possible, the
 absence I shall lament by a relation of those
 events antecedent to my knowledge of your
 uncle and his amiable niece. Good old
 man !

man ! we have just parted with him for a few days, as he was solicitous to go to Dieppe, for the purpose of investigating some transactions of which politeness on our side and a reserve on his prevents a present explanation. I should have told you he added to our best wishes his most affectionate prayers for your welfare, peace, and health. Adieu, dearest Mary Ann. Forget not your very faithful

LOUISA HAMILTON.

From Miss ST. LEGER to Miss HAMILTON.

Spital-Square.

A STONISHING ! And does my good Miss Hamilton mean *that* Berisford Mrs. Abrams announced to me when she *took me in* so cleverly as she calls it ? This is indeed a mystery which time may solve. It is certainly the same. But *why* he should be introduced at Spital-Fields I cannot imagine. However, it is of no material consequence. I must advert to the subject pressing nearest my soul.

Ah ! madam, how incapable is language of expressing the genuine dictates of a grateful heart ! Believe me when I say your amiable kindness has given birth to a fortitude enabling me to look with courage upon the past and with resolution to the future. Supported by your concurrence, I will venture to acknowledge a sincere esteem for my new friend, Adolphus ; precisely such as I should be happy to confess for a worthy brother. Indeed, it is impossible you should imagine I can dislike a gentleman so much approved of by my uncle.

Before I enter upon the anecdotes you request, permit me, dear madam, to relate the mysterious if not alarming behaviour of these people. Obeying the summons yesterday noon to dinner, I unconsciously walked to the window. A hackney coach, as I think drew up.

Abrams

Abrams was standing near me. A low but sudden execration passed his lips, which occasioned me to look at him.—No, it is impossible to paint any thing half so horrid as he appeared.—He turned to his wife, who that moment placed the first dish upon the table, (her usual custom,) and, pulling her with an ungentle violence into the passage, I could just distinguish the words, “If he does, we are lost for ever,” and then he went to the door.

“We shall interrupt business; (said Mrs. Abrams, in a frightened accent,) let us go up stairs, my dear.”

I now felt an emotion of surprise which forbid my obeying her request, and, before she could well repeat it, Abrams and a tall meanly-dressed man, with a black patch over one eye, another on the opposite cheek, and a wooden leg, came in together. The stranger looked earnestly upon me, saying, “the name of this young lady, if you please,” with a strange significance of aspect.

Abrams replied, “Her name is of no sort of consequence.” I started, and felt disgusted at this unnecessary reserve, and could not help replying, with some tartness, “No, one need be ashamed of announcing—”

Abrams ran to me, and, before I could say any more, in a manner not the most polite, conducted me to the stair-head, where I was joined by Mrs. Abrams, who fawningly told me she feared I was ill, for I looked most *tremendously* pale. I could then easily hear her husband haughtily demand the man’s business; but, obliged by my tormentor to enter the dining-

dining-room, was forced to give up the further gratification of my curiosity. Surely, madam, this was a strange circumstance. And then the many poor excuses obtruded upon me for what needed none, if no deceit was intended, puzzles me extremely.

I will now endeavour to recollect the anecdotes which have distinguished the few years of my existence. But first permit me to observe that if piety, prudence, simplicity of manners, and elegance of person, could recommend their possessor to earthly honours, no wonder my beloved mother was indebted to them for the noblest hero and kindest husband Europe could produce.

A few years after their union, the general hastened with her to Boston, where he possessed a considerable estate. But the war, which will ever be remembered with horror by surviving sufferers, induced him to send us to Port-Royal, in Jamaica, as America was an unsafe residence for feminine delicacy, the continual skirmishes and perpetual apprehensions of an approaching enemy destroying the peaceful calm my mother had for seven years enjoyed. And, though every prognosticated danger her husband might endure was a source of innumerable sorrows, helpless and an incumbrance, she consented to leave those scenes of distraction for a quiet mansion my father had previously prepared for our reception. There Mrs. St. Leger received consolation by a visit from my uncle, who made a voyage to Jamaica, previous to the benevolent scheme he had formed of visiting the back-settlements in North-America. But his stay was short,
and

and his departure pained even my youthful mind. My good Miss Hamilton will readily believe me, since she has been a daily witness of his faint-like disposition. An accident that deprived my estimable parent of the use of her right-hand added to my grief, and the task was delegated to me of transmitting the various emotions of her soul to the general. Young as I was, habit and the instructions I eagerly imbibed soon enabled me to send every interesting occurrence which she thought might divert the fatigues and horrors of war, in soothing the bravest though gentlest heart that ever palpitated. Returns were not very frequent, but my dear parent took courage from a supposition of want of opportunity, and would not suffer any weak prognostication to sadden her heart.

The report of a decisive battle had reached us since the receipt of our last packet, but she breathed not a doubt of his safety, and drew the sublimest hope from the only fountain that could dispense it. Days, weeks, and months, rolled heavily on, without any cheerful intelligence from Boston. A battle had certainly been fought, and numbers within our vicinage were mourning its bitter effects. But though my mother's heavenly serenity silenced my impatient complaints, yet she grew pale, emaciated, and dejected. A soft melancholy stole upon her features, and seemed to indicate fearful consequences.

"It may be, (said she, one evening,) that
"your father, to avoid the loyalists, has
"fled to the back settlements.—If so, we
"cannot

"cannot expect any certain or immediate tidings of his safety."

Thus situated, the arrival of an old veteran, who, from earliest youth, had accompanied the general, was announced to my mother.—

"Now then, my daughter, suspense is no more."—Never shall I forget the air with which she pronounced those few words. Her eyes and hand were lifted up, and, in an expressive tone, she added, "St. Leger, I come! Mary, your father is gone, else why does Clarence come alone?—Yes, he is gone where I shall soon follow."

"O my mother, (I exclaimed,) leave me not." For she was rising from the bed to which my torturing reflections had confined me.—"You tremble; go not without your child."

"Be composed, love, stay where you are. —I chuse to meet my awful sentence alone." Although I understood her not, it was contrary to my habits of obedience to contradict her, and, sinking again on the bed, I gave myself up to every pang short of despair. She soon re-entered, and I sought in her eye for that consutation of my fears which that eye confessed. She sat down. I could not speak.—My father was dead.

I saw it in her manner; I felt it in my heart. But, though almost frantic from the pungency of my own feelings, her pathetic look, the wild and agonising turn of her countenance, forbid any enquiry into the nature of his demise. Clarence was gone, but it was plain he had decided her fate. At last, "Look not on me, my sweet orphan, (she cried,) with
"that

"that air so piercingly piteous. I have
"nourished hope almost in the bosom of death.
"But how could I suppose Heaven had only
"lent to my fond soul its stay, its prop, its
"support, for so short a period?"

I arose, and, sinking before her, "No
"more, no more, (said I,) my revered, my
"blessed, my *only* friend. All my duties, all
"my attentions, all my dearest expectations
"shall now center in you alone.—For are
"you not *now* my companion, my support,
"my all?"

You will kindly allow for my depression of spirits on such a theme, and permit me briefly to observe, that three melancholy years were passed in my dear mother's constant preparation for a better world, undisturbed by any company but Abrams, who held long and frequent conferences with her, which generally ended in deep dejection and tears. And I could never clearly account for this till the shocking catastrophe took place that gave him so much power over her unfortunate daughter.

Clarence indeed paid us several visits. Meeting one day with Abrams, as he was quitting the house, he turned back, and eagerly begged to see my mother. She did not accede to his request, being too much exhausted by the tedious audience just before given to Abrams. When the good old man received the unexpected denial, he drooped his head, and, as he departed, I could, from the window where I stood, hear him sigh bitterly, and exclaim, "Strange, very strange! My lost master!
"my dear deceived mistress!"

I told

I told Mrs. St. Leger of this remarkable apostrophe. She changed countenance, and ordered his ready admittance when he should call again. This never happened during the short remainder of her life, though she sent to him at Kingston, and employed every means to find him out, but they proved utterly ineffectual. It is impossible to dwell upon the last moments of so dear a parent, whose departing breath implored blessings upon her Mary Ann.

O my excellent lady, with my mother's concluding respiration methought every hope of future good expired. In her elegant drawing-room, valued by that angelic woman for the magnificent views its windows commanded, I met only the repulsive dreaded Abrams. He would have conversed with me, and once went so far as to say, as my father's representative, he would supply his place; but his voice, his manner his power so strangely procured, were all equally disgusting. I wrote to my uncle, and, till he arrived, shut myself up in mournful solitude. But how can I express the rapture which succeeded when I found myself in his paternal arms!

Think not, my kind correspondent, that this abrupt conclusion originates from aught, but the reflections a subject so sad must create, and suffer me, after soliciting your future epistolary favours, to subscribe myself your obedient and obliged servant,

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

To Miss ST. LEGER from ADOLPHUS.

Brighton, Oct. 19.

YOU cannot be surprised at receiving a letter from Adolphus, for he *promised* to write. Ah! Miss St. Leger, it is not given to the fashionable people at Brighton to remove the prejudices of a simple African. I go with Miss Hamilton to the rooms, and mix with a splendid croud; in whom one would think, from the visible pleasure that plays upon their features when they address each other, that the happiness and health of their acquaintance ensures their own. And the language too! Surely, I thought, here will be an opportunity for confirming my knowledge of a tongue so correctly spoken at my guardian's. As an instance of its purity, in this residence of refined manners, take their general address.—“Rejoice to see you.—“Blige me with your address.”—“Sweetest of creatures, poz.” And, for their sincerity, a baronet, whom I had never seen before, told me, “He rejoiced to see me *look* so well; though Miss Hamilton had just noticed my pallid countenance, the effect of a severe head ach. He then, without waiting for my answer, informed her, “he was immensely miserable to know if she had not taken cold
“at

"at the races; immediately adding, there was
"no enduring *eternal* heat."

"Are not these strange incongruities?"
asked I.

"Words of course; customary compliments," said my guardian.

"Rather modern falsehoods." He assented with a smile. I was encouraged, and told Sir M — eternal heat was nonsense, and wished to know if he had been taught his grammar.

With an extension of his mouth, the English call a grin, he replied,

"Would advise you, my dear, to part with
"some of that antediluvian sincerity, if you
"mean to mix with the *ton*."

"Never, (I hastily replied, shall Adolphus,
"in complaisance with the vile servility of flatter-
"ing Europeans, be induced to say the thing
"that is not."

How the company gazed! Mr. Hamilton looked serious, but I do not think he was displeased. He entreated the baronet to excuse my bluntness.

"For what, sir? Have I not spoken the
"truth?"

"You have, Adolphus. But there are
"times when silence is the test of prudence."

"Then, sir, I shall never *be* prudent."

Does Miss St. Leger know what this idol of worldly people means? We have nothing like it in *our* virtues, nor do the vicious possess it. It is not a passion, or it would produce more sudden and striking consequences. It is not an appetite, since it is often more gratified in withholding than conferring. I am sure, if it *be* a virtue, it is of a complexion too cold
for

for an exotic, and can only thrive in a soil where the nobler qualities of the soul can never take root. After all, I have undertaken a task above my abilities, since doubtless you expect a description of our amusements. But as a walk to the libraries, along the shore, or over the broad and bold eminences which fence this town, (must I call it?) constitute my chief delight, my friend will read her disappointment in every line.—How selfish!—I would conclude, but—there is a felicity I cannot describe in writing to you. I have begun a letter to my father. It lies within my view; duty calls me to continue it. Can you tell me why I do not? Duty! I feel its claims; but it tears me from an employment more interesting! What makes it so? I would ask Mr. Hamilton, but something withholds me. Nay, I would even wish to close this without shewing it to him.—Disguise! hypocrisy! What is come to thee, Adolphus? Does not thy heart sit upon thy lips? Why then allow thyself but to *think* what thou fearest to communicate? Well, if I *be* wrong, reproof from Miss St. Leger shall shame me into amendment.

A young man, who had taken some pains to inspire my confidence, has deceived me. During the races, Mr. Hamilton permitted me to air in this gentleman's phaeton. Descending the hill on which these manly amusements had been exhibited, I perceived an ancient man, lame and weak, laden with the residue of some goods he had carried to sell, staggering before us. I called to him to stand on one side; the poor creature turned about; and,

and, almost at the very instant, Berisford, carelessly, if not cruelly, ran against him, and, with a tremendous oath, swore he would drive over him if he did not get out of the way. I caught hold of the reins and stopped the horses. My companion asked me, with a sneer, if I was afraid of hurting the old put; and immediately, with an artful motion, whirled his whip across the poor soul's shoulders. I jumped out, and spoke of his brutality in such terms as produced a challenge.—I knew nothing of the sword, but determined to meet him. It was a circumstance I could not venture to explain to my guardian or his sister, and I felt rather awkward in my attempt to conceal it. The evening previous to that appointed for our meeting, he passed me, and whispered his resolution to *forgive* me, if I would ask *pardon*.—What a request to Zimza's son! But I answered as I ought. He retracted his intention of fighting, and in a note addressed to Mr. Hamilton gave such a turn to the whole affair as required all that gentleman's confidence in my integrity to refute the charge he had urged against me. But my word was enough. Had it been disputed, where could Adolphus have hidden his shame? What trifles are these to *you*, though to *me* of importance, for this treacherous European has touched me to the soul.

The Twenty-third.

Expressing, some days past, a wish to visit the opposite shore, as it belonged to another power, I was quickly gratified by my guardian, and, on the following morning, after an agreeable passage, was landed at Dieppe. The
next

next day proving tempestuous, we were confined to our inn. A bright setting sun broke through the gloom, and I quitted the company to enjoy my usual exercise. The calm sea,—the solitude,—Did you never, my friend, experience a pleasure in solitude?—Well, I was tempted by the surrounding scenes to continue my walk till darkness had enwrapped their glowing beauties. The waves were gaining fast upon me. I turned, and began to run, when a voice, (oh! Mary Ann, I hear it yet!) feeble, interrupted, and almost suffocated, seemed to arise from the sea, which was tumbling in towards the shore. I stopped,—it ceased,—but again, in a bubbling accent, renewed its agonizing moans, and something like a human hand appeared above the water. Could I hesitate an instant, when the life of a fellow-mortal depended upon the bare hazard of my own? I plunged in, and caught hold of the sinking object. He dragged me down, and in that perilous moment I blessed the African custom of enuring children from their earliest infancy to stem the furious wave. Yet, notwithstanding my utmost exertion, it would have been ineffectual, but for Mr. Hamilton, who, missing me, had sent two of the sailors in search of his poor Adolphus. They arrived at the period when my breath was nearly gone, and were lucky enough to free me from death. I soon recovered, but the half-drowned creature, (who, grasping me with convulsive violence, had been drawn likewise to the shore) remained insensible, till my kind guardian and his party arrived upon the beach, when I was witness to a greater miracle than ever African performed ;

performed; for, though he was dead, certainly dead, his breath gone, eyes fixed, and even his heart ceased to beat,—yet, will you believe it? in less than twenty minutes, his eye-lids dropped, and his lips changed from black to red, a faint perspiration issued from every pore, —and he revived! I shall be very unhappy if you doubt me. He did indeed revive! Oh! what a being is the Christian's God! For *he* did it, no one else could, but under his direction.

Well, he revived,—but to what confusion! When he was a little composed, (pardon me, I should have said before he was carried to a little house, near the beach, and laid upon the bed,) Mr. Hamilton led me to him, and, “See, (said he,) to *whom* under Heaven you “owe your preservation!”

He looked at me. Oh! Miss St. Leger, —it was Berisford! who had ventured across in a fishing-boat with another gentleman, and was driven by the storm to the northward of the harbour, where the owners of the boat had perished, with Berisford's unfortunate companion, by its being overset.

Our company, several of whom had been much scandalized at his former treacherous behaviour to me, now began to lavish the highest encomiums on a generosity to which no merit can be due, as I could not, at that moment, tell to whom I was rendering one of the many indispensable duties annexed to our nature. Added to the plaudits they so liberally dealt, were several sharp reflections upon his cruel conduct. I could not bear it, and withdrew, much distressed with Berisford's situation,
on,

on, who, weak from the late accident, and wounded with the ungrateful remembrance of the past, wept with vexation. Surely it was not a season for reproach. Was life only restored to make him taste its bitterness? Even Mr. Hamilton thought them severe, and encouraged me in my resolution of returning to comfort him. I went. He asked my pardon; thanked me for his deliverance from death, and promised the sincerest friendship. Oh! how I loved him for his ingenuous confession. Ought I not to be reconciled? Can you blame me for according my hearty forgiveness?

We returned to Brighton in the same boat. I have caught a violent cold,—but—*I have saved a life!* Mr. Hamilton permits me to express my gratitude in any way I like to the worthy sailors who dragged us to the shore. Berisford gives me the sole honour of rewarding them. I am sure he is not envious, or he would have divided with me the transport of dispensing a well-earned recompence.

After observing that this occurrence happened between the first and second date of my letter, I shall bid you sincerely adieu.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

P. S. Miss Hamilton expressed a wish to peruse the first essay of a correspondence herself promoted, and, after kindly amending it, returned it with such commendations as I dare not repeat. Nay, she even compliments my sincerity; but there can be no merit in those qualities we inherit from nature.

To ZIMZA, King of TONOUWAH, from
ADOLPHUS, in ENGLAND.

October 31st.

I AM told a succession of many months must pass before my eyes can trace a father's affection on the wished-for page. What a tedious interval ! and how many more must elapse before you can receive this ! But what an alleviation to my anxiety only to *fancy* you are, at this moment, rejoicing over the large packet Mr. Hamilton transmitted ; nay perhaps long ere now you have wept over the paper which awkwardly displays your child's sentiments.

Methinks my hereditary prejudices begin to soften ; for the real virtues which are in full practice among my *true* friends convince me of their existence even here. Though I had not made this confession, Zimza would have given credit to all my assertions respecting the English. It is a fact that I see many errors among them, truly inimical to my notions of integrity. But stop, Adolphus, recollect the subject of your letter to Miss St. Leger.—Do I talk of *integrity* ? Let me prove mine.

Yes,

Yes, my father, read the enclosed *. Yet, though I will not deny the pleasure that correspondence gives me, I will not keep it from my parent. Certain that he would approve my friendship for that young lady, I will not dread his censures; for she is sincere, noble, and—look again on your bosom for her counterpart.

Nov. 10.

We are returned to Mr. Hamilton's cheering fire-side. Already I shudder at a scene so new, which presented itself to my astonished eyes when I arose this morning. The windows, encrusted with a hard cold substance, gave a curious representation of trees and flowers, while the vast oval before the house had lost its verdure, in a covering of the most dazzling whiteness. Though I had heard and read of these curious effects of winter, my imagination could not form any thing adequate to a phænomenon so great. Miss Hamilton enjoyed my surprize, for I could not repress it. But while I admired I trembled. The cold was extreme, and, as they informed me, unusual for the season. My guardian smiled, when, raising the sash, I caught some of the consolidated fluid in my hand, and, struck with its extreme frigidity, let it fall. Satisfied with this trial of its freezing property, I sought the animating comforts of artificial heat, though my eyes were yet bent on the wandering flakes which descending very fast, took the form and colour of the ostrich's cover-

* See the preceding.

ing, as though that noble bird had stripped its breast to ornament the earth.

While we were at breakfast, I enquired why the English tongue is harder to write than to speak ; for I find my ideas infinitely less cramped in conversation than when using my pen. Mr. Hamilton answered, " That the difference lies between sound and sight. " What we hear comes so clearly to us, that, " as we can more readily understand, we can " the more easily express, our ideas in return. " Whereas the same words, when written, " from the number of unnecessary letters, " are far more difficult to ascertain, which are " consequently a restraint upon those ideas, " and require continual practice to render " easy."

" But, sir, it appears extremely strange to " me that a language so copious should require " the assistance of one apparently more trifling. " *Ton, nonchalance, brulée*, with many words I " cannot recollect, serve to supply the nervous " idioms which readily occur to an elegant " grammarian."

" Yes ; but, Adolphus, (rejoined my " instructor, do you not perceive our characteristic failing is variety ? " Nay, it is the " idol of our nation, and extends even to our " sacred religion. Not contented with the " full knowledge they may acquire from that " fountain of instruction, the bible, they cavil " at every trifle ; and I am well assured there " are more than thirty modes of worship in " the reformed faith. This leads me to notice " that it is by no means uncommon to see a " discontented, perhaps lazy, mechanic, quit " the

“the occupation he is too indolent to pursue;
 “and, by the strength of his *lungs*, not *argument*,
 “impose on others, equally weak and less
 “cunning, till he obtains the title of founder
 “to a new sect.”

December 3.

Our good Mr. Hawkins is returned from Dieppe, whither he went to visit an ancient friend.—Oh! my father, how many fond parents I may boast! It would delight the noble Zimza to witness the indulgence of his substitutes. Indeed, the Europeans are not all bad. Who, that sees my Mr. Hamilton's steady attention, his sister's unremitted tenderness, the worthy divine's endeavours to perfect me in every virtue, as well as in the beautiful ornaments of education, but must own that, when the savage perfections of Africa are tempered by the soft polish of refined manners, the lustre becomes hardly supportable to an eye unused, like mine, to their brilliancy. Even Berisford rises in my opinion. He solicits my acquaintance, and will, in time, I hope, command my esteem. But how few there are who do justice to the advantages they receive from nature and fortuitous acquirements. Not all the information bestowed by genteel connections and the labour of tutors can influence this young man to adopt a delicate or even proper mode of speech and behaviour. My guardian tells me the effeminacy, which distinguished the votaries to dress, some years since, was exposed by sensible periodical writers with such success as to produce the contrary extreme in the present day. For, as those affected the

delicacy of a tender female, these are solicitous to assume the appearance, looks, and sentiments, of a gladiator.—That polite society is neglected for stables, and the company of men of sense for pugilists, jockies, and horse-keepers. Nay, the flowing honours of many a whimsical head have been sacrificed to this rage. Among such, the coarsest habit often covers hereditary dignity, and a contemptuous disdain of necessary elegance is the most certain mark of a fashionable person.—Surely, he says, a gentleman may possess skill in the management of the reins without rivalling his coachman, or be ready to defend himself from personal insult without taking lessons from the dregs of the people. Often have I been at a loss for Berisford's meaning, when he has bid me "Smoke the old fellow.—Touch the cole.—Give them the go-by," &c. However, I am willing to think, on Berisford's part, that his roughness conceals a jewel of no small price; but, if the rust accumulate, it may damage the value of the gem. Indeed, I have tried not only to ridicule this monstrous propensity, but severely to reprehend it, yet his good-humour is not to be overcome any more than his follies, for he candidly owns the faults he is too thoughtless to amend. "You saved my life, Adolphus, at the hazard of your own, (said he,) but you will find it still more difficult to mend my *manners*." Last Wednesday Mr. Hamilton permitted me to attend him to a kind of ball he gave; he whispered, as I entered, pointing to the company, "You see, Adolphus, I am not totally deserted by your favourite sex."

There

There was indeed a *blaze* of female beauty, that is to say, abundance of what I thought useless finery among them. The English dances are truly pleasing. I joined in them with a lady as handsome as Miss St. Leger, but that was all. She was gay, trifling, and soon left this inspiring amusement for the most insipid of all diversions, cards. She laughed at my honest repugnance to quit the sprightly set, till Berisford hinted the impropriety of preferring my own will to that of a lovely woman. Truly I believe if he could have made his election it would have been decided in favour of this tasteless nay disingenuous employment. An intemperate use of liquor gratifies an appetite; opiates lull the painful sense of misfortune; even a fondness for the Virginia-plant may be defended. But *this* pernicious attachment! Oh! sir, what mischief has it not caused? Fame, wealth, honours, family union, feminine delicacy, manly integrity, *all*, as Mr. Hamilton says, sink before it in one deep, one universal ruin.

Thus instructed, it was with reluctance I complied. The game was loo, the forfeits unlimited and high, and, as I played carelessly as well as ignorantly, I soon found myself incapacitated to continue at the table, for my purse grew light, and my patience exhausted, the more so, when the before-mentioned lady, who was convicted of some imposition, arose with a confused aspect—oh! she was then unlike Miss St. Leger!—and, in terms of asperity, accused my want of skill as the cause.

cause. I remembered Berisford's hint, and was silent.

How could I be angry with the poor young lady for a conduct which poverty enforced ! It is true, I blamed her much, but knew not then that her situation would almost make *vice* excusable, since the money she won was appropriated to the purpose of supporting a sickly parent. Alas ! she has many people of fashion to countenance her error without her inducement, for who could suppose that her gaiety was put on to conceal what is reckoned *indeed* a crime ? Born, as Berisford informs me, to splendid expectations, and bred in pomp and dissipation, family-misfortunes have obscured her prospects, and she supported an only parent by industry, till *he* gave him the office of steward to one of his estates, the profit of which place, he supposes, has been applied, though inadequate, to the payment of some debts.

How amiable ! and yet to descend to a meanness which sullies the purity of her character, what pity ! She will not, says Berisford, accept a pecuniary present, but saves her pride in the above practice. Her *pride* ! My father, she is in distress, or I must, at least I *ought*, to despise her.

January 10.

To you, my dearest correspondent, I will be candid. My heart is bursting. How will you lament the defalcation of my honour ! Detested world ! Would I had never quitted a parent's court. How have I sacrificed the noblest of principles to one much inferior to it !

it! Oh! that my tears (and I have shed a thousand) could blot out the indelible stain.

I told you of an unfortunate woman. I told you she was poor. Could I do less than relieve her? Berisford took me to her father's lodgings. They were genteel but small. I beheld her. She was in tears. Two men were sitting at the breakfast table, who did not even return our salutation when we entered. The old gentleman asked us to be seated. A short silence ensued, which was broken by one of the fellows, who arose and told Mr. Lestock it was time to go. His daughter cried, "Take not my dear father away. One day longer, only one day longer, till I can try my friends."

"O my child, we have now no friends," and his head sunk upon his bosom.

"What means this unexpected scene?" said Berisford, as he turned aside to wipe away a tear.

"It means, (I replied,) that they are in distress, and must be assisted."

"O no, (said Miss Lestock,) we have now no hope. Mr. Berisford has already been too kind, and——"

I was impatient. "What is the sum? Keep me not in suspense."

"Beyond your pocket-allowance to answer, 'I fancy, young gentleman,'" interrupted one of the wretches.

My father, I will close this sad scene, which occasioned your son's depravity.—I was joined with the generous Berisford in a note for seven hundred pounds, and (but this was no fault, my heart was uncorrupted,) I went home,
(after

(after slipping a ten-pound note into the poor gentleman's hand, to answer present demands,) delighted with the service I had done. Hitherto all was peace in my bosom. The money was trifling, compared with the good it had effected.

We were engaged to receive a large party that evening in Finsbury-square. My spirits were exhilarated, for Miss St. Leger was present. While I was engaged in a cheerful conversation with that amiable lady, Mr. Hamilton approached." "I have a pleasing commission for you, Adolphus. Excuse him a few moments, my dear." He led me to his sister, who, taking out her purse, put five guineas into my hands with a paper, saying, "Come, sir, let us see how well you can plead the cause of the distressed. Take this affecting case and this purse to the company, I think your persuasive countenance and generous example will awaken their liberality."

"My example, madam?"

"Certainly, (answered my guardian,) whatever you wish others to subscribe you must first bestow."

How I stammered! "Sir,—sir,—I have no cash."

"But you have a note. We will change it. Be quick, Adolphus, in these points you are always clear."

What could I say? Berisford was present. He frowned, bit his lips, and charged me, in a hasty whisper, to be secret. I turned round to Mr. Hamilton, "Oblige me, sir, with the loan of what sum you think necessary, for I have

"have not got that bill about me." He immediately doubled the sum his sister put into my hand, and looked not only grave and cold, but displeased.

How miserable this behaviour made me! Self-complacency vanished. I could hardly support myself, and, after executing my guardian's commands, retired to my room with the air and feelings of a criminal.

What a situation was mine, next morning, when Mr. Hamilton requested I would fetch the note, and he would give me cash for it! Alas! Berisford had obtained my solemn promise not to discover the use I had made of it. Either way I saw nothing but guilt and shame, and stood perplexed, silent, and in tears.

In a tone of deep concern, my guardian said, "You are, for the first time, Adolphus, the subject of pity blended with sorrow. Something, I see, is wrong. But be candid: Open your mind. The note is nothing. Perhaps it is well bestowed. Be that as it may, my ready forgiveness awaits your ample confession.—Endanger not your rectitude in the invention of a false excuse, and remember your noble father."

Oh! how I was shocked! Falling on my knees, I cried, "Dear sir, ask no more questions, I am bound to secrecy as to the disposal of that money."

"Rise, Adolphus. Preserve your veracity. But you, whose love of truth can and has prevailed over every other consideration, will undoubtedly satisfy me in one point."

"Name it, sir." And I trembled.

F 3.

"Does

"Does Mr. Berisford know where and how you have disposed of this note?"

I was now driven to the extremity I had so much dreaded, and fell. I forfeited my integrity, subscribed to a LYE, and felt myself totally unworthy of the friendly reconciliation which followed my crime.

Methinks this confession of my fault has abated the horror it inflicted. My breast is relieved; and oh! that I dare as freely accuse myself to my dear English protectors. But Berisford laughs at my scruples, while he makes me sensible of my humiliation by exalting the act which has produced such mortification, and wishes me to meet Lestock and his daughter this evening at his house. I mentioned my intention to consult Mr. Hamilton upon it.

"By no means, (said he,) you are now of age sufficient to visit without your guardian. He is a particular cynical genius; nor can I engage for Lestock's silence upon the late business. Prithee come then without his knowledge."

Indeed, I would not have gone, but an unexpected engagement, in which I was not concerned, deprived me of Miss Hamilton and her brother's society. Mr. Hawkins too had retired much indisposed. I was disconcerted. Music, reading, the globes, all were tried in turn, and all failed to please. Before nine, my friend made his appearance. "Alone, Adolphus? I have a coach in waiting. You shall positively pass an hour in Bedford-Square. No objections."

"My guardian, sir—."

"Nonsense.

" Nonsense. No more puritanical excuses.
" Does Hamilton intend you for a parson ?
" Come, come, I am in haste "

I was confused, irresolute, and uncomfortable. But, unable to withstand his impetuosity, was prevailed upon to venture.

How could I censure the amiable Lestock !
Oh ! sir, she is not the trifling being I imagined. All that levity was vanished. A modest familiarity, (for such it appeared to me,) made her perfectly agreeable. Her father, too ! venerable, grave, humble, and grateful. I am really pleased with them both, and returned reluctantly at twelve. I sat up till Mr. Hamilton came home, and immediately told him of Berisford's invitation and my compliance with it. His countenance changed. I could perceive he was vexed. " Am I wrong, sir ? " said I. He sighed, made me no answer, and left me very unhappy.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

February 4.

ADOLPHUS is melancholy and reserved. He has lost his engaging sprightliness. My brother is visibly affected at this sudden change, while your uncle, with a serene smile, places it to your account ; and indeed *I* am apt to give the good old man credit for his penetration.

In the course of this day, *you* were mentioned as bearing some resemblance to a Miss Lestock, the daughter of young Berisford's steward.

Adolphus blushed, nay even trembled, and I could observe seemed much disgusted at the comparison, ~~she~~ being represented as an artful creature, who would sacrifice every delicate feeling to a notorious attachment to gaming. "Miss Lestock, (he exclaimed, in an indignant tone,) who dare bring forward Miss Lestock in such a light?"

I saw he was hurt. "We do not, (I replied,) degrade your justly-esteemed St. Leger by a similitude of manners or principles ; features only were hinted at. I approve your generous disdain ; but our Mary Ann cannot be injured by a likeness which extends no farther. Miss Lestock is doubtless very reprehensible, but I believe many
" of

"of her errors may be attributed to a culpable parent."

His eyes lightened. "You are mistaken, Miss Hamilton, if you think *her* errors—"

"Think what, Adolphus?"

"That young lady deserves no such—"

We all smiled.—"Well, well, (interrupted my brother,) we understand you, my dear. She does not indeed deserve to be compared in any instance with our lovely friend. I am pleased with the ardency of your attachment. May it ripen with your years, and strengthen with your judgment."

Adolphus now turned as pale as his complexion would admit, and quitted us with a tear upon his cheek.

Since this conversation his dejection has increased. Be candid, then, nor let false delicacy blind you to a prepossession which can neither lower your dignity nor offend your modesty. Be ingenuous with us, my sweet love. With *me* you may.—Has the impetuous youth already acknowledged a preference? And have you checked him too roughly? Something *has* disconcerted him, we doubt not. His studies are neglected; his amusements no longer please. The enthusiasm of his passions are succeeded by apathy, except upon the above-mentioned trial. There must be a cause. O may *you* be enabled to give it a solution, and you will relieve the anxiety of your

LOUISA HAMILTON.

To Miss HAMILTON, from Miss ST. LEGER.

YOU command my frankness, dear madam, but it can claim no merit in my compliance. Indeed I have nothing to confess. That we have conversed on various subjects, that I have often ventured to oppose his opinion, and that he has *as* often owned conviction, is most true; but here the information stops. That a cloud of mystery has lately enveloped the expressive countenance of your Adolphus I have seen with true concern. But I cannot agree with my dear uncle as to its derivation; permit me, therefore, to change the subject.

Oh! madam, the poor stranger I mentioned to you in my letter to Brighton has in vain attempted our well-secured door. We were just stepping into a carriage that waited to convey us to Covent-garden theatre, when I was surprised to see Abrams catch his wife by the arm, and conduct her back into the passage, and the next moment shut the door with considerable violence. But the mystery was soon explained. A violent knocking ensued. Mrs. Abrams turned extremely red; her husband, more than usually fallow, apparently shook with terror. The windows were not closed, and by the lamp I could discern their former visitor, whose questions respecting

respecting my name were so ill received. He was speaking to Mark Anthony in a loud tone.—“Do, my dear, (said Mrs. Abrams,) give the fellow an answer. He is quite troublesome.” Mr. Abrams then opened the window, and told the stranger to call the next day.

O madam, he is come. I have seen him.—Worthy creature! Kind, affectionate mutilated, Clarence! Yes, I have seen him, but that is all.—We were at breakfast. The servant was taking a message at the door, when, without ceremony, a person rushed by him and entered the parlour. “You are excessive impudent, man; (exclaimed Mrs. Abrams;) I think you might have sent in your business.”

“And if I had, madam, (said he, bowing,) I fear it would not have ensured my reception. But this lady, if I judge right, will not reject her noble father’s servant, the poor unhappy Clarence.”

“Clarence! (I repeated.) Oh! thou faithful attendant of the best of men, tell me where did—”

What an interruption! my heart swells as I write. The detestable Abrams caught him by the collar and forcibly pushed him into the street, threatening him with a prison if he came there any more. I arose, ran to the door, called loudly after the ill-treated creature, and boldly directed him to Finsbury-Square. I thought the monsters would have beaten me. But I was scarcely in my senses, and totally superior to any idea of fear. “Now, (said I,) meanest of men,
“your

“your treachery becomes conspicuous.—
“What had that worthy soul done to be thus
“basely treated? But he *knows* too much.
“Tremble, wretch, and reflect upon the
“*justice* of that Being whose attributes you
“scorn.”

They were confounded, and began to soothe the victim of their art. A flood of tears was of service to my loaded spirits. Alas! I fear the wounded veteran has not profited by my intelligence. Surely he will find my uncle out. Still do I recollect the words he uttered when leaving our house at Port-Royal. . . .

Dear lady, read the enclosed, and decide upon the merits of this honest correspondent.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from EDWARD CLARANCE.

O THOU revered representative of my noble general, forgive thy ancient servant for this familiar address.—Say, where can I be honoured with a few minutes conversation? Alas! I could not make out what you said this morning, and have been wandering about ever since distracted to see the daughter of general St. Leger thus degraded. But the time is at hand when the black-hearted Abrams shall be a monument of lawful vengeance. Sweet lady, be not discouraged. Clarence will not rest till he sees justice done to an injured orphan. Else why did he quit his native land, and, worn with years, wounds, and distress, encounter a dangerous element, and still more dangerous enemy? Oh! he has *indeed* been my enemy. Adieu, beloved offspring of my lamented master.

EDWARD CLARANCE.

P. S. The bearer will wait at the bottom of the street for a line.

Superlative assurance! Madam, the mean listener has discovered my reception of the letter. I wrote a few lines clearly expressive of my intention. Ellen had almost reached the person who was waiting for them,
when

when she was overtaken by Abrams, who I saw (from my window) hastening after her without his hat, and rudely snatch them from her. The poor girl returned pale and trembling. I would have reproached him with the bitterest severity, but violent hysterics, the consequence of this vile attack upon my delicacy, pride, and every hope of a speedy discovery, rendered me incapable of a proper resentment.

What will my dear uncle say? But I know what he will feel for his and your unfortunate

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

P. S. Ellen informs me she caught Mrs. Abrams upon the stairs, when she quitted my room with the letter, and that she darted into the parlour, with an intention doubtless to send her husband after her.

To Mr. ABRAMS, from F. BERISFORD, Esq.

Bedford-Square, Nov. 15.

I HAVE met your ward at the theatre. Scarcely tall enough.—Very reserved.—A weeping beauty.—No rouge. No pearl-powder. Eyes indeed bright but uninformed. Seems proud, too. No odds, I want her for a *wife*.—But you must be snug—We know each other, old Cent. per Cent.—Is all clear? No legacies unpaid? No mortgages unsettled? If I am to be shackled let my harness be double gilt. Are you absolutely in possession? Forty thousand pounds, “and you to have *ten* of “it.” “That’s the agreement; or, if it fails on your side, I am to have the loan of two thousand without interest.—But, should the fault be with the lady, to be a draw bet. *Only five-and-twenty per cent.* O thou unconscionable villain!—“But suppose you “shall find some difficulty with her uncle in “making this arrangement.”—Is that it? May be so. Hawkins is an old prig. Why should *he* be meddling? Do not let Mrs. Abrams interfere again. What a method she took of announcing me to the haughty heiress! I almost pitied the mortified fair-one. Once more, trust not your wife with this business, but be careful to procure me another interview. Adieu, Old Trusty.

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To

To FRANCIS BERISFORD, Esq. *These present.*

Mr. BERISFORD,

SIR,

November 18.

YOURS of the 17th curr. came safe to hand. Miss St. Leger will be at Hamilton and Co.'s Finsbury-Square, to-morrow evening. Wife shall stay at home. Best place for women. Suspects too much. Fond of a secret, but can't keep it.—I expect to see your rent-roll.—Esteem my ward.—Can't think of chousing her, as the saying is.—All fair and above board.—*Forty* thousand,—a vast deal of money!—*Ten* thousand, little enough in all conscience!—Won't part with the goods under. Will be saleable a long time. More bidders in the market. Give you the preference. Your very humble servant,

OLIVER ABRAMS.

P. S. Wife desires her *polite* respects.

*To Mr. ABRAMS, from FRANCIS BERISFORD,
Esq.*

Bedford-Square.

MISS St. Leger has more pride than the loftiest creole, but there is meanness in it. While *I* was kept at awful distance, the African boy was visibly encouraged.—But his triumph could not last. He is sufficiently mortified.—No, not sufficiently. I will be more completely revenged.—What is there in *him* to engage the attention, when put in competition with a man of fashion? And am *I* to be refused for a?—Confound the fellow! he noses me every where.—His *person*, truly all so perfect!—Yes, sneaking, poor-spirited, hankering after the forbidden fruit on which his guardian has set his interdiction. Gaming, rambling, noble living, all we men of the world enjoy, he dares not even approve.—But I have him. The snare is set—His boasted virtue shall snap at the bait. Hark ye, Abrams, the cash shall be yours.—Take care of my prize. Keep her close. Speak of me, you know how, but let not that misbegotten poacher snap up the game.

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To

To Miss HAMILTON, from Miss ST. LEGER.

A FEW words, my ever dear lady, on a subject I had not thought of any consequence but a circumstance sufficiently disagreeable. Mr. Berisford's attention to me, at your house, though it had excited your raillery and caution, raised nothing but disgust in my bosom. There is an expression in his countenance, even when most animating, that conveys an idea of deceit, and I could perceive, when I officiously conversed with your Adolphus, the other gentleman reddened *seemingly* with indignation. This circumstance had not once occurred to my memory, till Ellen informed me she just now saw Mr. Berisford leave the house with Abrams. Is not this an extraordinary coalition, fashionable vulgarity with that of uneducated meanness? They are both returned, and my company is earnestly and bluntly requested. I have refused to go down, but Mrs. Abrams came up to say this gentleman brings a message from my uncle. Very strange, but it may be possible.

What a pitiful subterfuge! No dear uncle had charged this man with a commission. I fear I was rude; certainly they thought me so. But indeed I could not stay below. Mr. Berisford told me the brightness of the day had tempted him abroad, would I air in the phaeton?

“ Did

"Did my *uncle* give his *suffrage* to that request?" I coldly asked.

"Why no.—But I was so shy."

Shy! Miss Hamilton. I instantly arose, and, with a grave courtesy, wished the gentleman a pleasant airing, and quitted the room. Oh! madam, this son of the turf, in an audible voice, exclaimed, "Skittish, by gingo, Abrams. Full of tricks,—but—"

I heard no more, but, inflamed with resentment against them all, sat pensively down to deplore the lot of your shockingly situated

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

To ZIMZA from ADOLPHUS.

Journal continued.

Hampton, April 20.

IF I did not assign some reason for the discontinuance of my journal, would not the best of men have furnished one still more terrible? *Truth*,—my hand trembles while tracing a name so frequently abused,—but *truth*, whom yet I worship, impels me to say I am just recovering from a dangerous illness, occasioned by—oh! sir, your wretched Adolphus has a melancholy story to unfold.

Could you have supposed that the company of my revered friends has been disgustful? That I could not bear the grave reproaching eye of my worthy tutor? The sweet sorrows which informed Miss Hamilton's countenance? Nor that look of mingled pity, displeasure, and contempt, which from my guardian seemed to sink me almost to annihilation? I have resumed a strict application to my studies, yet—something is wanting—Will you have patience with your child while he explains the hateful mystery of his unhappiness? And you in accepting a repentance (oh! how sincere!) grant the forgiveness I do not deserve?

The

The reserve Mr. Hamilton assumed upon the liberty I had taken, in passing an evening out of his presence, rendered my situation very unpleasant. However I soon with pleasure perceived my guardian's features take a lighter turn. His gloom relaxed, and I was again the child of his affection. On the seventeenth of March we went to the theatre. Of all the elegant amusements congenial to youth this, in my estimation, takes the lead. And, in this instance, my inclinations met Mr. Hamilton's hearty concurrence. Oronoko was performed by command. My tears were the plaudits of a feeling heart, but they were interrupted. In the third box from ours was Berisford and Miss Lestock!

Was it right?—I was vexed. I had wished to find that young woman all perfection. But Miss Hamilton spoke of her with such asperity as if honour, delicacy, even modesty, forbid her appearance with a gentleman. "We do not mind these things at Tonouwah!"

"True, (said she, when I made the remark,) nor are our manners formed by those of Tonouwah. *Miss St. Leger* would not commit such an impropriety."

Why did she mention Miss St. Leger? She is above all comparison. Ah! what does she think of me now?

The morning after, my guardian entered the study. Mr. Hawkins arose to give him a seat. But I was nimblest. He pushed the offered chair aside. I looked at him. What displeasure, nay what disdain, gleamed in his eye! I could not speak. He held a small paper in his hand.

"Do you know this writing, sir?"

The note, the very note, I had signed at Mr. Lestock's.

"You are an apt scholar, Adolphus.—

"Scarcely one year in England, and you have

"adopted its arts, its cunning, its vices——

"Now then, if you mean ever to recover my

"good opinion, tell me instantly every cir-

"cumstance relating to this paper."

"Forgive my interference, (asked the kind

"Mr. Hawkins,) my pupil is greatly intimi-

"dated. To press him now might be to plunge

"him into greater excesses."

"We will leave him then," replied Mr.

Hamilton.

They did. But the recollection of that

pangful moment how it stings! My thoughts

were bewildered. Candour, and sincerity,

honesty, all were upon the wreck. My former

offences were expiated by open confession and

a sincere repentance. With my guardian's

forgiveness the consequences were at an

end. But with the loss of my integrity I

suffered that of my resolution. Steady only in

the determination of not betraying the

Lestocks. A whole hour I staid alone. Mr.

Hawkins came up.—"What have you done,

"unhappy youth! Joined your name in a

"bond for the payment of seven hundred

"pounds, due this day. Vile Berisford, thus

"to draw you in. There is one and only one

"conciliatory method left. Confess the

"transaction, give up those who induced you

"to this, and all may be well."

I drew back.

"Nay, Adolphus, you will not refuse."

"Every

“ Every thing, sir, that may tend to throw
“ a stigma upon the innocent.”

“ And is Berisford the innocent you fear
“ to betray ?”

Oh ! my father, I was wicked enough to
tell this dear this excellent divine, he was
“ troublesome ; he was officious ; and that I
“ should not go with him.”

He had taken my hand in his, and, holding
me as it were at arm’s length, “ Merciful
“ heaven ! (said he, with a quivering lip, and
“ a tear glittering in his eye,) where is the
“ heart that has so often dictated words of the
“ sweetest compassion to a poor old man ?
“ How callous the feelings that once were
“ softened by sorrows ! Art thou the Adol-
“ phus whose excellent qualities lessened my
“ aspirations after another life !”

He turned away, and again left me. I
heard him sob as he went. — Yet I was harden-
ed, and, in a fit of desperation, frantically
followed him into the counting-house. Mr.
Hamilton was there. An ugly-looking man,
they call a Jew, sitting by the fire.

“ Now, sir, (said my guardian,) you see
“ the youth. He is evidently not of age.
“ But say, Adolphus, did you join with Mr.
“ Berisford in giving this note ?”

“ I did, sir ; pray let it be paid.”

“ It shall be paid ; but I insist upon know-
“ ing what cause you can assign for accumu-
“ lating such a debt.”

I was silent.

“ You are sullen, sir. But however take
“ notice the note is discharged. Your favourite
“ companion I see has exonerated himself.”

The Jew received the cash, left the note, and
“went off. You will not then give the satis-
“faction I request?”

“Never, sir.

“What! have I lost my influence over
“you for ever? Oh! Adolphus, I am mise-
“rable indeed. But you shall return; and
“may the air of Tonouwah and your noble
“father’s example restore the amiable simpli-
“city of manners I once thought proof against
“every attack. You may retire, sir.”

I did not appear at table for two days. On the third, I could not rise. I thought I was at Tonouwah, my father weeping over me;—Miss St. Leger in your hand. When poor Lestock came to me, you struck her.—I looked up, and there was only Mr. Hawkins in the room. What followed I know not for many weeks. However, when I grew better, my kind guardian forgave me, and I kept my secret. As soon as I could go abroad, Mr. Hawkins accompanied me hither. Will you, my dear father, take me home again? I am sick of England, sick of myself. Do receive me kindly. I can leave even Miss St. Leger. They tell me she is very unhappy. I have a great esteem for that lady; her misfortunes command respect.

I shall now close this journal, but my guardian must not see it. And oh! do you, my dear and ever dear parent, keep the secret of your unfortunate son,

ADOLPHUS.

From

*From FRANCIS BERISFORD, Esq. to Mr.
LESTOCK.*

Bedford-Square.

I HAVE no cash at present. Every resource has failed. My honour is engaged five thousand deep. Two nights longer delay, and all is up in St. James's Street. Barry called this morning with my bill from Langhorne's. Cursedly taken in by the grey ponies—No bottom. Mere outside.—Ran them ten miles on the Kentish road against Barry's Roans. Two to four the odds. Confoundedly distanced. Made a dead stop at the foot of Boughton Hill.—Forced them forwards, and ran over an old woman upon an ass. Confoundedly hampered in the broken traces. Cut my face; broke the knees of the two leaders, in attempting to clear them from the sprawling cat, and knocked out the eye of the off poney next the wheel of a country waggon.—No matter, the money must be paid. Go to Longdale, and, if he refuses to pay the half year due last week, seize. What is his large family to me? The brats are not mine.—I have concluded an agreement with Martin for the fine old oaks in Berisford-Close. See him this afternoon, you will find the plodding
rascal

rascal at his compting-house, Millbank. Come over him nicely. Never spare discount. Touch him for a thousand.

Finely done over at Hamilton's! That grave money-getting fellow was too hard to manage. How the surly thief looked when I asked for his pet; his delicate, high-mettled, spirited, African!—What a fool, not to draw my springes closer about the frightened woodcock. But I have not done his business yet. The boy is staunch.—Good blood.—It is but trumping up another tale of distress. No fear but the gudgeon will bite.

“Pray, Mr. Berisford, (muttered his gloomy gaoler,) do me the favour to inform me on what occasion Adolphus joined his name to yours for the payment of such a monstrous sum.”

“Has he not told you, sir?”

“Your question is offensive and unnecessary, young gentleman.”

The old prig! I was ready to laugh in his face.—“Indeed, sir, I am ignorant of his motive, and only know I am 350 pounds a loser by my friendship.” He stroked his fresh-mown chin, and paused. Thou art in luck, Frank, thought I. The boasted probity of an English merchant is hard at work in that sullen heart, and will not let me be a loser. For I wished to insinuate that Adolphus was under some pecuniary obligations to me. But I was gulled. He was only collecting a long string of *sage* maxims, *prudent* cautions, and *uncivil* reflections. A part of which I escaped by marching off, and giving him the go-by.

What

What a fool you are, Lestock, to mind the censures of a ridiculous world! Sally's an honest wench. A girl of spirit.—No fear of treachery. — My honour, my honour, old Truepenny, is concerned. Besides, I have laid a deep scheme for your daughter's advantage.—What think you of a *price* for your son-in-law? — Elephants teeth, gold-dust, pine-apples, and cowries? Rivers of gold, and oceans of pearls? Tyger-skins to cover your old hide of buff, and slaves to exercise your authority upon? But mum's the word. Fair and softly. The game's up, and may I never hold the four aces, or win a bet at Newmarket, if I let it slip.—A hollow thing, my lad of wax.—And now fall not. I will wait at home for you till nine. Time enough after that to look in at Patterfal's.

Never wrote such a preachment in my life. Am almost too fatigued to sign

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

May 7.

ADOLPHUS is once more restored to his afflicted friends. Noble fellow! his ingenuous confusion and candid accusations of himself have not only conciliated my brother's good opinion and affection, but heightened them. We do not attempt to try his sincerity by any questions relative to his past conduct. There is a degree of merit in his taciturnity, on this occasion, which Mr. Hamilton seeks not to lessen by a curiosity that can produce no satisfaction. That Berisford has been the agent in the business is indisputable; and that he is an extravagant libertine is a truth fully confirmed to us. Master of an affluent fortune, at the age of eighteen, (which his father acquired by trade,) early introduction into life precluded the benefit of education; and, naturally averse to study, he aimed only at the perfection attainable by jockies, cooks, and grooms, if we except an unwearied application to the mysteries of Hoyle. My brother, since we received the above information, has never ceased blaming his own temerity in permitting the dangerous intercourse. He could not be blind to such
of

of Mr. Berisford's propensities as came under his inspection, and is particularly hurt at the idea of our sweet fellow's mixing with such a motley set of strangers, on the night the ball was given. However, if Adolphus sees his companion in a light formidable enough to put him on his guard, there will be little danger of his resuming an intimacy we are all anxious to prevent.—But, while we are solicitous to preserve this dear youth from such a ruinous connection, can there be a wretch base enough to wish to sacrifice an innocent girl to a union so miserable? Oh! my dearest St. Leger, it must not be. This detestable Abrams has some sinister view to answer in encouraging Berisford's visits. I will speak freely. A course of seven years dissipation has doubtless reduced even almost to poverty his once plentiful estate. You, my love, have a large fortune, He wants one. Abrams is penurious, and not scrupulously honest. What is the result? The terms prescribed by avarice necessity will accede to; and Miss Mary Ann St. Leger, amiable, elegant, sincere, and lovely, is taken as an appendage to the wealth otherwise unattainable.—Forbid it law, justice, virtue.—Exert yourself, my good girl. Call up every assistance from family dignity; rouse every spark of native spirit, and make a stand against such tyranny. Depend upon my brother's interference whenever your affairs shall make it necessary. Fear them not. You are in no danger, while you foresee their intention. Whether fawning or violent, soothing or positive, they cannot force you. Even the will which has thrown you into their hands

allows not the disposal of your person without your own concurrence. Be comforted, my love, in the assurance that, if your worthy Clarence should come to us, he shall be joyfully received. Poor man! I doubt he knows not where to apply.

Pity our dear Adolphus, Mary Ann. The West-India fleet is arrived. My brother went on-board the ship which carried Sambo and Omra. They were safely landed, and proceeded undisturbed to Tonouwah with Zimza's letters. On the seventh day of his absence Sambo returned unmolested, as captain Saunders had franked him with a passport. He entered the cabin in an agony, wrung his hands, wept, beat his bosom, but could only say,—“My king! my prince! Oh! sir, my massa gone!—Gone!—No one know where!—Gone,—three moon! Oh! my prince die!—Yes, he die!—Sambo die too—Ah! prince Adolphus.”

With much difficulty, the captain learned that Zimza had been three months absent, on an expedition to Sierra Leone, to view the new settlement:—That his favourite, Azilli, who had accompanied him, brought back intelligence that his master, desirous of examining one of the vessels which had carried the emigrants, and lay off the harbour, was conveyed by a couple of his men to the transport:—That Azilli waited his return for three weeks; and Zimza not coming back, he went home, procured a little army of his friends, and hastened again to Sierra Leone, but the ship was gone, nor could any one explain
Zimza's

Zimza's motive for sailing with them, as they were bound to St. Domingo.

When the poor creature had finished his account, he sat stupid, as it were, for a few moments, and then, looking earnestly in the captain's face, cried, "Sir, you take me back. My prince die, me see him, me cry over his grave, and then—*me die too!*"

In vain the grief of his wife and friends were mentioned as obstacles to this affectionate purpose, as well as the danger of his being detained at Port-Royal.

"Poor Omra, (said he,) she bid me come. Go, she say, see prince 'dolphus, comfort prince 'dolphus."

"But, Sambo, she did not bid you die for him."

He paused—shook his head—sighed,—but would not give up his purpose, and the faithful negro arrived last night with my brother.—I will not attempt to paint our young friend's grief. His own artless pen, when left to itself, may give you a clearer specimen of his feelings. Adieu, my amiable girl. Depend upon the sincere affection of your

LOUISA HAMILTON.

To Miss St. LEGER from ADOLPHUS.

Hampton, May 8.

I HAVE offended against truth, friendship, and duty. Disobeyed, nay, deceived my guardian.—Neglected Miss St. Leger.—And what is the result? Shame and sorrow—Yet my motive was good. Distress assumed her most pathetic appearance to tempt me. Oh! had *you*, kind, compassionate, and liberal, had *you* beheld age sinking under a heavy calamity, *youth*, like a fair but fading blossom, shrinking, beneath a heavy blight, *you* had administered relief.

“Why make this a secret? (you ask,)
“Would Mr. Hamilton check the streams he
“had so often supplied?”

No, my dear correspondent. Yet I was engaged, insensibly, as it were, drawn in, I think, to respect the delicacy of those who accepted my assistance.

The ninth.

Yes, I have offended, and am *punished*.—They told me it would be many months before a letter could arrive, but they did not tell me that my noble father could write no more.—Where is he? Oh! where is the protector of my infancy? They will not let me be alone.
—But

—But what can society do?—Yesterday I escaped their kind persecutions.—A heavy shower drove me into a decent but small habitation. A genteel young person sat with her back to me. She arose.—It was Miss Lestock.—Have you not heard of Miss Lestock? Poor thing! She was in grief too! But she had not *lost* a father, though his distress embitters all her prospects. How the good girl's tears streamed at the recapitulation of my sorrows! How patiently she attended the effusions of my anguish! How true it is that participation lessens affliction, and lets in a beam of light upon the heaviest heart! If a young woman, inferior in many respects to my estimable friend, can offer successful consolations, what may I not expect from the gentlest, the most sympathising, of human creatures? Confirm, then, I entreat, those expectations, and allow for the inaccuracy of grief, and a renewal of that pain which rankles in the soul of your sincere,—yes, I *will* be, your sincere

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

From

From Miss ST. LEGER to ADOLPHUS.

SIR, *White-Chapel-Road, May 14,*

I AM to thank you for the lines you honoured me with, and condole with you upon the painful loss of a parent you have so much reason to revere. Permit me to congratulate you, at the same time, upon the acquisition of a *companion and friend* as you have so fortunately met with, whose *tender assiduities* and *successful consolations* render perfectly unnecessary any farther attempt to effect a purpose so easily completed. Your humble servant,

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

From

From FRANCIS BERISFORD, Esq. to ADOLPHUS.

Bedford Square, June 1.

HOW is it, my friend, that, unknowing your own importance, you have thus fascinated that little gipsy, Sally Lestock? Not a word to be had from her, for love or money, unless *you* are the theme. And then, all the fine sentimental cant of *honour, truth, and generosity*, are brought forward to make weight in the scale of your good qualities, while a poor honest fellow, like me, who values himself upon his plainness, is fairly beaten off the turf. I'll bet you a guinea to a China orange that your modestyship will permit this love-sick damsel to eye herself up in her own garters, or dangle upon the branch of some weeping-willow depending over the gentle Thames.

For shame, Adolphus. An African, and dead to so many blooming charms! I would give up all my bets in favour of Romulus (and they are not a few) to wipe one tear from her mild eye.

Fine sport at Newmarket, faith, but I was in pretty deep. Lost more than I shall tell you. However, shall wipe all off with a wet
finger

finger at the next meeting, when I shall expect your company, if your precise old dons will trust you out of your leading-strings.

We are all nearly upon a footing at Newmarket, my boy, lords, jockies, sweaters, princes, citizehs, and farmers. The heaviest purse, while it is the heaviest, makes the only difference.—Allow for me, Adolphus, a little given to rambling or so.—But my heart—sincere as your own. Upright as Sally's; and, though not *quite* so pedantic as your worthy guardian, may possess as many *African* virtues.—I know your attachment to truth. Never shall it be lessened by your partiality to me. The circumstance which occasioned your *only* deviation from it gave me real uneasiness. I loved and honoured you for your noble behaviour.

Did you fancy I could not be serious? Own yourself mistaken, for once, in your true friend,

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To Mr. LESTOCK from FRANCIS BERISFORD,
Esq.

Bedford-Square.

ALL is in a train with the sweet swain of Africa. We have met.—Almost blubbered.—He is in for it nicely; Sally has him all to nothing. But we must play a sure card, for the great boy is so father-sick, and expresses such concern for the *coldness* of his *revered* St. Leger, that it must be my business to heighten a difference which seems to lie so near his heart. Be it your care to throw your daughter in his way, while he continues at Hampton, and leave the rest to me. Did you think I could moralize? True, on my conscience. But was forced to ransack my brain to furnish a sentiment or two, to produce a letter fit for my purpose. Adieu. Remember the Midsummer-rents. I want cash, and must procure it.—What's to be done? I have it. Mortgage my seat in Kent. Yours,

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

Hampton, June 10.

COME to us, my sweet girl. I will send a note to ask your guardian's permission. I know your delicacy, but you safely may accede to my wishes. Our good Mr. Hawkins is preparing to accompany Adolphus in a tour through England, as we hope a change of objects may cheer his dejected spirits. Your caution respecting the poor youth is the result of prudence, and I allow your objections full weight, but cannot suppose the shadow of such a weakness in him as you hint at. Pity alone for that young woman has promoted him to distinguish her. Yet you are not to blame in your reserve, though it has made him doubly miserable. He brought your letter with a tear. "See, madam, (said he,) I have lost *another* friend."—I made no comment on the subject, but immediately proposed the excursion. He consented reluctantly, and to-morrow we lose him for several months. Come to us, I entreat. We have a visitor you will rejoice to see, though I believe you
are

are the only young lady of whom it may be said that heart will flutter at the sight of a poor, lame, almost blind, old man. I shall tell you no more at present, so hasten to your ever faithful

LOUISA HAMILTON.

From

From Miss ST. LEGER, to Miss HAMILTON.

June 12.

CLARANCE! — Yes, my heart does indeed flutter with transport at the assurance that your goodness has sheltered the valuable creature from mysterious villainy.

Ah! madam, what hopes your delightful invitation created! I flew down stairs with the note you enclosed, and watched, oh! how anxiously! the countenance of Mrs. Abrams, as she *spelt* its contents. A gloomy silence tortured my sanguine imagination till her husband had read it.

But will you suppose the condition these people have annexed to their permission? Nothing less than a positive consent to admit Berisford's visits on my return! They will be contented with my word, though daily practising every chicanery.

Yes, madam, they *would* accept what I will *never* give, and consequently have received a full denial to my request. Next Tuesday we sail for Margate, though I have protested against entering one of their little paltry *boys*, (I think they are called,) but fear it is to no purpose,

purpose, as the conveyance is so much *cheaper*!

Adieu, dear madam, I am called upon to attend Mrs. Abrams, who is eager to make such purchases as may enable her to *cut* a figure, as she expresses it, at the rooms, libraries, &c.

How ardently I wish to see and converse with the poor Clarence! Will my dearest friend indulge me with a particular recital of his affairs during his attendance upon my long-lost father? It is possibly in his power to elucidate a part of the mystery which hangs upon the fate of your obliged and affectionate

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

P. S. I cannot be very explicit upon the behaviour of your Adolphus. May his connections never disgrace his noble character.

From

From Miss HAMILTON to Miss ST. LEGER.

Hampton, June 18.

TAKE courage, my dear Mary Ann. Retribution, in the person of your favourite Clarence, is preparing a bitter though just punishment for Satan's *adherent*. Truly and aithfully has he performed his part of the covenant, but his diabolical master is about to leave him in the lurch. Abrams will need a stronger support than he has hitherto had to bear him through the process of our highly-offended laws. Take courage, then, I repeat. Go to Margate with them. Enter into all their little schemes so far as may be consistent with delicacy and your noble resolution of shunning the vile Berisford.—I shall dispatch these few lines immediately. Adieu, then. Be cheerful, and assured that serene days will most likely succeed the late impenettable cloud which so awfully darkened your hopes, wishes, and expectations. Ever your

LOUISA HAMILTON.

From

From Miss HAMILTON, to Miss ST. LEGER.

Hampton, July 1.

MY poor Adolphus with his excellent tutor have already made me sensible of their absence, and the more as business of consequence detains my brother in town; so that I am left to ramble solus along the side of this agreeable river, or through the pretty wood which, gradually ascending from the water's edge, forms a pleasing view from the bridge.—Towards the upper part of this cool enclosure, stands a small summer-house, whither, this moment, I am retired to fulfil my promise.

About three weeks since, Mr. Hamilton had occasion to call upon a debtor in the King's-bench, to settle an account which his benevolence was willing to liquidate, that the unhappy man might be exonerated. He was walking with this gentleman near the common-side (as it is called) of the prison, where he noticed a poor creature, neat but meanly dressed; his emaciated face, which retained marks of successful valour, and his wooden leg denoting his former occupation. While Mr. Hamilton was gratifying his own heart in a plentiful donation to the distressed, his companion, who walked forward, requested him
not

not to stop long, at the same instant using his name.—It operated like an enchantment on the luckless warrior, and checked the overflowings of his gratitude.—“Is your honour’s name Hamilton?” said he, in a broken agitated voice. “It is, my friend.”

“And you live in Finsbury-Square?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“Oh! then you know Miss St. Leger?”

“Most assuredly.”

“Then, noble sir, you possibly have heard of the name of Clarence.”

This was enough. An eclaireissement took place immediately. The good creature had been arrested by Abrams for a sum he did not owe; and, utterly devoid of any means to apply to the only people who could be of use to him, was sent to this place without prospect or hope of relief. My brother, for evident reasons, chose not to appear in the affair, but gave the honest soldier instructions and assistance sufficient to clear him from his confinement.—Clarence directly sent for his persecutor, (I should say,) who, shocked to find him properly instructed and assisted, was glad to release him without terms; and Mr. Hamilton, in consequence of his invitation, received his lame visitor at Hampton, where he has remained ever since.—I was called away, but would not close my letter without giving you the above agreeable intelligence.

Miss

*Miss HAMILTON to Miss ST. LEGER, in
continuation.*

A SLIGHT fever, which attended my brother, prevented the information I so ardently desired to receive. On his recovery, he ordered Clarence into his room, who opened a wonderful scene of suspected iniquity.

He began with a retrospect of that unfortunate engagement which proved so fatal to your noble parents, and describes, with simple energy, his distress, when fruitlessly searching the field of battle for the body of his deceased master. For three days his endeavours were vain, and he was returning through a wood, in deep dejection, when he passed a groupe of those women who, in defiance of every motive compassion might induce, were sharing the spoils of the sanguine field. He viewed them attentively for several minutes, when one of them produced something tied up in a cambric handkerchief, which, after clearing of its contents, they asked him to purchase. He took it, and in one corner were the initials C. S. L. Eager to be satisfied, and trembling for the result of his enquiries, he begged to look at the shining things they had taken out. "Oh! madam, (said he,) they indulged me. "But what did I feel at the sight of the general's watch, gorget, and sash, with Mrs. H "St.

“ St. Leger’s picture, and his name round the
“ outside at full length ! Alas ! I could not
“ buy them, and only brought away the hand-
“ kerchief, which I never will part with but
“ to my sweet young lady.”

He then shewed me the precious relic, which I am not ashamed to say, received the tears of both.

“ See, madam, see, (he cried,) these sacred
“ drops, solemn proofs of that courage which
“ proved his ruin. Often have I washed these
“ crimson spots with streams of anguish, but
“ they still remain.”

When he enquired of these wretches from whence they gleaned the valuable spoils, they readily answered they gained them by violence from another party, who they supposed had taken them from the body of an officer.— This was conviction enough, and he then sought no farther, but made the best of his way to Port-Royal. I then enquired what he knew of Abrams.

“ Too much ! Too much ! (he answered.)—
“ I have known him many years, and was ex-
“ cessively troubled to see him a visitor in my
“ master’s family. Judge, sir, and you,
“ madam, if I had not reason. He was a
“ petty-agent in the army, and, by dint of
“ assurance, and the possession of a little
“ money, with which he occasionally supplied
“ such of our officers as had occasion for it,
“ gained consequence enough to be admitted
“ into company who detested the principles
“ they were obliged to wink at.”

“ Often would he question me as to the
“ situation of the general’s family and cir-
“ cumstances ;

" circumstances ; and, (it is with shame I must
 " acknowledge my weakness,) he took ad-
 " vantage of it, when I was deprived by liquor
 " of my usual reserve.—In one of those in-
 " toxicated moments, I was so far off my
 " guard as to boast my possession of the ge-
 " neral's will, which, on the report of an
 " ensuing battle, he had too hastily entrusted
 " to me, as also a duplicate of it unsigned.
 " Abrams now became more attached to me
 " than before ; and, on the eve of that memo-
 " rable day, which decided the general's fate,
 " after I had quitted my noble master, he
 " came to my lodging. Under pretence of
 " drinking success to the American troops, he
 " found means, (as I have too much reason to
 " suppose,) to work me up to his purpose by
 " contradicting the information I had before
 " given, saying, he was certain, whatever
 " opinion my master might have of my in-
 " tegrity, he could never carry it so high as to
 " give me such an important trust. Warm
 " with liquor, and hurt at his base suspicion,
 " I imprudently took the parcel from the chest,
 " shewed him the seals which fastened the
 " cover, of the *real* will,—and—never saw it
 " afterwards !—But, even to this day, I dare
 " not positively charge him with the theft, as,
 " in the succeeding confusion, I lost many
 " other things, but happily the duplicate was
 " safe."

Here I interrupted him, to ask why he did
 not give the duplicate to Mrs. St. Leger.
 " It might, (he feared,) have added to the
 " pain she then endured ; and, as she seemed
 " fully established in the estates and fortune of

“her noble husband, he did not conceive it essential to her own safety, till the hour in which he beheld Abrams admitted as an intimate friend, and himself rejected.”

A thousand suspicions now darted into his mind ; and, upon his going to a servant of your mother's, she gave him such an account of Abrams's power as convinced him there was a dreadful fraud practised somewhere. For several succeeding mornings, he attended the gate of his revered mistress, but was always denied the sight both of you and her, which so harrassed his perplexed mind as to produce a violent disorder on the spirits. This terminated in the deprivation of his senses, which held till you had left the island. Soon after recovering his health, he determined to follow you to England ; and it was by mere accident he discovered you, on the day you first saw him in London, when he says he was passing in a coach from his lodging to the Bank, where he was commissioned to receive some cash for his landlord who was indisposed. — That he knew you immediately, and the sight of Abrams behind you deprived him of the prudence necessary on such an occasion.

Thus far, my dear, proceeded poor Clarence. How useful this intelligence may prove depends upon future circumstances. My brother has been favoured with legal opinion from high authority, which affords him every encouragement to hope, though nothing can at present be decided.

This

July 3.

This cunning Abrams! My brother returned this evening to Hampton. He went to the Commons to examine the will. It was signed by two names obscure enough, but the third is that of a very respectable planter, whom my brother clearly remembers to have seen when he was in Jamaica; and that his principles dignified his situation still more than the gentility of his connections.—Clarance was rather struck at the sight of a name which carries such authenticity, and confesses he was extremely intimate with the general.—We have only one resource. Will you not love my brother, when I tell you he means, (if this gentleman be not come to England, which he intended) to take a trip in one of his own ships to America? not being willing to trust a matter of such importance to a letter. Adieu, my love, write directly, and let me know how Mrs. Abrams approves sea-bathing.—Patience and strength possess her guides!

LOUISA HAMILTON.

To Miss HAMILTON, from Miss ST. LEGER.

Church-Field, Margate, July 8.

OH! stop the dear benevolent man.—He must not go, indeed.—I should never experience a moment's felicity, should any accident, through my means, deprive you of such a brother. I am sure my uncle would be miserable as myself, were such an event to take place.—He has written to me, from Exeter, a sweet paternal letter, but all the charming scenes they continually behold on their journey are totally insufficient to remove his pupil's dejection.—Poor young man! he deceives himself.—The tears he places to a father's loss have other sources.—No matter.—It is a pity!—though I hardly know what I write.

Your concluding intelligence alarms, affects, and yet painfully delights! But oh! that handkerchief? Stained perhaps with the sacred blood of a father!—Oh! madam, how has my soul dwelt with horror upon that shocking transaction! Till now, a soft gleam of hope animated my wishes, but, alas! it vanishes like the autumnal films with the light breezes of noon.—What monsters? And are they

they women? Cruel sacrilege! What rob the dead!

It is fit that painful meditation should fill the melancholy pause.

July 10.

Tell my friend, my kind second parent, he shall not quit England on my account. What danger can attend a letter? If the gentleman disavows the signature, will not this man be culpable enough to justify a prosecution?

Do not ask my opinion of Margate, the invariable routine of amusement here differs but little I apprehend from that of Brighton, unless we except destructive gambling, which is not altogether so suitable to the quality of the company. The convenience of a boarding-house is not without exceptions, likewise. How often am I made to blush for the vulgarity of Mr. Abrams and his wife! But his behaviour to-day is extremely unaccountable. We were just seated to tea, when the stage set down another boarder, whom it was evident Mrs. Hawding expected. When the little confusion his entrance had caused subsided, he joined conversation with the air of a man who had travelled and knew the world.—His address was genteel; his dress fashionable, but neat; his person tall, but graceful. I know not whether the dejection I could not hide was a call upon his pity, but he singled me out with that delicate attention which marks the gentleman.—The ghastly stare and inward execration which Abrams received him with was unnoticed, I imagine, by all but myself.—But when Mr. Sealy was removing
a chair

a chair which stood between us, my ungracious guardian roughly pulled it from him, and sat down himself. A smile of disdain passed from Mr. Sealy's countenance. It was infectious, went round, but stopped with Mrs. Abrams, who, swelling at the visible neglect her husband met with, haughtily quitted the room, followed by her offended partner. My face glowed even to a degree of pain, and I felt tears rising to my eyes. "Will you retire with me, my dear Miss St. Leger?" said the considerate Mrs. Hawding.

Mr. Sealy started.—"Forgive me, ladies, (he cried, taking my hand,) but surely—it must be.—I tell me, do I not now behold a daughter of the noble St. Leger?"

"General St. Leger?" asked I, in a trembling voice.

"The same, madam?"

"Yes, I am that most unhappy orphan."—My emotion was extreme, and, unable to make any apology to the friend of my deceased father, I was supported to my room.—After undergoing an impertinent lecture from my rude companion, (who came up at the request of our kind landlady,) I was permitted to resume my only pleasing employment.

Astonishing! I am summoned this moment to quit my pen! A chaise is at the door! Mrs. Abrams in the next room absolutely forcing on her great coat! Could my dear Miss Hamilton take a view of her, as she stands before the glass! A small white beaver covers a gauze handkerchief that surrounds her temples.—Broad gold band.—Long black

black feathers.—Enormous neckcloth.—
And York-flame sash.

Coming, madam. Adieu, dearest lady,

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

Mr. ABRAMS to Mrs. ABRAMS.

MY DEAR,

Dunkirk, July 12.

BE careful of the goods consigned to your hands. Do not let her stir from you. Above all, keep her from the *Hambletons*.—If Mr. Berisford comes, watch him.—He's a deep-one.—Remember what I told you about Sealy.—Send the small *portmanteau* with my every-day cloathes and some linen. But be sure don't forget the *cwld* black pocket-book, that's in the iron chest under the bed. Your loving husband,

S. ABRAMS.

Miss ST. LEGER, to Miss HAMILTON.

Spital-Fields, July 13.

WHAT can this mystery portend ? Dear madam, read the above inelegant epistle, which Mrs. Abrams dropped in taking out her pocket handkerchief last night. — Is it not strange ? — A visitor, Ellen ? — Mr. Sealy.

It was indeed, Mr. Sealy, the valuable friend of my beloved parent. How tenderly he soothed ! how delicately he sympathised ! and how attentively he listened to my melancholy story ! While we were thus mournfully engaged, Mrs. Abrams returned, and could scarcely be civil. Surely these people's behaviour is every day more perplexing. — I was hurried from Margate, without any visible reason ; and, while we were flying to London, my guardian was waited to Dunkirk. — He cannot suspect Clarence. But I will dispatch these notes and wait, forgive me, if I add impatiently, for your opinion. Adieu.

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

Hampton, July 15.

DO not be alarmed, my love.—The men who are commissioned to search the villain's house are charged to give you no disturbance. Come to me immediately. Mrs. Abrams dare not controul you; and, should she be impertinent, Mr. Sealy, who gives you this, will readily silence her.

My brother set out last night for Dunkirk. He is indefatigable in the cause of oppressed goodness.—Could you have supposed this identical Mr. Sealy's name was fixed upon by Abrams as sufficient to authenticate his baseness? But I lose time. Yes, you will certainly pass next winter in Finsbury-Square. What now can add to my felicity but the happiness of your beloved Adolphus? Once more, come immediately to your

LOUISA HAMILTON.

To

To Mr. HAWKINS from Miss ST. LEGER.

Hampton, August 11.

JOY to my revered uncle. No longer shall guilt's contracted brow lower upon his fairer prospect. Serenely bright shall set his declining sun.—While, happy in his sacred protection, his Mary Ann will smile at those formidable clouds which once obscured her every hope.

Will you not think me somewhat romantic? What wonder, if the overflowings of ardent gratitude should produce expressions bordering upon a weakness I have sometimes reprehended in others? Yes, my beloved friend, the hopes my last letter * mentioned are fully completed, and I am now rejoicing in the society of my excellent Miss Hamilton.—Are you not anxious to know by what means my felicity has been so suddenly established? Oh! my uncle, you can properly and piously attribute these blessings to that source from which, in the darkest scenes, you have drawn consolation. Certainly the following elucidation of

* This letter does not appear.

my fate, once so mysterious, will justify the sweet dependence you have so often boasted.

The sudden and unaccountable resolution of my guardian to visit Dunkirk I attributed to some unexpected business, nor did our hasty departure from Margate occasion any particular anxiety in your niece. Every place was equally disgusting while condemned either to blush for the loquacious blunders of Mrs. Abrams, or tormented with the continual bickerings of them both. But judge my amazement, on the 15th of this month, when, as we were taking our tea, *sweetened* with its usual mixture of the good lady's reflections on her absent husband, a loud knocking interrupted her sarcastical remarks, and she changed the subject to that of Mark Anthony's tardiness in answering the door, who entered with an intent to announce our visitors, the foremost of whom pushed him aside, and, with an air as if he were exercising his politeness on his own premises, begged the gentlemen his followers to walk forward.—I arose, terrified at the exhibition of manners rather too ferocious to be pleasing.—“Sit still, young lady,” (said the speaker.) “Don't be afraid. We are not going to be rude to any body if they are not troublesome.—So, madam, (to Mrs. Abrams,) be pleased for to give up your “keys.”

He was going on, when she *bounced*, (so I must call it,) from her chair, loudly screaming, “Fire! Thieves! Rogues! House-breakers!” And seizing poor Mark Anthony by his throat, as he stood gaping with fear,

fear.—“ It is you, you villain, have done this. Robbed ! Ruined ! Murdered in broad daylight !” Then, falling on her knees, “ Oh ! gentlemen, dear good gentlemen, pity a poor creature !—Here, take all I have.”

Cannot you suppose my extreme joy when, interrupting herself, she cried, “ Oh ! there’s Mr. *Hambleton’s* carriage.” And then, running to the door, unopposed by the men, as they seemed actually petrified by her wild vagaries, she caught hold of Mr. Sealy, who was just stepping from the coach.—“ Save me, (she cried.) We shall be murdered, robbed, ruined, and undone !—They are now in the house !—That black dog, Anthony, let them in.—I dare say he’s in the secret.—I shall have every thing *confiscated*.” I had followed her into the passage, and beheld Mr. Sealy, with a constrained smile, shake her off, “ Be not alarmed, my dear creature, (said he to me.) Read this note, and then prepare to go with me.”

“ Most joyfully, sir, (I answered, after perusing a friendly invitation from Miss Hamilton,) I am ready this moment.”

“ No, but you don’t, miss.—Why you would not surely leave me to the mercy of these thief-taking *vagrants* ! Do pray, Mr. Sealer, send them about their business. When you are gone I shall be stripped to the skin. I dare say they won’t leave me any thing at all.”

Her agitation would have excited the pity of any one ; but the extreme eagerness with which she was endeavouring to convey a gold necklace

necklace and pair of ear-rings into her pocket, so strongly marked this woman's character as superseded every idea of commiseration.

"You are mistaken, madam, (replied that gentleman,) as to the motive of these people's visit. You must be patient. They have a warrant to search your house."

"*Search my house!* (with a look of incredulous astonishment,) why I have got no countryband goods, no, nor yet *stolen* ones, Mr. Seeler!—Let 'em touch a lock if they dare, Mr. Seeler. No *superannuated* justices runners shall lay a finger on my property."

"*Runners!* madam. Better language, if you please, to the king's officers. *Runners*, truly! We shall soon let you see it is *your* business to be quiet, and not *run* on in this manner," said one of the strangers.

Here Mr. Sealy, giving me his hand, entreated I would leave this scene of confusion, and Ellen might take my orders as to what I would chuse her to bring after me—"Bear witness, (exclaimed the frantic mortal,) bear witness, she's an heiress, Mark Anthony! What does the fool shake so for?—Bear witness, I say,—Oh! but he's in the plot as well as the rest—Ay, ay, I see how it is.—You are all concerned in it.—But I'm not so easily *timidated*."

"What, then, you do not chuse to part with this young lady without higher authority?" said my protector. He then went to the carriage, and instantly returned with two gentlemen, one of whom immediately produced an order from the lord chancellor for my deliverance from Abrams. This was
proof

proof positive, and she could only mutter future vengeance against all who had any hand in this *willainous* affair.

We have since been informed she was so exceedingly troublesome to the men, in the execution of their office, that compassion to their own ears induced them to shut her up in her little parlour, taking a respectable neighbour to accompany them in their examination. In the course of it they discovered a superb piece of my father's family plate, with his arms and cypher richly engraved. And this I find was the ground they went upon in executing a warrant drawn upon the supposition of receiving stolen goods. But what was of higher importance to our cause, was the existence of some letters, written by a pettifogging lawyer, containing an exact draft of the false will, with full instructions how to secure his infamous client in his illegal possession. One, in particular, congratulated him upon his success in so fortunately intercepting my father's letters written to my mother, which she never received. Vile fellow! how I detest him! These infamous epistles were dated from Philadelphia. In a bureau were found several others, of a more modern date, from my gambling admirer, in the true jockey stile, promising a noble gratuity to the conscientious Abrams for his interest with me, if successful.

Oh! my dear sir, keep, if possible, the poor deluded Adolphus from that wretched fellow and his colleagues. It would be an afflicting circumstance to that young man's friends to see so much integrity, generosity, and nobleness of

of soul, sacrificed to a horrid combination. You know, my uncle, *I* can only feel through the medium of his admiring protectors for his deviation from virtue. To them *I* cannot be explicit, though it is the only subject which justifies my reserve to the amiable Miss Hamilton;—to you *I* may.—There is a girl.—But you have heard of Miss Lestock.—Why are high advantages given, if they lead but to destruction? Depend upon this, my intelligence is certain. All the amiable qualities of your pupil will be sacrificed to his unbounded benevolence. That girl acts but as an agent in the cause of villainy.—Watch, then, *I* entreat you, the devoted victim. He loves the snake which will sting him to the heart. He is already entangled. Protract your tour. It is the only chance you have for preserving the remaining excellencies of your Adolphus. For *your* sake *I* tremble.—But it is for yours, our friends, and virtue's sake *only*.

To return.—Mr. Sealy and Mr. Hamilton both agree in supposing Abrams shewed his usual cunning in not acting under the general's will during the remainder of my dear mother's life, who possessed spirit and discrimination, while in tolerable health, to have resisted every exertion of his power. They are determined to strain every effort to bring this precious guardian to justice—He staid but one night at Dunkirk, and Mr. Hamilton, who pursued him as far as Ghent, was always a post behind him. Two of the gentlemen who signed the *real* will are now in England. We have seen them. They declare it was executed only ten days before the fatal battle,
and

and that the general expressed the highest attachment to his wife's only brother, whose rectitude and piety he thought the surest pledges for the performance of a will which gave him such a complete executorial power. These gentlemen, who commanded in one regiment, happily escaped the carnage of the day, and, after various difficulties, recovered part of their property, which they brought hither.

We have now, then, sufficient ground to go upon, and the good lord chancellor makes no difficulty of consigning me to the care of that beloved uncle whose necessary absence is so well supplied by Mr. Hamilton.

Adieu, dear and worthy sir.—Your presence is ardently desired by us ; but that we cannot at present enjoy it, is a source of regret to your dutifully affectionate

MARY ANN ST. LIGER.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from the Rev. Mr.
HAWKINS.

Harrowgate, September 1.

NOW, then, my child, are the sanguine wishes of your uncle fulfilled. I shall behold you under the protection of virtue and benevolence. No more shall my soul mourn, in the deepest affliction, your comfortless prospects. With a delighted satisfaction, should it please heaven to curtail my days, shall I leave you possessed of friends who are an honour to Christianity. I do not indeed forget our sad and mournful parting; but consolation was not withheld. Its rays pierced the darkness of despair. I was desolate. *My troubles were enlarged.* But I looked up; I asked assistance; and it was not denied.

You have heard that, contrary to my father's intention, I made my election in favour of the church, and refused the lucrative offer of a large farm, to obtain a proper degree of learning as a servitor in Christ's college, Oxford, where I was patronized by your father's younger brother, through whose interest I was promoted to a curacy, which produced

duced but thirty pounds per annum. After twenty years strict and laborious duty, I gave up the cure, and procured the appointment to Canada. But you know not perhaps that the little money I took out with me insensibly wasted, and that the worthy creatures I endeavoured to convert supported me from their own scanty pittance. Yet I despaired not. Though disappointed of an expected legacy, I was not impatient ; and behold the blessed result !

Dearest Mary Ann, I know the delicacy of your mind. You are offended with Adolphus, —Why ?—Were Berisford in danger from an attachment to this unhappy girl, should you be so earnest in his cause ?—But I have said enough. —Esteem, respect, nay even *love*, this Adolphus. He is worthy of every distinction.

I am quite of your opinion respecting the utility of his absence from town, though I fear neither Berisford nor any of his clan.— Travelling through countries so replete with natural wonders exhilarates the spirits. His are amazingly recovered, the Peak of Derby, Chatsworth House, the iron mines, Manchester Canal, a stupendous work of art, stand foremost in our observations ; and the ennui which unavoidably attends a still life can find no indulgence with us ; so that I doubt not Mr. Hamilton will, on our return, congratulate his ward on his amended looks, and increasing cheerfulness. As we do not stay long in one town you will suppose our tour has been rather extensive. Take a plan of the remainder. From Harrowgate north and to Newcastle upon Tyne ; back again along the coast through

through Norfolk and Suffolk ; and home by the way of Essex.—My good friend, in his last letter, speaks of his intention to meet us at Cambridge. Be it at your peril to let Miss Hamilton, (who likewise intends to honour us,) come without you. *I* will be the guardian of your dignity ; and will just add, the only moments Adolphus dedicates to melancholy are those in which he meditates on the cold contents of your last note to him, excepting the time he passes in mourning the uncertainty of his noble father's fate.—Be happy, my sweet girl, in the possession of as much *real* felicity as can be wished you by your tenderly affectionate

RICHARD HAWKINS,

FRANCIS

FRANCIS BERISFORD, *Esq.* to Mr. LESTOCK.

October 8.

GULLED by a mere novice.—Taken in by a blubbering boy.—Coolly, artfully, and cautiously, had I laid my snares; baited them with honesty, charity, and the innocent affection of a once blooming girl. All ready to spring, but the match was applied one moment too late. The bird's flown. Has been absent some time, accompanied by the old one. Gone to tax waiter's bills, find fault with the provisions, scold the post-boys, admire fine prospects, and swear—no, the puritans are frightened at that certain mark of a bold spirit.—Zounds, I have no patience.—Money must be had.—Another fall of timber will not be sufficient.—All the world will be at Newmarket.—Bet upon bet. I have taken four to five, ten to six, three to two, refused nothing. Something must turn up. I'm at my last stake. Fairly distanced. Out-done by a bar's length. That old rascal Abrams, too. They are up to him. All's discovered. No hopes of the proud West-Indian. She is now secured by the same trammels that shackled the African phoenix.—

All's

All's over there.—Poor Sally !—But there is one chance yet in her favour, though none in mine. Pushed to the utmost. Tattersal, Hatchet, Langhorne, all upon me !—Let me reflect.—Curse reflection.—And yet—only twenty-four ! Full health, noble heart, but *empty purse*.—"Tom, bring my boots."—No, I can't ride.—"What's the play?"—"The Road to Ruin, sir."—How the dog grinn'd ! But I've kicked him down stairs.—That author's a knave ; he lays too many temptations in his "Road" for such honest fellows as me to shun. I want cash.—That plaguy barometer of a generous fellow's spirits is below the freezing-point with me !—It's a fine morning.—Had a father, too.—And many a tear.—But the comparison comes too near.—What's this ?—A book ?—The Gamesters.—What business have the *wenches* to exercise their *imagination* upon such things ?—Let them keep to the needle, and leave the pen to us *genuses*.—I'll drop in at Brookes's.—One, two, three, seven, hundred deep there ; and my creditors paltry waiters ! No harm in chousing them, surely.—Wine, here. Some claret.—'Twon't do. Muddy as the what d'ye call it ? Seine,—French river.—Champaigne, dead as uncorked small beer.—Humble port, no brightness ; dull, cold, and insipid.—Ah ! welcome, friend Barry.—Newmarket for ever, boy—Hang melancholy, drown reflection, and kill care.—And now I'm my own man again. And so farewell.

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

P. S. Let

P. S. Let me see, what's all this confounded rhodomontade intended for?—Oh! the rents, Old Skinfline.—Must raise the wind against next Thursday.—Am going down in my phaeton; fix long-tailed bays.—Only upon trial.—Barry says they are bottom. Rise only six years old. Must have 'em if the things prove staunch.—The ponies are quite done up. Remember the 15th—Money! money! or,—Destruction.

To FRANCIS BERISFORD, Esq. from Mr.
LESTOCK.

Molsey-Hurst, October 10.

WHAT can I do, your honour? The oaks are but of ten years growth, and are nobody's purchase. Mr. Martin says they will not pay felling and carriage. And, as for your tenants, several of them have given warning to quit, and your honour knows none of them owe more than three months.—For my part, have not twenty pounds in hand.—My daughter too is so unhappy.—But she won't tell me why. She is extremely desirous of visiting Newmarket; but to what purpose? Though I have heard, indeed, the prince Adolphus is to be there. To be sure, *he* is rich; but a word to the wife is enough.—Sally says, she thinks he likes her too; but she has no opportunity of seeing him.—Do pray, your honour, think a little what you are about.—If the mortgage is not paid off it will be foreclosed, and it would be a great pity to lose such a good farm. However, I'll do what I can to supply your present exigence;—perhaps you may have better luck. In which hope I remain your most dutiful servant

D. LESTOCK.

I

From

*From FRANCIS BEKISFORD, Esq. to Mr.
LESTOCK.*

Epping, December 12.

CAN you keep a secret, old boy? But what a needless question.—We have all the honours in our own hands.—A golden mine this Adolphus!—Oh! the brainless worm, to set himself against the knowings.—How the puritans will stare! The proud West-Indian too! Gentle soul, I doubt she must content herself with a humbler lot than that of governing the African savages.—Sally is in high spirits. No wonder.—Harkee, Lestock; get a list of my creditors; bespeak an elegant dinner at the *London*;—I will meet them there on the 21st. The demure dogs; I wish it was over.—Circulate a report that I had thoughts of leaving this detestable island, (you safely may,) but that—confound it, you must string together some canting proverbs, such as “Wild oats,” “Never too late to mend,” interlarded with honour probity, justice, and what you please, to put them in good humour, and then—propose a composition. —Let me see; ten shillings in the pound;—they will be glad

glad to take it of such a 'scape-grace.—Mind your cue; a grave face; shaking your noddle with the air of a plodding old cit, when you visit them upon this business. Do you know that, if I had any conscience, I should not scruple to fling these cent. per cent. rascals, with their long bills, double charges, and sage remarks upon the follies they have neither spirit nor youth to indulge?—I can write no more. Captain Barry comes to tell me, the phaeton is ready. I am just going to try the mettle of my bays against colonel W's greys. Several bets are made upon this business. We start from Epping turnpike, ten miles for 200 guineas. With me luck; and now farewell, Old Trusty.

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To A. HAMILTON, Esq. from the Reverend
RICHARD HAWKINS.

Bury St. Edmunds, December 14.

LOST, lost, Adolphus! In every sense of the word, lost, ruined, and betrayed!—I am distracted.—I fear the impetuosity of his passions have driven him to some deed of desperation.—Oh! that remorseless villain! He is deep in this mischief.—My generous, credulous, rash, Adolphus! Oh! sir, he is gone; but where, who can tell? and yet perhaps he may have fled to Hampton.—William is on horseback to carry this to town.—I will close.—Grant, good heaven, he may bring the only intelligence that can relieve my tortured soul. Oh! the kind Miss Hamilton! My poor niece?—And the yet more wretched

RICHARD HAWKINS.

Rev.

Rev. RICHARD HAWKINS to A. HAMILTON,

Esq.

December 26.

WHAT on earth can equal a state of suspense? Nothing but the most dreaded certainty, and even that is in some degree preferable. But I forget how anxious you must be for the particulars of an event which yet is involved in confusion and darkness. . . .

The chearful observations of Adolphus on the different scenes we daily admired confirmed me in the belief of his recovered tranquillity, and every sigh his bosom swelled with I attributed to causes possibly removable; but, as the day approached which we were made to hope would be happily distinguished by your family's arrival at Newmarket, I perceived he fell into frequent reveries; and, when I turned the conversation on the expected bustle of the races, he appeared disgusted with the theme.—That he had, during the last month, received several letters, I well knew; but his absolute silence on that subject gave me but little disturbance, as I suspected him not of holding any blameable correspondence.—

On

On the evening previous to the commencement of those diversions, as I had missed him for several hours, Sambo returned.—With his hands spread, “Oh! sir, my master he walk with one pretty wife.—She cry.—He wipe her sweet eye.—She cry again.—Then he cry.—And so I cry too.”

I was alarmed, and immediately went in pursuit of the deluded youth; but, seeing him coming down the street, his arms folded, and head hanging upon his bosom, I withdrew unseen. When he entered the parlour, “You have been weeping, Adolphus.”—He smiled and turned from me.—“What has caused those tears, my young friend?”

“Tears, sir!” He smiled again, but quenched the forced sunshine with a deluge of sorrow.

“My dear Adolphus, (said I,) wherefore this anguish?”

“Excuse me, sir.—Have I not recently lost a parent?”

The poor lad, to descend so low!—My heart bled for him. But, foolishly neglecting, through false tenderness, the wound I should have probed, I suffered him to escape without farther question. The next morning he expressed a desire to mount a very fine horse, the steadiness of which our landlord pledged his honour for. I was reluctant, Adolphus eager, and the landlord pressing. But, unwilling to depart from the plan I had ever adopted, (which is to be the friend rather than the governor,) I gave consent.

When

When the day's sport was over, I saw my pupil return amidst a concourse of people ; and, to my utter disgust, he was accompanied by the detested Berisford, who seemed deeply engaged in chat with a young woman gaily habited. She rode with spirit, and, passing by our inn, where Adolphus stopped, bid him adieu with a tender smile. I saw he was rather flushed, and seemed delighted with the day's sport, often declaring he would not have been absent from the course for any consideration. " I hope (said I) you will have better " company to-morrow, Adolphus."

" Better company, sir !"

" Nay, do not blush. I only mean Miss " St. Leger and her guardian's." All his gaiety was checked in a moment. His complexion changed ; and, complaining of fatigue, he ordered Sambo to follow him to his chamber.—It was a delicate point. Contradiction might irritate where compliance should assuage. Thus argued the feelings of a misguided indulgence ; and, totally blind to the impending ruin, I madly complied with his second request to go upon the course, but sent to every inn for a chaise, after he was gone, with intent to keep a watchful eye upon his actions. The servant returned without success, and I was unavoidably obliged to compound with my wishes to attend him, as a slight touch of the gout rendered every attempt to walk impossible.

Need I say the hours dragged heavily along ? —When day closed I grew extremely uneasy, and commissioned Sambo to make every enquiry respecting the poor youth. The faithful creature

creature did not come back till eleven o'clock, and then, opening the door abruptly, he rushed forwards drenched with rain, which had fallen the whole evening in great abundance. Alas ! I was most affectingly employed. He discovered it, and, coming up to me passed his cold black hand across my eyes, with such a look of pity !—" Oh ! my master, don't cry. —Me found him.—He is so safe.—He laugh, sing, jump, and I laugh, sing, jump, too."

" But where is he, Sambo ?"

" Down street.—Great house.—All over light."

" Laugh, sing, and jump ? Sambo. I am confounded.—Come with me this moment." Alas, Mr. Hamilton, I forgot my lameness, forgot the rain, every thing, but the safety of Adolphus, and, taking Sambo with me, we went to the inn he had described. Oh ! sir, in a small back room was the dear unfortunate, so completely inebriated as to forfeit the respect he had never but once lost sight of for his tutor. I will not dwell upon this hateful scene any longer than to say, that in answer to my most pressing entreaties to retire—he—struck me ! This was too much. I went up to Berisford, who, with another gentleman of the turf, seemed to enjoy my distress, conveying their satisfaction by winks, nods, and grins, and, seizing him by the collar, told him, if he kept that deluded young man one moment longer, he should answer for it in a manner he would not like. The pitiful coward, after making some wretched excuse, attempted to persuade the unhappy *maniac* (for such he seemed) to go home with me. He stared wildly stupid upon us ;

us; but Sambo, impatient and provoked, with unparalleled strength, forced him out of the room, and, with my assistance, brought him to our inn.—For several days after, he would not see me. I wrote, but my letters were returned. “Take them back, Sambo,” (he cried, my heart is broken—I am a monster unfit to live. But did I *strike* that good old man?)

“Oh! yes, my prince, you did indeed.”

“What! the amiable, kind, tender, Mr. Hawkins! A blow!—Mercy, great heaven! and take me from earth!”—I thus he continued for five days, nor would suffer any one to approach him but Sambo. However, towards the evening of the fifth, I ventured to go to his room. He was up; and, seeing me enter, would have fled by me, but I shut the door, and, snatching his burning hand, “Receive, (I hastily exclaimed,) receive my fervent forgiveness. Dear Adolphus, I pardon and pity you. Come down, nothing more shall transpire on this subject. You are ill. This close confinement hurts you. We will leave this place to-morrow.—Come, I have letters from Finsbury-Square. Your guardian is gone to Paris in quest of Abrams, who has sent for his wife and family to reside there. My niece too, mourns your neglect.” He looked down, sullen and silent. “Speak to me, (I continued.) Oh! Adolphus, for *what* have you sacrificed the sweet confidence of friendship? My heart tells me I do not deserve such treatment.”

“ Well, sir, (said he hastily,) you do right ;
“ I merit reproof. *Reproof !* (and he lifted up
“ his hands in inexpressible anguish,) oh ! I merit
“ *reprobation !* Leave me leave me, thou
“ venerable man.”—And then, bursting into
tears, threw himself upon a chair. With the
greatest difficulty I persuaded him to take tea
with me below, and with pain I saw his hand
tremble, his eyes swelled, dim, and heavy ;
his whole frame so languid, and his coun-
tenance so dejected, that it encreased, if possi-
ble, both my love and pity.

The weather being charming for the season,
we took several airings upon the hills and
plains of that pleasant spot, which restored, in
some degree, the strength and spirits of my
poor invalid. But the consequence of my late
temerity confined me to my bed with a terrible
gouty complaint. During the fit, which held
nearly three weeks, Adolphus was my best
nurse, and read, played, or conversed, by
turns, as I could bear it.

When I was able to move, he expressed an
inclination to visit Bury, before we finished
our tour. I cheerfully complied, though the
short days and foggy weather rendered travel-
ling disagreeable, and my companion fell into
such reveries as made me fear for his head.—
Whole hours have passed in this listless state,
nor could I account for a change so melan-
choly. Sambo, who generally slept in the
same room with him, used to say, “ Oh ! sir,
“ my poor master !—No sleep.—He groan,
“ sigh, start, get up, walk about, then go to
“ bed ! Ah ! my prince be very sick.”

Last Wednesday I proposed turning our horses heads homewards.—He gazed at me like one awakened from a frightful dream.—

“Home! sir, for what?”

“For what! Adolphus! Is this gratitude? Is this friendship?—Have you quite forgotten your favourites? Does Miss Hamilton merit no consideration for her kindness?—Does my niece”—

“Stop, sir, (said he,) I am ready.”—He then took down his flute, and began Mary Ann’s melancholy dirge of the “Dying Indian.”

As our departure was fixed for the Friday following, we appropriated the next day to the purpose of visiting a gentleman I had formerly known; but, Adolphus complaining of a severe head-ach, I went without him. My friend wished me to stay supper, but my pupil’s indisposition was a sufficient apology, and I hastened back. Sambo met me at the door, and stood watching as if he expected some one else. I ordered him to shut it. He did; and then hesitating, as if desirous of asking for Adolphus.—“My massa! go to you, sir.”—I was stunned.

Alas! Mr. Hamilton, I need say no more.—He was gone!—Half the blessing of my life was torn from me.—I was the first that missed him, for both our servants readily concluded he was with me.—Dear youth, what must be his incentives to such a disgraceful act? but. . . . Sambo brings me a packet—

Read,

Read, my dear sir, and lament the fate of benevolence and generous credulity.—Too proud to live under the degrading circumstances of guilt, he has doubtless plunged—Horrible ! Horrible termination of a life distinguished, till the last fatal nine months, with the noblest virtues !—Oh ! where did he realise his shocking scheme.—For the past twelve hours our search and enquiries have been un-intermitted. Sambo suspects the cause of this additional terror. His grief renders him an object of the liveliest pity.—“Where can me go ? (he says.) Where find my dying master ? “Perhaps he be all dead and cold !—Wind “blow, snow beat upon his bosom.”—Last night he left the house at ten o’clock.—I was uneasy for the poor creature, not knowing what desperate resolution had urged him to go out during a violent hail storm. But about one he returned, the picture of despair.—His sighs and groans were more expressive than words.—“Where have you been, my poor “fellow ?” I cried. He shook his head, and wept bitterly.

“Me only been to look for my prince.
 “’Tis so dark,—But yet—me try to find him.
 “—Me did not mind. Poor master, he not
 “used to English weather.—Besides you tink
 “he kill himself. Well, me go to see.—No.
 “—So dark, me forced to come back.”—
 This faithful African ! My heart feels for him.

Alas, sir, you wonder I remain here ; but there is a chance, at least, if the unhappy wanderer has not fulfilled his dreadful purpose,
 he

he may yet return.—Fatigue and sorrow oblige me to conclude this melancholy epistle.
Your unhappy friend,

RICHARD HAWKINS.

To the Rev. Mr. HAWKINS from ADOLPHUS.

WHEN the virtuous Zimza trusted the light of his eyes, the blessings of this life, to the care of a European, to the best of men, could he have made a better choice? Mr. Hamilton was all his unsuspicious heart revered.—Yet was Zimza ambitious, and sought to polish the jewel which was too brittle to bear it. Already had I imbibed, from his tuition, honesty, integrity, a hatred to hypocrisy, and a feeling for distress. Courage, hardy health, and cheerful spirits, were my natural inheritance.—But I was not *polite*; I was ignorant of the sciences; I was impetuous. These were the faults a European education was to remove.—My guardian, ever kind and good, added the most important of instructions, the knowledge of his God, and the

the sacred writings. I was grateful for his favours. I delighted in the society of his sister and Miss St. Leger.—How that name confuses my ideas?—I would it could amend them; but they are all gloomy.—No wonder.

Well, sir.—You, my father, Mr. Hamilton, his sister, *all, all*, loved me. Peace hovered round my bed; innocence refined my thoughts. My recreations ensured bodily vigour, while useful study strengthened my mind. Was I not happy? Curiosity, ever untired, ever unsatisfied, was in a state of continual exercise. Every thing I saw, every thing I heard, afforded perpetual food for it. Not the least of my felicity was the love I felt for my tutor. Ah! sir, *that* tutor, venerable, mild, wise, and pious,—who will believe it that knew Adolphus?—*That* tutor suffered from the youth he trusted, the pupil he admired.—Yes, he suffered a *blow*!—Oh! sir, he *was* my friend, but *now* I have none. And can I endure the disgrace? No.—No.—No.—You tell me it is the duty of a Christian to repent his faults; to bear the evils he has incurred by guilt.—But it cannot be.—Sir, I must *die*.—Berisford says,—ay, *Berisford*!—*I* saved his *life*, and *he* destroys my *soul*!—Adieu, then, thou good old man. Observe, I do not ask your forgiveness—but adieu, adieu, then, for ever.

*To the Rev. RICHARD HAWKINS from A.
HAMILTON, Esq.*

RETURN, my dear dejected friend, nor encrease, by your absence, the tortures we already endure.—Your consolations are absolutely necessary. You must teach us, by your heavenly resignation, how to bear this trying affliction. Louisa looks forward to the hour in which she shall be indulged with the company of her estimable friend with eagerness. “Tell him, (she says,) no censure can be applicable to his actions. We were *all* deceived.”—Deceived indeed! Messengers have been dispatched to every place, probable or improbable, where we might hope to gather the smallest intelligence. *Berisford*, execrable *Berisford*, is gone to the continent accompanied by the detested *Lestocks*.—Your niece, sweet, amiable, distressed, creature, deeply—but I am sure you want no other incentive to establish in some degree our distressed peace.

Oh! my dear friend, the dreadful mystery is in part explained. At the moment I was concluding my letter, the compting-house door

door opened, and a servant entered, announcing the name of Barry, who was no sooner admitted than I recognized him as the intimate of Frank Berisford, and an officer in the Irish brigades. On my enquiring the nature of his business, he presented me with the following.

TO ADOLPHUS HAMILTON, Esq.

October 16.

"Four months after date, I promise to pay
"to Francis Berisford, Esq. or order, the sum
"two thousand pounds.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

At the bottom.

"SIR,

"I believe you have in your hands sufficient
"cash to answer the last demand of your—No;
"no;—of the undone, Adolphus."

Confusion and vexation banished every trait of patience, and, instead of coolly investigating this infernal treachery, I hastily accused Berisford, this *noble* captain, and their agents, of a villainous forgery, calculated to ruin the unfortunate youth in my esteem. The gentleman, with a look of high displeasure, bid
me

me reprobate those who, in the practice of dishonesty, had the advantage of *him*, adding, my base suspicions were a dishonour to the name of a British merchant. "You are impertinent, sir, (I replied,) and reflect much greater disgrace on *your* profession than the expression of unguarded friendship can do on mine. But as I presume your purpose will be better answered by my acceptance of this draft, please to acquaint me with the methods by which this unhappy boy has been induced to sign his own destruction."

"Ask those to whom he gave it, sir. This draft has been circulated through several hands. And, since you are so tenacious, understand that I received it of Mr. F—, who discounted it in consequence of your signature."

There was indeed the conviction of that worthy banker's name on the back of the paper, and I was effectually silenced as to its legality, but the means by which it was obtained remained still a secret. Thus then are all hopes at an end of reclaiming this fallen favourite. All that can now be done is to continue a strict and unintermitted search for him, and send him off by the first ship that sails, (if we are so happy as to recover him,) to his native climate, where the motives as well as power of committing these peculiar errors must necessarily cease.

What a disappointment to the plan we had formed! But who shall shape his own fortune by the direction of worldly wisdom?—I
am

am too much dejected to add more than the best of wishes for your speedy recovery and arrival.

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON.

ADOLPHUS to ZIMZA.

Carnarvon, Wales.

Continuation of the Journal from June 18.

EXILED from the friends I love, uncertain of a brave and noble father's fate, encumbered with painful ideas, and depressed by the torment of self-reproach, who shall say, Adolphus, thou art happy? Alas, Adolphus, how art thou fallen! for even now, doubtful whether thy melancholy effusions shall ever reach a dearly-beloved parent, though tempted to imagine is he betrayed to slavery by the enemies of his country, still art thou more ready to vent
the

the complaints of thy own selfish soul than mourn the hero's lot.—And yet—what can I write but of my faults and follies?—Perhaps, —blessed be the suggestion,—perhaps thou art safely returned to thy sorrowing court.—The very thought illuminates my troubled mind, and who can tell but Zimza waits impatiently a packet from his son.—I will encourage the sweet idea, and write as usual. . . .

July 20.

We are just returned from an excursion through part of Ireland.—I intended to have sent minutes of my observations upon that extraordinary country, but self, partial self, again intrudes.—Read, dearest sir, a letter I have just received from Berisford.

To ADOLPHUS, from FRANCIS BERISFORD,
Esq.

Bedford-Square, July 19.

WHAT in the name of gravity does your tutor intend by immersing you among glens and wild mountains? Does he never mean to visit the cheerful haunts of men again? It may do well enough for a divinity-monger like him to meditate upon the sins of his past youth, gravely condemning the sprightly flights of—, (oh! hang it, I can't preach.)—But for youth and brilliant spirits, like yours, to follow the tedious steps of an old worn-out jockey, I've no patience.—However, to supply an article or two of domestic intelligence, what think you of the following?—My affair goes on very well with Miss St. Leger.—'Tis a shy little gipsy.—No matter. Slow and sure at setting out.—Set off cool.—Keep my breath.—Lie by.—Let 'em all get before me.—Mend my pace.—Soon fetch up the hindmost.—Steal upon the rest.—Whip,—spur.—Give full play to the reins.—Outstrip the wind.—Dash by the winning-post, and outdo.

outdo them all by a bar's length.—That's it, young soberfides.—How d'ye like my plan? Full of mettle, isn't it?

Well, but what have you done to my pretty Sally Lestock? Won't stir from her father's.—Mopes, sighs, and weeps.—Tender soul.—Harkye, Adolphus, you do not use the poor girl well.—Make haste home. Offer her your hand. Take her to Africa, and make her queen of your tawny kingdom.—What a contrast between her snowy complexion and the sooty skins of your negro beauties? And how well she will become your fine pearls and glittering ornaments!—Come, come, this is no bad scheme. Think of it, and let me know your determination when we meet. Farewel—Compliments to the old Grecian from your

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

ADOLPHUS

ADOLPHUS *in continuation.*

I CANNOT shew this letter to my tutor ; and you, my dearest parent, *if* returned,—are too far distant to consult. O the bitter consequences of a first deception, how it involves me in added guilt ! Gay, volatile, and indiscriminating, this lively mortal looks not to the *fit* or *prudent* in his communications, or he would not sport with the feelings of an amiable girl and his sincere friend.—Surely the noble St. Leger cannot approve of him whom the humbler Sally Leftock has rejected.—You have ever inculcated the absolute necessity of sparing the delicacy of those whose partiality blinds them to the faults of a friend. Such is this artless woman. How then can I ?—But what will you infer from a confession in her favour ? And yet it is so natural to distinguish those who attach themselves to us.—Had Miss St. Leger but permitted—But retrospection cannot avail.—May *she* be happy.

Derby, August 20.

Miss Hamilton has rejoiced my reverend companion with intelligence so unexpected and so transporting that he received it with a thankful tear.—His niece is emancipated from the worst of slavery, and is become my sister's ward. “ We will protract our tour, (said the
good

“good man,) till your recovery is completed,
 “and then return perhaps to cement a union
 “the most desirable.”

A union, my parent! of what nature? The
 amiable St. Leger is to be united, need I say
 to *whom*? “You love Mary Ann, (said Mr.
 “Hawkins, this morning.) Will you not
 “add to *her* felicity in regaining your own?—
 “I think you will not be displeased at the
 “choice we have ventured to make. A choice
 “to which she can have no possible objection.
 “The addresses of a noble affectionate lover
 “will meet the sanction of us all.—Shall I be
 “more explicit?”

“By no means. You have said enough.
 “May *her* example purify his ideas and mend
 “his heart.”—“No more, Adolphus, (an-
 “swered he.) We all have errors. *You* may
 “have been permitted to fall merely to en-
 “large your charity for others.”

“*Others*! (I repeated.) Oh! sir, the
 “man who aspires to your niece ought to
 “have his presumption countenanced by every
 “perfection than can dignify human na-
 “ture.”

He smiled.—“Well, well, we will discuss
 “this matter no farther, excepting to say,
 “that, while modern vices are gilded with so
 “many temptations, *he* is well off who stops
 “in the vigour of his career.”

Fortunate Berisford, thus to find thy san-
 guine hopes confirmed! *And so early too!*—
 But I will totally conclude a subject which,
 from this moment, shall never occupy my
 tongue or pen.—Would I could govern my
 thoughts.

Another

Another letter from this volatile young man. I think my answer will displease him, but it must be so. It was written without reflection, but it was dictated by my heart.

From FRANCIS BERISFORD, Esq. to ADOLPHUS.

WHY thou chicken-hearted fellow!—Does thy humble spirit yet submit to the reins, quietly giving thyself up to the guidance of that old creeping honesty, Hawkins? who is perpetually checking the pace of youth with the curb-bridle of mortified experience; and, while I am galloping half round the globe, you, sometimes ambling, sometimes walking, creep about the hills you dare not climb.—Rouse, rouse, and shake thyself, nor slumber away the only desirable part of existence, while all the world is in motion. Have you forgotten the fifteenth of next month? Say not

not so, I beseech ye. A horse race!—Oh how it will warm thine African heart! To see a collection of the noblest animals nature ever formed straining every nerve; nostrils dilated, sides panting, breath exhaling like streams of fire, while beauty, fashion, and sparks animated in hope of victory line the spacious course. Be not denied then. Insist upon the right of a free agent. Hawkins dare not contradict you. Besides, if all humanity is not extinct, visit poor Sally, whose health, once so blooming, is now declining fast—Poor suffering girl?—Not my own approaching happiness can shut my heart to her sorrows. The very idea of her dissolution checks my spirits.—She is ill, indeed, Adolphus. I have told her you will be at Newmarket.

“Enough, sir, (she cried,) then I’ll be there too.” Seriously, my dear Adolphus, you must permit me to solicit your pity for this poor thing. Let her not attribute your neglect to her humble situation. Honour, generosity, manly tenderness, all demand a suitable return. Only *see* her, and you must be strangely altered if you are not affected by her grief.—You know I cannot be grave for five minutes together, or I should be apt to conclude in a wonderful mopeish strain. However, fail not, at your peril, to give *me* the meeting next month, if you value the society of

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

K

T.

TO FRANCIS BERISFORD, *Esq.* from ADOLPHUS.

September 24.

NO, Berisford, it must not be.—Why do you thus attack me on the side of the nobler passions? My soul bleeds for the amiable creature who thus throws away her happiness without hope of a return. I am *not* unkind. I am *not* ungenerous. I scorn the imputation of sordid meanness. But where I *can* preserve my sincerity I am happy to do it. Surely this girl possesses the feelings of an African mind!—Impetuous, ardent, unrestrained by empty forms, they boldly declare their attachments, and freely select the favoured youth without incurring the smallest reflection on real modesty. But here, a cold reserve, a necessary hypocrisy, covers without smothering the flame of love.—O then let not an unfeeling world triumph in the knowledge of such noble weakness. Keep her secret if you are not abandoned by the sense of female delicacy.—Tell her—But now the task becomes truly difficult.—For how can I——? Oh! Berisford, tell her the heart of Adolphus is not worth her acceptance, for he has lost all power over it.—Once more then I cannot see you at Newmarket. Adieu.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

Journal

*Journal continued.**Newmarket, October 19.*

Who shall say *this* I will do because it is right?—*That* rock I *will* shun, lest it wreck my peace?—How sincere was my determination to avoid Berisford; and yet I am in daily expectation of meeting him!—With pleasure I acceded to Mr. Hawkins's resolution of extending our tour through the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex; and we had visited Cambridge before he intimated his hopes of seeing my guardian and all his family at Newmarket.—It was then too late to offer any objection to a plan he might reasonably suppose would give me pleasure. Ah! how little does he know of that heart which once knew no concealment!

14th, Twelve at Night.

Last night, or rather evening, I wandered (attended only by Sambo) through the village, and, as the weather was extremely serene, felt an inclination to pursue my walk till the falling damps induced me to turn back, which I did rather suddenly, and met Miss Lestock!—But who can describe her almost fainting agitation and number the tears she shed? How bitterly she accused herself of——even of presumption!—How affectionately she implored

my pity, and how generously she exculpated Berisford, on whom I had justly reflected! — Oh! sir, the consequence, the fatal consequence, of this powerful attack upon my passions was——What a burst of anguish! — It has relieved me for a moment.—Dare I tell my father?—Yes.—He shall know the extent of my weakness.—He *must* know that I have *promised*, sacredly promised, my hand to this distressed girl, when your sanction shall confirm the engagement.—O there *is* a cause which stamps this act with guilt.—But of that no more.

Brentwood, December 15.

Would I had slept in that world of waters from which I dragged the man who called himself my *friend*!—Him, whose pernicious counsels have ruined an unsuspecting wretch.—Plunged him into the commission of vices that overwhelm every hope of recovery; darkening every cheerful expectation with the sul-
len cloud of shame, and precipitated me into the resolution of committing suicide.

What numbers of spirited high-born Europeans have signed their own doom! What, then, is the inference? Is it not that a coward dare not rush into futurity; and that a contempt of death is the sure characteristic of intrinsic valour? Bethink thee well, Adolphus.

This pause has been favourable to the decision.—Farewell, then, every hope and every joy.—

joy.—Farewell the light of day, the gloom of eve, the tedious hours of cruel reflection.—Farewell unhappy thoughtless Sally Lestock, whose artful hypocrisy has woven too strong a web for credulity to escape.—And oh! farewell, lovely and dearly beloved Miss St. Leger!—This once, my father, permit me, this last time, suffer me, to break my word.—Had I resolved to live, that name my pen should not have traced; but in this awful moment let me confess, all expectation of worldly felicity, all assurance of future pleasure, every wish, every generous desire, arose from and centered in her, my first and only delight. When on board the ship, when under Abrams's abused guardianship, when in the society of the worthy friends I shall no more see, she was the object of my esteem, respect, admiration, and love.

Romford.

Ten o'clock.—Two hours of painful existence yet remain. My purpose is unshaken—But my spirits are subdued. I could weep, nay, I *do* weep, for whom?—Even for *all* who will be wounded by my fall.—But shall I not briefly recount the whole of those motives which have enforced my resolution?—Have I time? Yes.—Thus then.—The day following my interview with——oh! I cannot name her——my tutor, with infinite reluctance, suffered me to go upon the course, which I did the more readily, as I had been informed *Be-*
risford

risford was otherwise engaged.—The scene was new; and for an hour, superseded the torments of reflection. Before the second heat began, this false friend rode through the croud, and introduced me to a captain Barry.—But how great was my astonishment to see them accompanied by the woman who had so lately accepted my vows! To see her lively, gay, and in full possession of that health which I had been made to believe was sacrificed to her unrewarded affection for me!—My very soul was disgusted, and I betted with an eagerness which denoted desperation. The horse I had taken won every thing. Barry was chagrined; *Berisford* whispered, when we parted, his request that I would join them the following day, for my honour was engaged.—*My honour!*—Alas! it is no more. I complied with his request, and fortune changed sides. The bets were large.—I was successful in all I took.—Frantic with different emotions, I did as *Berisford* advised, accepted cash from him, and plunged myself into further difficulties. At night I exceeded my usual temperance.—My head grew giddy.—I signed a paper, took another glass, and was called an—*honest fellow!*—My tutor—horrible!—they say I struck him!

That venerable man's illness detained us too long. *Berisford* remained likewise at Newmarket. We often met. I had forgotten the draft, but he refreshed my memory. I entreated him not to put it in force. He refused; and very lately intimated his wish that I would back the legality of it with a written request to my guardian (on whom it was drawn) to discharge

charge it, as he meant to have it discounted; which a person had engaged to do, if I would comply with his desire. I knew the consequence, but had taken my measures; therefore made no scruple to write a hasty strange note, which Berisford objected to. But I left him for ever, and last Thursday night quitted Bury, wandered about in lanes, fields, and commons, till, faint with fasting and fatigue, I reached Brentwood.

Past eleven, and no prospect of a silent moment.—Methinks I would wish to recommend my soul to that — How confused are my thoughts! — What madness, to add defiance to desperation! And then foolish, to ask pardon for an offence before we commit it! — Let me consider.—Mr. Hawkins used to say his God was a God of justice as well as mercy.—What art thou about, Adolphus?—Dost thou call thyself a Christian, and yet dare to affront the Christian's God?—Is not thy fate fixed, when that instrument of death has done its business?—And who can alter it?—Should not every sinner repent *before* he can be forgiven?—And how are we to repent of an unperformed act of disobedience?—Is not this a mockery of that gracious and omnipotent being?—And yet—where can I go?—The draft has doubtless been presented; or, if it were not, my destiny is signed.—Alas! I shudder at the past, and tremble for the future. Is there no resource?—Yes.—I will kneel.

Begone, thou horrid implement of destruction. I feel myself *indeed* a coward; an infatuated coward; meanly, basely, and treacherously, quitting my post, because some hard conditions.

conditions. the fruit of error, are annexed to the duties of my station.—That pistol, charged with my eternal ruin, how terrifying it appears ! And yet what a lesson it reads !—Some one is coming up stairs.—My very soul trembles. Poor undone Adolphus. How hast thou lost thy fortitude with thy integrity ! I start at shadows, and even wish for society.—Again.—Well, then, let me for ever hide this once intended arbiter of my fate. I am interrupted. An officer begs permission to sleep in my room, as this inn is excessively crowded.—Be it so.—He may be the messenger of mercy.—Mercy.—*I must* live,—The decree is past,—I dare not die.

Seventeenth.

This officer is a French refugee. He is preparing for a voyage to one of the French West-India islands. He has heard of the miserable Adolphus. I have opened my heart to him ; and he would persuade me to return, but that cannot be.

January 1.

Generous L'Heureux ! I will accept thy offer.—Even Zimza would love the preserver of his son. He is a second Hamilton. He will keep my secret. He will protect me. His conversation has changed my ideas, refined my dark and gloomy notions, and gives birth to
the

the hope of revisiting England, blessed with the forgiveness of my friends, myself, and *my God*. But he mentions terms. Hardened wretch as I was, ever to make them necessary. This moment will I comply with them.

To the Rev. Mr. HAWKINS, from ADOLPHUS.

Plymouth Sound, January 10.

RESCUED by the hand of omnipotence from eternal destruction, the penitent Adolphus once more dares even to look up to his revered, his abused, his patient, tutor. Had the Almighty rejected the petitions of your pupil, he had long ere this — Oh! my friend, I cannot bear the retrospection! — for still my weakened imagination brings before me the awful night which I had set apart for destruction. I know your tenderness, I reverence your piety, and am led to think they will both be exerted in my favour. Who can withstand the effect of them, when united? Not Mr. Hamilton. Not his sister. Not your amiable niece. — Plead for me then, dearest

K 5

fir.

fir. Prevail for the poor outcast. Answer for the sincerity of my repentance, and assure them I am in honourable hands. I cannot explain myself; but depend upon this, should certain contingencies permit, I shall fly to England, in the full hope of receiving, at the feet of my dear friends, their full and free pardon. Adieu, worthy fir.—May the felicity of—how my hand trembles!—I would only say, may every uneasiness you have endured for Adolphus be amply repaid in the happiness of *Mrs. Berisford*.

The bustle upon deck obliges me to subscribe the unfortunate signature of.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

Rev. Mr. HAWKINS, to ADOLPHUS HAMILTON, Esq.

Bury, January 6.

BLESSED be the power which enables me to say, Adolphus is safe; that he has not confirmed the most horrible of expectations. But why not return to his sympathising friends?—Does he doubt our pardon? Alas! where can this poor youth mean to hide himself? What mystery

mystery yet envelopes his fate ? What contingencies does he hint at ? And then *who* is this Mrs. Berisford !—How is she to supply my lost happiness ? Strange inconsistencies ! I long to embrace my beloved Mary and her inestimable protectors. But this excruciating disorder tries the patience it cannot, ought not, to overcome. However the paroxysms are neither so frequent nor violent, so that I may hope, in a short time, to rejoice with you in Finsbury-Square.

A letter from my dear niece would renovate my drooping spirits.—Be so kind, dear sir, as to desire her to write, and to write with cheerfulness ; but to *write* only ; for well I know her affection is strong enough to bring her to her uncle.

I remain, my good sir, your grateful

RICHARD HAWKINS.

From

*From Miss ST. LEGER, to the Rev. Mr.
HAWKINS.*

Finsbury-Square, Jan. 16.

OH! this infatuated Adolphus! My dear sir, he is engaged, positively and solely engaged, to the cast-off mistress of a wretch whose name would pollute my pen, and the contingencies he hints at doubtless glance at his intended union. Long have I suspected this shocking coalition, but, depending, too foolishly depending, upon his sincerity, I listened only to the suggestions of delicacy, which forbade my interference.—Ah! my uncle, the vile woman glories in her triumph.—I am told she has been for some time making magnificent additions to her wardrobe, previous to her figuring as the wife of a prince.—Nay, the very hours, on which hung the fate of our still noble Adolphus, were employed by her in dissipation and gaiety. Too proud of the unmerited distinction he has promised, she has circulated her great expectations among even the trades-people she employs, among whom is a discreet person, sister to my Ellen, to whom she committed the intelligence on which my former suspicions were founded, and but last week privately complained of his succeeding neglect, in not sending *one* line since she received the assurance of his faith. But well she knows her trust is sure.—He is not deprav-
ed

ed enough to tell a wilful falsehood. Little does she guess the perturbations of his mind, which had nearly, by his own destruction, totally superseded her brilliant schemes.—I am willing to hope the father is ignorant of her attachment to the destroyer of your pupil's felicity, but surely he is extremely blameable in leaving her so much in that fellow's power, for it is a well-known circumstance that they are gone to France together, perhaps for the purpose of celebrating this horrible marriage; and yet, were it so, Adolphus, if we may believe the late communication,, would not hazard a meeting with Berisford. As to the conclusion of our African's letter, we, as well as you, attribute it to the unsettled state of both heart and head.

What obligations, my dear uncle, do we not owe to the generous, the kind, Mr. Hamilton? With what readiness did he pursue the dastardly Abrams even to Bern, in Switzerland! And, after procuring proper authority from the police of that place, secured the wretched man.—Though cunning, dishonesty, and cowardice, had ever distinguished his dirty-path through life, yet, upon this trying occasion, the latter proved its ascendancy over his mean spirit.—He wept, wrung his hands, and promised, if Mr. Hamilton would release him, he would make ample confession and full retribution; but, when he read Mr. Sealy's charge of forgery, he seemed as though labouring under a suspension of his faculties. At last, sobbing with anguish, he cried,—“Then all my golden prospects are vanished, and I must be carried like a criminal to England;”
“be

“be tried for life, cast for death, and—but
 “sure the king will pardon my first fault.”—
 Mr. Hamilton chose not to answer this effu-
 sion of dastardly fear, but, leaving him under
 the care of proper officers, transmitted to his
 sister the welcome intelligence. . . .

Oh! sir, a second letter is just arrived, to
 say the unhappy man has rashly ventured the
 commencement of that punishment in another
 world he feared to face, in this.—Shocking ca-
 tastrophe!—Wretched Abrams! May heaven
 be merciful to thy burthened soul.—

Mr. Sealy has just left us.—He went,
 commissioned by Mr. Hamilton, to the widow
 of the unhappy suicide.—She was much affect-
 ed at the manner of his death, but presently
 adverted to her pecuniary affairs, and would
 have produced the will of the deceased; but
 when Mr. Sealy answered her the last will of
 a man under his circumstances was by no
 means binding, her tears were stopped, her
 eyes struck fire, and, rising to go to her bu-
 reau, she said, “Nay, nay, Mr. Sealer,
 “you shall never tell me that my poor dear
 “husband was not in sound mind and memo-
 “ry when this will was made.—So don’t
 “think I’ll be put off with my thirds, under
 “the pretence of *sanity*. Here, Mr. Sealer,
 “here’s the names of three *sponsibile* men as any
 “in London.—Nay, pray be convinced.”

“I am, madam, that no person can bestow
 “that property upon another which he held
 “only by a defraud.”

“*Fraud!* Mr. Sealer, I dont understand
 “you. Sure you don’t mean to *peach* my
 “husband’s honesty.”

“Your

"Your husband has died under imputations
"not only disgraceful, but criminal; I am
"sorry to be so plain, but you must not de-
"ceive yourself, we have collateral evidence
"of his guilt."

"I don't know what you mean by *collar-*
"at-all evidence, but I am sure you treat me
"very ill, Mr. Seeler."—She then broke into
a violent flood of tears, composed of vexation,
pride, and grief. Then, suddenly checking
them, "And pray, Mr. Seeler, what might
"be *your* business with me?—I han't got no
"more heiresses to steal.—I was finely treated
"that day by a pack of housebreakers. But
"if my poor dear Solomon was alive, you
"would not have gained your ends. Talk
"of a fraud, truly!—She stopped a moment
to wipe her eyes. And then resuming, in an
angry tone, "Why don't you answer me?
"I am sure you are no *gentleman*, or you
"wou'dn't come of such a dirty *arrant*."

"I come not hither to establish my claim to
"that title, Mrs. Adams, my errand was of
"a friendly description."

"What, to tell me my husband was a
"rogue!"

"Ask your own heart to clear his charac-
"ter; and, if that acquits him, your surprise
"will be the greater to know that without
"the interposition of Mr. Hamilton, Mr.
"Hawkins, and myself, his effects must be
"wholly confiscated. He has robbed an heir-
"ess, defrauded a legatee, and forged a will
"with the names of two respectable gentle-
"men added to my own. Judge then, what
"right

“ right any of his relations can have to a property so illegally acquired.”

She looked about her like one that was stunned.—Arose,—went to the door,—came back again, fanned herself with her handkerchief, threw it into the window-seat, and, clasping her hands together, again wept most violently, her own guilt stopping her mouth. Mr. Sealy was affected. He went up to her, saying, “I sincerely pity your condition, but permit me to tell you there is no time to lose. Send for some friend or lawyer whom you can trust. Make your own terms; always remembering they must be moderate. Let them be properly drawn out, and I will look at them to-morrow morning, and let you know how far they can be complied with.”

She made no answer, not even to return his compliment when he wished her good night, but sat fixed in her chair till he had gained the outside of the parlour door, when, as if impelled by the result of her meditation, she rushed out after him; but, unwilling to engage in further altercation, he bowed to her abrupt request that he would return, and hastened to the carriage.

One hope, which gave an additional value to my recovered rights, is for ever cut off.—The poor Clarence is beyond the reach of mortal ills. A severe fever has deprived me of an humble grateful dependant, whose declining years I meant to render comfortable. However, he expired with peaceful resignation, and his memory is consecrated by a tear from Miss Hamilton.

Ah!

Ah ! my dear sir, this monster Berisford, is returned, and Lestock's daughter with him.—What mysteries are these ! But every incident relating to our poor Adolphus is mysterious. The absence of his father, indeed, has received a melancholy solution.—Absolutely betrayed, by a neighbouring power, to the captain of a French vessel.—Mr. Hamilton writes, that he is in the deepest affliction for this event, well knowing the noble Zimza will never submit to a state of slavery.—The fellow who purchased him gives a shocking account of his rage, sorrow, and fruitless resistance, when constrained to remain on board, where curiosity had induced him to venture.—He would not eat, speak, nor move, after his spirits were exhausted by his efforts to resist the attempts they made to put on his irons. Poor dear sufferer ! My tears flow for his undeserved calamities. At first, they manacled his feet, but, the captain coming near him, Zimza dealt him such a blow as immediately procured the confinement of his hands ; and, from that time, he could scarcely be said to breathe, nor would he have taken the smallest refreshment, had not *means* been used which he could not resist. Oh ! my uncle, those *means* I fear were terrible, for Mr. Hamilton would not be particular in this part of his recital. But I doubt he knows too much of the treatment this injured king received in what they stiled the middle passage, which is from Africa to the West-India Islands. Unhappy Adolphus ! What would be his anguish to read this intelligence !—Sambo, too ! How I esteem that faithful creature. Do not acquaint

quaint him, dear sir, with a circumstance which will but renew his former anguish.—My good Miss Hamilton threatens to take the pen from my hand. Amiable woman, I obey your kind commands, after transmitting your friendly wishes to the best of men, and uniting them with those of his ever dutiful

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

P. S. Gracious heaven! What new affliction doth thy omniscience judge necessary to the purpose of salutary mortification! Ellen interrupts me to say Mr. Hamilton is returned, his sister in tears, and my presence is requested.—I have unclosed my letter, which lay ready for the post, to send you the most affecting tidings. Zimza,—unfortunate, impetuous, and too noble to bear even the contemplation of future evils,—attempted to make his escape from the vessel, at a moment when an awful tempest had driven it upon another part of the coast which he perfectly knew; after they had sailed for more than seven days. The distress they were in had induced them to relax their attention to this unhappy prince, who was confined apart from the rest, and, finding means to get one hand and one foot at liberty, he rashly ventured to try a dangerous and at best uncertain fate, by plunging amidst the dreadful waves. He was immediately missed. One of the men, going to the steerage, found him—depending upon the chains, to which he was suspended by a broken link of the fetter, that

that he could not get off. A death so horrible, at the moment he hoped for a better deliverance, gives us the most poignant anguish.— Surely the measure of Adolphus's sorrows will now be full!—[I feel for him with additional pity, and can only hope this mournful catastrophe may, for a length of time, be kept from his knowledge. Once more then adieu to the dear and ever-esteemed parent of his

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

To the Rev. Mr. HAWKINS, from ADOLPHUS.

Cape St. Vincent, St. Domingo, April 7.

IT is exactly eighteen years since the light of heaven dazzled the infant eyes of Zimza's son, seventeen of which passed rapidly along, for they were unclogged with guilt.—At a period so early, the character of a European is scarcely formed. At a period so early *mine* is decided.—While others are marking, with eager eyes, the progress of their fortune to its zenith, *I* am tracing the declination of *mine*. These reflections naturally occur from the contemplation of a melancholy anniversary, the first I ever knew unblest by friendly congratulations.—But I must not complain, since one salutary consequence has flowed from my fall. It has taught me to *know myself*.—I was proud, impetuous, credulous, and too confident of a station I did not deserve. It was permitted me to lose *that*, lest I should lose every thing, and now, were it not presumption, I would hope this disposition would entitle me once more to the good opinion of those friends I have deserted. But believe me, dear sir, I will never more depend upon

upon *myself*. Will you allow me then to *renew*, if I may so call it, my claim on you for future admonition, instruction, and advice?

Alas! the noble object of my former journal is, I fear, no more! A ship arrived here only yesterday from the Gambia. How my heart sunk, when, in answer to my interrogations, I was informed, my father was not returned; that they had chosen another king; and that the preference Zimza had given to Europe for the education of his son, had irritated those who dreaded it might produce some innovations of their religion, so that the kingdom of his ancestors is for ever lost to us. And this conclusion gives birth to a horrid thought, either assassination or slavery. But I will not indulge a fear so vague. Zimza was not born to endure the latter, nor will his native courage permit him to sink under the former, for what African dare raise the weapon of death against a bosom so sacred! What says L'Heureux? A tumult among the slaves!

The Tenth.

We are escaped, but ferocious vengeance has steeped its footsteps in blood. All is tumult and confusion in the island we have left. Too confident of their power, the unhappy planters mourn in bitterness the destruction of their property. Alas! I feel, deeply feel for those who, lulled into security, heard not the storm till it burst upon their heads. Blind and undistinguishing, these wretched negroes advert but to a terrible revenge. It is enough that they are offended. It is enough that they can grasp
the

the means of retaliation. Mercy, compassion, even justice, cannot make their claims good where the voice of revenge is only to be heard. How pitiable to reflect that innocence can offer no plea strong enough to secure itself, but, involved in one fate with the cruel and unjust, sinks before the death-dealing conquerors !

Martinico, the 18th.

Again we breathe the air of peace and freedom. Captain L'Heureux has introduced me to one of the most considerable merchants on this island. He received me with an affection almost paternal, and with that peculiar dignity which marks high birth and generous feelings, acknowledging me as the offspring of unfortunate royalty.

The Twenty-seventh.

An opportunity occurs to send my packet.—Adieu then, dear and worthy sir.—Will you not, yes I know you will, write to me immediately. And, if you would soothe the sufferings of your poor Adolphus, send him the forgiveness of *all* whom he has offended.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

*Journal continued.**May 2d.*

What a scene has attacked my heart this day ! A scene which, though I would hope it is not uncommon in the West-Indies, yet merits a very particular description. This excellent *protector*, not oppressor, of his slaves, induced me to accompany him to the plantations nearest his house, for the purpose of controverting an argument captain L'Heureux had held the day before, that the strictest severity was invariably observed in the government of those poor creatures. The day was sultry to an extreme, and Mr. Cumberland had chosen the hour appropriated to the dinner recess. My doubts respecting this assertion were now most affectingly removed. Men, women, and children, disposed upon the earth in various little groupes, were refreshing themselves with a decent allowance of wholesome provisions, while, at intervals, the cheerful expression of simple nature went round. The mirth of one party being rather too rough for a surly looking overseer, who, with several more, were reclining in the shade, he arose and reprimanded one of the offenders in a savage stile; and upon meeting, as I imagined, with a tart reply, began the exercise of his ready lash. I was rushing forward, but the merchant,

merchant, beckoning me to stop, hastily advanced, and commanded him to desist. The fellow muttered, but was about to withdraw, when the man, who had incurred the harsh correction, rising upon his knees, cried, "My good massa, me done no harm indeed. "Me only say, much laugh, much work.— "Better laugh than cry,—So massa Corbet say."

"Then cry, black dog."

"And was this all the offence, (said my friend, sternly,) that occasioned those heavy strokes?"

"And enough too, sir, (replied the overseer.) Your slaves are spoiled with too much liberty. They would be worth a great deal more if they had less indulgence, and were kept longer to their work."

"And you would be willing, (answered Mr. Cumberland) to watch them an additional hour for my sake?"

"In that case, sir, to be sure, we should want another hand. For it is impossible to be here and there and every where, this scorching weather, when one can hardly bear to stand, much less run about, in such a burning sun."

"And yet, (said this wise judge, in an awfully severe tone,) and yet you grudge these poor people the scanty hour of rest to refresh those limbs enfeebled with excessive heat; and, when you can scarcely (though inactive) endure the meridian beams, these men are expected to exert their utmost strength to perform the wearisome tasks allotted them. And what makes the mighty difference

“ between ye ? Accident and misfortune.—
 “ Nothing else, whatever groundless pride may
 “ suggest.—However, *you* shall be released
 “ from fatigue so *terrible* ; and, though *you*
 “ may think another hand so necessary, we
 “ will try to do with one less.—Go, then,
 “ to my clerk, receive the wages you do not
 “ deserve, nor dare to be seen on any of my
 “ plantations again.” He would have spoken,
 but was prevented with “ Begone, sir, I hear
 “ no more.”

Then it was my feeling grew too powerful
 for constraint. No sooner had he turned to
 leave the spot than those who were nearest,
 with uplifted hands and bent knees, called for
 blessings upon their good, their kind master ;
 particularly the man whose sudden chastisement
 had caused this revolution. “ Oh ! massa,
 “ (said he,) we be all good. We serve you
 “ willing, you be so-kind. Some bad people,
 “ great ways off, be lazy, sulky—no work,
 “ no speak.—They be much much beat.—
 “ Then they rise, kill, fight, burn plantation.
 “ Oh ! we be so sorry.—We fight too ; but
 “ we fight *for* massa ; he so good,—so—so very
 “ good.—We defend him house, him planta-
 “ tion, him life, him every thing.”

“ Well, (said Mr. Cumberland,) you see,
 “ L’Heureux *one* instance at least of gentle
 “ government, and also the fruits of it.—Do
 “ not doubt then but there are many more.
 “ You may trust me, my friend, when I tell
 “ you, *all* planters are not alike.”—He then
 strictly forbid the other overseers an intempe-
 rate use of manual discipline. They promised
 obedience, and retired, followed by the negroes,

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whose

time being expired, their master had the pleasure of beholding them renew their labours with an alacrity that the whip could not inspire.

The Seventeenth.

A gentleman from Guadaloupe has enlivened, by his elegant conversation, our evening parties. He is grave, but not sad; serene, not stupid. His figure and deportment speak him to be a son of Mars, while the simplicity of his dress contradicts any idea we might form in favour of his professing a warlike occupation. Mr. Cumberland speaks of him as a singular character, while he is proud of an intimacy with such a noble sufferer. Ruined by your late broils in America, he was upon the point of losing his life with his property; but, after various misfortunes, obtained that protection in an enemy's domains which his own country denied; and, settling in Guadaloupe, found himself encouraged to apply for an agency under a rich planter, whose age and infirmities required such assistance. The death of his employer opened a road to his own preferment, and he is now in full possession of some lucrative plantations. There is a peculiar turn of his features, at times, which gives me inexpressible anxiety, as connected with something nearest my heart. Nay, I could sometimes fancy a *trait* of my beloved father's countenance in this venerable person. But complexion, situation, every thing, contradicts my foolish wishes.

Oh!

Oh! my kind correspondent, will it not carry pleasure to thy friendly bosom to know the rash Adolphus is not deserted?—That, notwithstanding he so ungratefully forsook the tender guardians of his youth, he is yet the object of a benevolence which, actuating all good men alike, produces, even in a climate so distant, the same fruits! Captain L'Heureux, Mr. Cumberland, and my last not least favourite, seem to unite in lavishing the gifts of friendship upon a son of self-excited misfortune. They know my origin; they know my story; and they have been told my faults. I talk of my parent; I tell my apprehensions; I weep lest they should be realised. These tender protectors hear me with patient attention. They pity, they soothe, and they console me. Mr. Vincent looks at me with such a scrutinizing eye, and then with so much meaning upon Mr. Cumberland, that I am almost tempted to beg an explanation. Perhaps he will be more explicit in a little voyage he induces me to undertake.

Guadaloupe, June 22.

I have been among Mr. Vincent's slaves, and was delighted to see the same good order and gentleness in their management which distinguished those at Martinico.—But their overseers will be obeyed; and I can see they expect implicit submission. As we were leaving the plantation, Mr. Vincent asked what they had done with Oran. "Yonder he goes, sir," was the reply. I looked towards a clump of trees, and saw a tall African, who,

perceiving he was observed, hurried into the wood which skirts the sugar-works.

"You have fulfilled my orders?" resumed my companion.

"We have, sir; but liberty has hitherto made no change in Oran's conduct."

"No matter, do not contradict him.—Let him go where he likes. I mean it as a trial of his disposition."

"Sometime, Adolphus."

"What then he is obstinate, and will not work?"—I sighed.

"Do not sigh, my young friend. He is not ill-treated."

I sighed again, and thought of Sterne's slavery.

The Twenty-Fifth.

This morning Oran shot swiftly by me. I pursued him; called loudly; but he was gone.—At noon he passed me again. I was musing in a reclining attitude, and saw him not till, roused by a little noise he made in stumbling against the root of a tree, I just caught a glimpse of his face. He was in tears.—I exclaimed, "Friend,—countryman,—Oran,—return."—He stopped, looked behind.—wrung his hands.—I would have approached; but, in a fierce accent, he cried, "I will not be pursued."—The language of Tonouwah! astonishing!—I trembled, but dared not be inquisitive. He then hastily retreated, and I saw him no more.—Mr. Vincent gives no satisfaction to my perpetual inquiries respecting this unfortunate man, though he sees my anxiety.

anxiety.—But I must be patient. You will readily understand my motive for curiosity.—He is certainly from Tonouwah; and, could I get to his speech, might possibly inform me of Zimza's fate.

Amazing turn of fortune! Why have I offended my generous friends? Why have I flown from the hospitable Mr. Hamilton, his amiable sister, the revered tutor of my wayward youth, and his lovely niece, but for purposes which will more than compensate for the pangs I have both given and received!—*General St. Leger lives!*—Lives—not in the person of Oran—but Mr. Vincent!

GENERAL ST. LEGER to the Reverend Mr.
HAWKINS.

Martinico, July 10.

OH! this blessed Adolphus! To what has he restored me?—To light, life, and joy!—My brother!—My child!—Ye are yet alive!—We *shall* meet again!—But oh! if the dear creature is not yet sacrificed to Berisford, spare her the anguish, the sorrow of knowing she is allied to destruction!—Let her not lament too late the loss of the best and worthiest of human hearts. Suspend every unfavourable thought of this good youth till certain circumstances are cleared up.—He entrusted

entrusted me with the secret of his soul, and committed to my bosom the name of her he continually laments?—*That* name unravelled the painful mystery which has so often shaded the naturally cheerful features of your Adolphus, and the important discovery followed.—I have another glad surprise for him, but let his own pen, in due time, do justice to his feelings. Yes, my sweet Mary shall confirm his happiness!

What shall I say to Mr. Hamilton, his Louisa, and Mr. Sealy?—They have preserved my child, and that is an act above reward.—I must conclude.—It would be vile to keep you one moment longer than absolute necessity shall exact ignorant of an event which will, I trust, enliven every future hour.—Adieu, my dear inestimable friends. Adieu, the brother of my lost Adeline. And oh! adieu, sweet child of my renewed hope.—Your transported

GODFREY ST. LEGER.

And ah! good Mr. Hamilton, accept in every worthy name, the affectionate remembrance of your

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

Journal

*Journal of ADOLPHUS continued.**August 17.*

As some few weeks must elapse before the father of—(what must I stile her? Would I were empowered to say, *Miss St. Leger*,) can arrange his affairs so as to permit his embarkation for England, I shall endeavour to check the current of my hopes and wishes in the contemplation and recital of those ardent disturbers of life's phlegmatic tide.—But first let me communicate particulars of a circumstance so necessary to the recovery of my long-lost peace. You have been told that my protector has announced himself as general St. Leger; and that, in consequence of his friendly endeavours to remove the despondency I so deservedly suffered, that valued name escaped my lips. But to describe the agonising rapture of his heart, the tears he could not restrain, the fervour of his embraces, or his pious gratitude, would be not merely unnecessary, but impossible. In an evening's walk among the stately trees, which lends not only a magnificence to the scene but the most comfortable refreshment to the wearied slave, he unfolded the cause of that absence which had strengthened the report of his death.

The strict pursuit which followed the general's unfortunate defeat induced him, by way of ensuring the liberty he every moment expected to lose, to throw off the insignia of his profession and rank in the army, which he left among the wounded, who were scattered on the

the fatal field, and, snatching up an old great coat, that providentially had been dropped on the hill, he hastened towards the Blue Mountains, which he reached on the third day. The approach of some natives seemed to promise a change in his melancholy situation; and, as it was now become desperate, from pain, fatigue, sorrow, and famine, he ventured to solicit their pity and relief. They were immediately granted, for several weeks he continued with these friendly people. But, unable to exist without the intelligence his affectionate heart panted to receive respecting his family, this noble fugitive took the road to New-York, disguised in the most effectual manner, and wrote to Jamaica. The silence of his lady gave him the keenest anxiety. He wrote again. His letter was answered, but it was by Abrams, who previous to the battle, announced his intention of quitting Boston for Jamaica. The wretch's answer almost deranged his faculties, for it positively assured him of the demise of Mrs. St. Leger and daughter. However, he determined to sail for Jamaica, to settle those affairs which he feared his defection from his king might have endangered; but he was accused of holding treasonable correspondence, and a long and tedious imprisonment followed; at the expiration of which he again wrote to Abrams, unwilling to believe the testimony of a man whose want of integrity was but too well known. The monster, who doubtless hoped he should hear no more of the general, whose extensive fortunes he had appropriated to his own purposes, though under the sanction
of

of being guardian to the young lady, informed him that his property had been totally seized, and that Clarence, whom the general had anxiously enquired for, was no where found. Dispirited and oppressed by his various troubles, the unhappy gentleman lost every desire to develop circumstances which even carried an air of improbability, and he sunk into a listless inattentive state, the effect of despair and sickness. From this he was in some little degree roused by an apprehension of poverty, as he had for some time subsisted upon the bounty of those generous Americans who knew him only as an unfortunate sufferer, emancipated from confinement by their humane intercessions. The brilliancy of his talents, at sudden but not frequent periods, breaking through the gloom of a disturbed mind, induced these valuable friends to propose a voyage to Guadaloupe, as they conceived change of situation might not only enliven him, but prove of service both to their own concerns and his emolument. Pleased with the place and his reception, he revived, entered into employment, and again wrote to Abrams, but to no purpose. He then prepared once more to sail for Jamaica, and was again disappointed. A gentleman lately arrived from that place opened a scene of horror to this devoted sufferer. Abrams, though embarked in an English vessel, had artfully given out his intention of residing in France, with a view to mislead the general, should he discover the vile frauds practised upon him; and his informer acquainted Mr. St. Leger with the recent death of his wife and the departure of Abrams with

his daughter ; the name of the ship he had forgotten. After the rage excited by this shocking account of treachery so complete and so truly unexpected was abated, he determined to go to France in pursuit of this wretch ; and, leaving the plantations to some able hands, took the first packet that sailed, and was absent eight months upon an unsuccessful search. He then returned, but not till he had visited England, where the obscurity of Abrams proved his security, and he continued safe.

Foiled in every attempt, Mr. St. Leger gave up all hope of ever hearing either of his fortune or his child, and, under the impression of a fixed melancholy, he felt every change of station indifferent, whether it made for or against his temporal interest. Judge then how forcibly my intelligence must affect those feelings which despair had rendered almost torpid.—A brother recovered from the grave,—a child restored in all the blaze of feminine perfection to his fondest wishes,—and a fortune waiting his presence to enable him to gratify every benevolent purpose of his soul.

I might have observed, the general still retains the name of Vincent, which he assumed from the period of his escape, and which he means to continue while on this island.

His impatience, his eagerness, to visit a kingdom replete with such blessings is not only natural, but, to an impetuous disposition, appears highly commendable.—Would *I* could with equal rapture count the wasting hours !—But *I* have thrown away every hope of renewed happiness.—Selfish Adolphus !—Hast thou
not

not *friends*, whose felicity ought to be the basis of thy own? Well, then, I will try to be happy. And yet, what a drawback does the remembrance of my own follies impose upon this intention.—Oh! that Berisford! what infatuation!—Unfortunate Lestock, too.—Much do I fear she owes to him the art, the hypocrisy, the censurable policy, to which I had nearly fallen a victim.—*Fool! Fool!* to suppose—but I must banish retrospection.—Sweet *St. Leger!* mayest thou have discovered, before it was too late, the vices of *him* who has ruined thy once valued friend.

The subject was too painful to pursue. I quitted it for one not less melancholy though more mysterious. This Oran crosses me continually. I meet him every where, but only as a shadow, which, gliding from the view, gives fancy room to exert her mimic powers upon.—Unlike the common negroes, he wears the dress of a European sailor.—He gazes at me till I get almost near enough to discern his features, and then darts through the wood, over the hill, or along the plain, with a rapidity which outstrips the agility of youth. It was but this morning I entered the grove of cocoas, which Mr. St. Leger has permitted to stand, as a refreshing shade, on the south side of his extensive garden, and, at the farther end, perceived a sailor asleep upon his face. I approached with caution, and had almost reached the spot, when a little English spaniel, to whom I am particularly partial, barked so loud as to awaken the man.—He started up.—It was Oran.—He stood still.—I advanced slowly.—“ Stop, my friend, (I cried, in the
“ language

“ language of Tonouwah,) you seem distressed.
 “ Say, can I assist you ?—I am not a stranger
 “ to misfortune, and fear you are—”

“ A slave,” said he, gnashing his teeth, and clasping his hands, which he raised to heaven with a look of reproach, as if he would accuse the Immortal of injustice ; and then, throwing himself over a fence, into a path leading to the plantation, left me scarcely less afflicted than himself.

The Nineteenth.

Oran has escaped, and for ever deprives me of a gratification which, I once hoped, would at last have satisfied a curiosity restless and ardent. Strict search is making for him. The general, with his usual humanity, forbids the exertion of any severity, should it even be necessary to the security of his person ; rather chusing to lose him entirely than to owe the possession of a slave to arbitrary cruelty.” “ I have been told, (said he to me,) that the sullenness of a negro was proof against every attempt to reconcile him to his situation without force, and was determined to make a trial upon the first I should purchase. As some singular circumstances attended this man’s captivity, I thought it a good opportunity to satisfy the doubts I had encouraged. His ferocity, pride, and obstinacy, united to piercing melancholy, gave but little assistance to my plan.—But when I ordered, in his hearing, that his work should be proportioned to his inclination, and that he was at liberty to go and come as he liked, the look of gratitude he assumed convinced
 “ me

“me I was not wholly wrong; and his subsequent conduct strengthened my former opinion, for my overseers informed me that he toiled incessantly, when only under their notice and that of his companions; but, on the arrival of any European, he immediately fled into the woods.”

Astonishing this! I feel more than ever desirous of interrogating this poor fellow.

September 1.

Poor unhappy Oran! He has several times been traced, but without success; and the orders of their master have hitherto prevented his pursuers from exercising any effectual means for taking him. Adieu, then, unfortunate creature! Adieu to every hope of developing the fate of my lost parent. And, finally, adieu to these sultry climates, where willing industry is enfeebled by a burning sun, and the muscles of robust health are relaxed by labour.

*To Mr. LESTOCK from FRANCIS BERISFORD,
Esq.*

Bedford-Square, September 1.

FAIRLY dish'd, by Jupiter.—All's up.—The chances are a thousand to one in favour of adopting the fashionable method of paying my debts with a *pop*.—Mettle to the last,

last, old one. — But what's to be done? — Cooped up with a little extravagant jilt! — Faith, Lestock, this is no time to dissemble. — The African might have supported her without injury to his fortune : But a fellow of spirit, like me, has enough to do with two thousand a year. — Come, come, don't be angry. — Take her home for the present ; and, if Adolphus return, she may be a lady yet. — Hark ye, Lestock, while you listen to the common cant of “ hard times, — rack-rents, “ — poor crops — small incomes and large “ families,” — *I* may bite my lips at Newmarket, in envy to those who enjoy a full purse, make high bets, and rattle through riotous days and convivial nights. — Talk of charity ! Why it was but last week I subscribed 100 guineas to get poor Barry out of prison. And though the wise-ones will tell us debts of honour are bribes for the devil, that's nothing to me. If my friend is in distress, where's the odds whether it is produced by a venture on the turf, or attention to the wants of every poor toad who can trump up a tale of poverty. — Once more, go to Hampton, and from thence to Aylesford. Plead my cause. For money I *must* have or — you may expect to see me squeezing a dirty face and long bread through the bars of some infernal prison, with, *Pray remember the poor debtors.* — Or kicking my heels in the tap-room of Newgate among — No. — No. — Not while bullets, halters, or even razors, are to be had. — Do now prithee, Lestock, try this once. Fortune may change sides, and then you shall be rewarded with interest. Yours,

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To FRANCIS BERISFORD, Esq. from D.
LESTOCK.

Mr. BERISFORD,

SIR,

Hampton, September 4.

YOU accuse my poor dear unfortunate child unjustly. What has she done to be thus cast off? How have you deceived her, me, and the injured Mr. Adolphus!—Little did I think you had totally ruined her character in taking her to France, and afterwards keeping her in your house, when I imagined she was with my sister.—But let her come home, poor thing; I shall not upbraid her. For with sorrow I find we have *all* been dupes to your extravagance, so shall immediately send up my accounts, which will not be easily settled, as your continual demands for money have generally obliged me to supply them from my own earnings till the quarters came round. It may be proper to inform your honour, that Workington, who sold you the two hunters and your six bays, has employed bailiffs to find you out.—I am, with respect, your honour's dutiful servant,

D. LESTOCK.

To

To Mr. LESTOCK from FRANCIS BERISFORD,
Esq.

Cary Street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields.

A H! villain! Is this your duty? Arrested. —Insulted.—No prospect but iron bars and impudent duns! “More stuff in the “office, your honour,” said the horrible governour of this enchanted castle, when I demanded if there was any thing else against me.

“At whose suit?”

“Your honour’s steward, one Mr. Lestock.”

Do you suppose I did not swear, execrate, and kick the vile informer?—Why you hypocritical rascal! you, who never boggled at any noble project, while your own pitiful carcase was safe; who enjoyed the storm of every bold attempt, while lying snug under the protection of my authority;—you, who could so quietly connive at every scheme for your daughter’s advantage, even to the taking in of the *injured Adolphus*, nor feared trusting her with an honest fellow! like me, who you *knew* despised the formal cant of virtue, delicacy,

cacy, and such stuff;—*you* to pretend compunction, because your own purse can no longer be replenished from mine! And then your warning against Workington, while your base soul was contriving a more complete ruin.—Mean-fordid wretch! May I never draw bit again, if I am not revenged.—Barry will procure bail for me, and then beware the offended

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

From the same to Captain BARRY.

Gary-Street Spunging-House.

COME this moment with two of your friends; I must find bail, or distraction will seize yours,

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

P. S. Leftock is a fiend.—Sported with the produce of a good estate; but, when I wanted a few hundreds, no cash to be had; pretended poverty; and now—arrests me for my own.

To FRANCIS BERISFORD, *Esq.* from Captain
BARRY.

CAPTAIN Barry's compliments to Mr. Berisford, is extremely concerned he cannot release him from his present situation so disagreeable. Would be happy to return the obligation Mr. B. so recently conferred, but is necessitated to join his regiment, which requires such an expence to do genteelly as utterly to preclude his wish to serve a worthy fellow.—Takes the liberty to recommend a mode of procuring bail much practised by such as unfortunately cannot command a better method, namely, to apply to gentlemen, who, by the help of a decent coat, a great deal of assurance, and a defiance of the pillory, will, for a sum in hand, make no scruple of helping those that cannot help themselves.—Barry encourages the idea that such are easily to be met with in every lock-up house in London.—Hopes to receive Mr. Berisford at Kilkenny, when he has shaken off the curb he so uneasily endures, where wine, gallantry, cards, and horses, will soon teach him to forget this temporary disgrace.

St. James's-Street, August 8.

To ADOLPHUS HAMILTON, Esq. from—

SIR,

Carey-Street.

THIS is to let your honour know that squire Berisford, who I nabb'd, at the suits of Mr. Workington and one Mr. Lestock, for the separate sums of 1000l. and 8000l. called me up stairs the night before last to make a propofal of searching the office, which I did this morning, and found seven considerable creditors had lodged detainers against him.—He swore dreadfully, and was going to serve me as he did once before, but I got out of his way;—for he is a mighty passionate man, your honour.—Well, about noon yesterday he sent for me up again. I went, and he ordered dinner, was pretty calm, but looked somehow very fierce and wild. At five, my wife and I carried up a fowl, some fish, and a tart, (for we have every thing more genteeler than any house of the fort,) but he eat but little, and, after drinking a bumper of brandy, which he generally did to keep up his spirits, as the saying is, poor gentleman, three or four times a day, he went to writing again, for I saw he had been at it all the morning.—About ten, my wife went up again; for we had a sort of a demur all the afternoon about a very troublesome gentleman, which prevented my looking in upon the squire;—and there she found him, your honour, stone cold, as the saying is, and the bottle of brandy, which we had left by him, quite

quite empty. At the bottom of the tumbler, which stood on the table, was something, which I since found to be *lodinham*. A surgeon who I have under my care bled him, but to no purpose.—I wrote all this to convince your honour we had no hand in this unlucky business, and to beg your honour would advise me what to do. And I am your honour's most *obsequious* servant to command.

P. S. The inclosed letter lay upon the squire's table.

To ADOLPHUS HAMILTON, *Esq.*

From my Prison.

THOUGH I know the name of Berisford has long been hateful to you and yours, yet the consideration of its being the last time the sight of it will mortify those who have reason to detest it may possibly lessen its ignominy in your estimation. Not that I repent.—No.—No.—Not such a sneaker as that neither.—I have lived the life of a fellow of spirit, and only lament the loss of those means which might have prolonged it.

You knew me when I possessed a clear two thousand a year. Health, friends, fortune; youth to enjoy pleasure, and cash to purchase it. I laughed at the sober, ridiculed the grave, gambled

gambled with the dissipated, and made the most of a strong constitution. But this could not last.—'Tis true, Lestock supplied me with money, but my demands were too frequent for his cunning to evade, without discovering more of his ill-got gains than was consistent with his scheme of building himself up upon my ruin.—At this time your African came in my way.—Quite a gudgeon.—I threw out my hook, well baited with charity,—he snapped eagerly,—and, under the pretence of paying a debt for Lestock, he joined his name to mine in the note you paid.—The bets at New-maket were a dead take in. Barry,—seize him ye fiends!—Barry went halves in the noble sum—I was tired of Sally Lestock.—Miss St. Leger's fortune excited me to make an attempt that way. But I saw Adolphus, though so young, possessed her heart.—I likewise discovered the attachment was mutual, though neither of them understood any thing of the matter.—Abrams was then applied to, but the old rogue was too wary. Could do nothing there.—They say the poor devil had courage enough to die like a gentleman. I could forgive him a thousand faults for that one noble act; however, Sally whimpered, Adolphus whined, and I blustered. A promise of marriage was obtained; and, from the neglect which followed, I imagine the silly fellow repented.—Should it be so, indeed whether or not, I am determined to do one piece of justice, in inclosing the promise.—Or, should not I say one piece of *revenge*?—Be it so.—A calm moment makes me blush for what I have written. Another libation to Bacchus,
in

in the form of a bumper of brandy.—And now I proceed,—Cards, dice, horses, &c. have now, with the help of my steward, completed the business.—My farm at——is gone. The mortgage foreclosed. A good five hundred yearly income gone into other hands.—Another, of three hundred, has been sold three years since.—And my debts amount to——. Oh! curse it, I cannot bear the retrospection.—Another glass, and then.—So.—Who's afraid?—Let me see, am I not at confession? My debts.—Ay.—Ten, twelve, thousand pounds.—Monstrous!—And not one friend to stand forth as bail.—Barry,—how it stings! called him a friend. I contributed to his release.—Still abominably stupid, by Jove.—So, here's dinner.—Can't eat.—But this is the liquor of life.—Methinks I could sleep.—Sleep? Ay, for ever. What and leave this gay world, to be nothing after all? Stop, Berisford. Thou art an injured man; and thou *hast* injured, whom?—Thyself!—Should not Barry be punished? And who is to do it, if—Well, but let him go.—In another world, perhaps.—Another world!—Oh! sickening thought! What can it do for me?—*Punish me.*—My father, my father, I broke thy heart.—Adolphus, I have ruined thee.—Sally, thou once wert innocent.—Should there be another world!—What then? Why, thy fate is decided, Frank Berisford. And yet wherefore should I fear to abide by the system of my betters? “Freethinking.”—“Liberty of opinion.”—Fashionable terms, but will they serve my purpose now? No matter. Here is a cordial for every sorrow.—Deep, deep,

deep, let me drink of its contents. And now 'tis done.—Courage, Berisford; thou wilt soon be beyond the reach of merciless creditors and false friends.—My brain swims. Sick,—sick at heart.—Heavy, stupid, gloomy,—but resolved.—Should I live, poverty, shame, and it may be temptations to do more evil, stare me in the face.—Another glass, and then.—Worse and worse.—I must conclude.—Adieu, sir. Let me say, that, notwithstanding I do not mean to live,—nay, the blow is struck,—I congratulate and envy, even envy, those who cheerfully bear every affliction, in the comfortable hope of a happy hereafter. And, in these my last moments, let me caution all who, like me, have brought themselves to a state which hardly admits of an alternative, not to give way to the suggestions of—Oh! I can write no more. . . . Again, I am somewhat recovered.—If there *be* a God, will he not have mercy? Oh! Mr. Hamilton, *what have I done?*

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

Hampton, Sept. 11.

THE inclosed letters * will doubtless awaken, in my dear Mary Ann's bosom, every emotion pity and horror can inspire. I will make no comments on a subject, the frequency of which cannot lessen the terror it creates.—Wretched Berisford! Mr. Hamilton received the shocking intelligence with a tear, and hastened to the bailiff's, in the vague hope of rendering him some essential service.—Vague indeed.—For the quantity of laudanum he had swallowed precluded every possibility of restoring the vital functions, and my brother had only to give directions respecting the disposal of the corse, with orders for a bill of the deceased's expences while under confinement, and left the house just as the jury entered.

Mr. Lestock called, during Mr. Hamilton's absence, and seemed more desirous to exonerate himself from any in justice in the management of Berisford's affairs than affected by the late dreadful termination of his existence. I could not be polite to a wretch of his description, and left him abruptly. Sally is returned to her vile

* See the two preceding.

father,

father, nor is she hypocrite enough to profess any sorrow for the death of a man whose fortune she will, by the chicane of Lestock, most probably be the better for.—Indeed, from the information of a gentleman who is well acquainted with the poor suicide's careless arrangement, we have certain reason to suppose he has given his steward a bond and judgment, which supercedes every other creditor's claim, but will appropriate the whole of his master's possessions.

Adieu, my love. I am sent for to Mr. Hamilton. Tell our good Mr. Hawkins that we earnestly wish to see his crutch decorating the bath, which has been rendered memorable by the restoration of many an invalid, and from which may he return in renewed health to his very faithful

LOUISA HAMILTON.

From the same to the Rev. Mr. HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

THE inclosed papers * will account for my eager request that you will use the utmost caution in disclosing their contents to your niece.—I felicitate the dear creature, my worthy friend, her father, our recovered Adolphus, and all who are interested in this delightful event. Ever your real friend,

LOUISA HAMILTON.

* See the general's letter, and journal of Adolphus.

Rev. RICHARD HAWKINS, to Miss HAMILTON.

Crescent, Bath, October 15.

WHEN our recent calamities bowed my spirit with anguish, and I sought for consolation in expressive complaints, the language of sorrow was unconstrained; but what words, are adequate to the sense of happiness so vast, so comprehensive, and so unexpected? I could, in the first instance, pour out the effusions of a wounded soul in prayer; I could appropriate the scourge of affliction to the chastisement of error, and blessed the hand which inflicted the salutary punishment. But now, grateful, ardent, nay enraptured, neither the flights of fancy, the dictates of prudence, nor the decision of judgement, are sufficient to lend a suitable vigour to thankful acknowledgement, and I am ready to say, with the excellent Thomson,

Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

Oh! madam, we kneel, we weep.—My sweet girl embraces me, sheds tears on my bosom, while she softly wipes my aged cheek, then exclaims, with pious tenderness,
“ Oh!

"Oh! my mother, dear long-lost parent,
"look down on your happy daughter. And
"oh! my father, may Providence safely guide
"you to a tender brother, a dutiful child."

"But does not my Mary rejoice at the *means*
"by which this blessed discovery has been
"made?"

She blushes. "Ah! my uncle, do you
"think—"

"What, my dear?"

"Why, that the welfare of your Adolphus
"is not precious to my heart?"—I fold her in
my arms—while she hesitatingly whispers,
"Dearest uncle, how indulgent you are to my
"weakness."

And thus, dear lady, have we passed the
moments since your letter arrived. Mary
Ann would have written, but I wish her to
defer it, as my physician allows me to leave
this health-restoring place in a few days, when
I hope to present to you a dear, grateful,
excellent, girl, who joins me in the most
affectionate remembrance of those friends to
whom she is indebted for so large a share of
felicity, as well as your obliged and obedient

RICHARD HAWKINS.

ADOLPHUS to Captain L'HEUREUX.

Sept. 23, dated at Sea, off Martinico.

HOW inexplicable are my feelings, dearest fir! Even at the moment I bless the rising breeze, which swiftly bears me towards Europe, my heart is charged with regret for those I leave behind. Mr. Cumberland, captain L'Heureux, the unhappy Oran, all take part in the sighs I vent for a beloved parent. The good general indulges me in the habit of reflection; and when I apologize for leaving him alone, or preserve a gloomy silence, he smiles, and says, "No offence, Adolphus; "I once could quit the kindest society for an "hour's contemplation."

Oh! fir, I feel I am yet an African; still possess the *amor patriæ*.—A circumstance takes place this morning which rouses every spark of compassion, resentment, and even rage. I am no longer cool, quiet, patient. My blood boils; my heart beats; I tremble; nay, am ready to weep.—It must not be.—They will whip him. My friend has no interest. He intercedes, I expostulate, in vain. The poor negro!—In one hour he is to undergo a severe punishment.

punishment. He may be wrong.—Yes, I believe he is.—His master, a refugee of immense fortune, who touched at Martinico in his passage from France, which he left on account of the unhappy situation of that country, has purchased several slaves, and, not being able to bear the climate, means to return and settle in Jersey.—One of these fellows proves sullen, obstinate, and even refuses to eat. This is certainly wrong; for it cannot be denied but that every gentle means have been tried with him.—No, I fear he is too proud.—*Pride*, Adolphus?—Is that censurable?—Is he not a captive? *Thy* countryman?—And ought he to submit to discipline?—Yes; if, cowardly and mean, he can dread a noble deliverance.—But they say he fears not death.—Brave African, thou shalt be free.

Hark! I hear a struggling.—He passes my door.—They drag him by his chain.—I must look at him.

Oh! sir, it is Oran, wretched Oran.—He shall *not* be punished.—The crew is summoned.—Say, let me think which way.—Oran, I will save thee, though *thy* punishment should be *mine*.

I have saved him!—*I have saved*—Who? Oh! sir.—

Continued

Continued by the General.

October 18.

DEAR L'Heureux, the weakness of my poor young friend has, at his earnest request, procured you a new correspondent. I wish him to stay till he can write the particulars of an event fit only for the fiery genius of an African to describe, but he says the subject will always be too powerful for his feelings, which would not only give an air of improbability to it, but deprive it of the cool regularity necessary to narration. May be so. Yet, to say truth, a cold recital will not convey the ideas I would wish to enforce ; therefore I shall endeavour, as nearly as possible, not only to follow his style, but to take the advantage of a retentive memory, and give the words, manner and actions, of the chief performers in this interesting business.—To begin, then.—It was indeed the wretched Oran, who, you have heard, escaped from my plantation about seven weeks since, that alarmed our impetuous Adolphus, as above, and who, attempting to get from the island, was seized by the boat's crew of a slave-ship, carried on board, and, upon his refusing to answer any interrogations respecting his former master, was publickly sold before the mast to a
Monfieur

Monsieur D'Etrees. From this period his behaviour was really culpable.—An obstinate invariable silence, and a continual rejection of his food, determined the Frenchman, to try the effect of a trifling discipline, but he endured the whip without shrinking, or the smallest change of countenance.—This was previous to his leaving Martinico.—Weak with fasting and affliction, the unhappy man, when he came on-board, seemed careless as to his future fate, and it was only the third day after we were shipped that our captain prescribed a vigorous exercise of the *cat*, as the only radical cure for such inflexible obstinacy. This intention was communicated to Oran, with the alternative of a free forgiveness, if he would change his conduct. A stern and savage smile informed his features. The expression was terrible. But he spoke not.—The pain, the disgrace, was hinted at.—

“Disgrace!—Have I not been *whipped*?” He then turned his head aside, nor would utter another word.

The Frenchman vowed revenge. The captain encouraged it. Adolphus—but he describes his own feelings.—I was truly concerned for this unlucky business; and, when Oran was brought upon deck, I applied to his passions, his reason;—aggravated the torments he must endure.—He listened.—His countenance changed. A steady serenity took place of the awful gloom. “Well, then, (said he in English,) they will kill me, perhaps.”—

“Do you wish to die, Oran?”

“Die!”

“Die!”—and he advanced one foot towards me.

“What, die under the lash?”—Looking irresolute.—“Give me but a weapon.”—

Oh! sir, at this moment Adolphus approached—Oran looked steadfastly at him. “I am going to die, sir,” said he.—

The sailors advanced to strip and tie him up. Adolphus seized him, and, grasping his hand with a convulsive struggle, was about to speak; but, his strength failing him, he could only gaze with the air of a maniac,—when suddenly Oran exclaimed — “Stand off, monsters.” And, eagerly addressing our youth,—“You are an African.—I am not to be deceived.—Give me the power of liberation.”

“I thank thee.—Now thou art my friend indeed.—Adieu.—May we meet beyond the mountains. — There I will be thy father, and thou shalt be as the child of my heart, the saviour of my honour.”

Adolphus sunk against him, unable to express the agitation of his soul.—Oran clasped him like one who was about to bid adieu to life. But the captain, determined he should suffer, exclaimed, “Separate them this instant, and bring the culprit hither.”

“Well, then, (said the victim,) since it must be so,” looking about with an air of majesty, “Prepare your tortures, savages; but know, they shall only open the path of death to the once noble ZIMZA, king of Tonouwah.” Then, extending the hand which was at liberty, he attempted, with a clasp knife, given him,—horrible present!—by
his

his only child, to make good his awful purpose. Adolphus revived,—looked up at him, and, catching the fatal weapon from the hand to which he had given it, unknowing, in that disguise, the revered object of mistaken heroism, grasped him still closer, and cried—
“Nature! nature! — Thy suggestions are
“realised.”

It is impossible to be minute on this part of my subject. It is sufficient to say, every sailor seemed ready to dispute the commands of his captain, had he enforced his former orders. Even M. D’Etree’s wiped away a tear; while I, the son of sorrow, was almost overwhelmed.—Poor Adolphus relapsed, and was carried away insensible. Zimza (no longer Oran) was immediately released, and followed his child to the cabin, nor once quitted his bed till returning sense convinced the idolising father that his son was in less danger. He then cheerfully partook of the refreshments we set before him, and every feature spoke gratitude and joy. M. D’Etree’s commissioned me to apologize for the treatment this injured king had received. But Zimza would not let me proceed.—“All is well, (said he.) But let
“the Europeans know, there is no difference
“between the *feelings* of an African and his
“prince, whatever education, principles, or
“superior virtues, may induce.—*You, sir,*
“have studied this doctrine. Could Zimza’s
“dignity have sunk to contented slavery, never
“would he have known another master.”

However we may contend for the necessity of supposing every negro to be possessed of ingratitude, obstinacy, or laziness, this man’s

conduct totally militates against the general idea. — Even when hopeless of retrieving his liberty, how docile and industrious he was upon my plantations, except when a generous disdain of his degraded state made him so eagerly shun the appearance of a stranger! — And now, with what *noble humility*, if I may couple the terms, does he express the highest obligation to me for my former indulgence and present services. I think you once, in a transient view of him, expressed much admiration of his form and figure; but, could you behold him in a complete military uniform, you would be ready to prefer him to the finest European nature ever created. The thoughtful majesty that beams in his eyes, the exact harmony of his features, and the grandeur of his soul, which informs every action, inspire one with a sort of veneration none but Zimza could create, and none but Adolphus is likely to equal. — The youth, by means of a journal he has written, from time to time, till he conceived this lamented parent was no more, has given him a clear and succinct account of his errors, misfortunes, sentiments, and principles. — Zimza turns to me his fine eyes, sparkling through a tear. — “Certainly” (said he) a superficial judge of my son’s behaviour, taken from the moment of his departure from Tonouwah, would be apt to pronounce it inconsistent, rash, and even contradictory; but those who have looked into a human heart, unbiassed by cold restraining caution, alive to every benevolent sensation, and ready to draw sudden and undistinguishing conclusions from momentary
“tray

"tary impressions, will be free to confess, the
 "youth has but acted in consequence of his
 "title to the above character.—I am strength-
 "ened in this decision by the perusal of his
 "journal.—For, allow him *pride*, and the
 "developement of his conduct becomes easy.
 "—Give but a proper allowance to that
 "passion, and who more generous and gentle
 "than Adolphus?—How candid in his con-
 "fessions! How warm in his friendship, even
 "almost to his temporal destruction!—How
 "affectionate to Sambo and Omra!—How
 "humble to his superiors, and duteous to his
 "parent?"—He stopped, and wiped his
 manly cheek. "And yet, (he added,) though
 "I once thought no European could be
 "worthy of my son, I doubt, fallen as he is
 "in the eye of prudence, whether he dare look
 "up to *your* daughter."

My answer gave this extraordinary man real
 pleasure, and it is hard to say which of the
 three is most delighted. Though there is a
 humiliating expression in the countenance of
 our young friend, which the beams of hope
 are scarcely strong enough to banish.—He
 presses my hand,—looks with diffidence, and
 cries, "Oh! sir, will you—will you be my
 "advocate with——"

I stop him.—"No, no, Adolphus; plead
 "for yourself.—In causes like this the plaintiff
 "is the best counsel."

Yesterday we arrived in Finsbury-Square.
 But I should have gratified you with an instance
 of the gallant generosity of Monsieur D'Etrees.
 When our vessel dropped anchor before Jersey,
 he came upon deck, where Zimza was con-
 versing

versing with his son, and taking his hand, offered it to us both, saying, " I have now
" the supreme pleasure of restoring liberty to
" the man on earth who can best deserve it.
" The most exemplary father to a dutiful son,
" and the noblest of Africans to an English-
" man not less noble."

Adolphus bent his knee to the disinterested Frenchman, while Zimza, with a look of gratitude, pressed my hand, and bowed his thanks for a liberation so gracefully performed.

I shall give up the pen to your favourite, Adolphus, after calling upon you to congratulate the happiest circle of friends that ever met, and am your sincere and faithful

GODFREY ST. LEGER.

To Captain L'HEUREUX, from ADOLPHUS.

Finsbury-Square, December 24.

WHAT return can I make my inestimable protector for the implicit confidence he placed in a creature deserted, as he imagined, at that painful period, even by his God!—Yes, sir, the darkness of my mind admitted not a ray of hope to illuminate the dismal scene.—I was about to plunge into eternity.—I had set my foot upon the extremest verge.—Every support gave way.—I felt myself falling.—But the Being I had offended, the Providence I had insulted, held out the means of safety, while he exposed to my astonished view the hideous appearance of my corrupted heart! I shrunk back; started with horror from the precipice, and once more gained firm footing; while *your* tenderness gave me additional encouragement to bear the evils I had brought upon myself. What return, then, I repeat, can be made for such goodness? Merely this; to gratify your benevolent heart by a recital of every event which has followed the general's communications, as well as to give you a summary relation of my beloved father's sufferings, from the time of his being
betrayed

betrayed on-board the *Louis* to the morning of that blessed discovery; and this I believe will be more easily completed by taking a copy of his journal, which he contrived to secure, as the sole article of property the cruel wretches did not take.

ZIMZA'S *Journal*.

Martinica, 12th Moon.

I WOULD divest myself of prejudice; I would look upon mankind as inheriting the same vices, the same passions and appetites.—I would say, interest governs the world.—It makes the Africans unnatural betrayers of their fellow-creatures, deceitful and tyrannous; while it induces the Europeans to be savage, greedy, and selfish. But when I would reason, indignation overpowers argument, and prevents the balance from fairly preponderating. Yet be patient, O my soul, while I try to arrange the materials of my sad story, and endeavour to give conclusive evidence against—
ah!

ah! dreadful!—against my own countrymen.—Unhappy Zimza, thou hadst reigned too long.—Easy, paternal, sincere, the protector of thy betrayers! Confiding, too careless, I suffered myself to be tempted on-board a European ship.—And, when there, manacled, insulted, reproached.—Could I bear it?—A prince,—royal,—unused to controul? But a friendly storm avenged my injuries. I thought it friendly, when it empowered me to take advantage of the neglect of the sailors, and throw myself upon the mercy of the boiling waves. For some minutes I was suspended by a broken fetter; but a fellow commissioned to seek me, (for I was directly missed,) in trying to disentangle the chain, let go his hold, and I fell into the sea.—The encreasing tempest, as it prevented any attempt to force me back to slavery and bondage, so it forwarded my deliverance, by tossing me upon a well-known shore, on which it was expected the vessel would be wrecked. With little difficulty I obtained the dry land. Day broke. My soul exulted in her recovered freedom, and I hastened to a party who were apparently forcing several people towards the sea-side.

This party was composed—of—my own subjects!—The prisoners were from Dahomy. I stood still, in a doubtful state of perplexity.—They advanced, discovered me, and, shouting violently.

No, there is no accounting for this general want of faith and probity.—For who can exculpate the servants of the king they would destroy?

destroy? Nay, far worse, whom they sold for — a *slave*?

With unsuspecting honesty I mixed with the traitors, and quietly travelled with them to the Gambia. A slave-ship was riding at anchor.—The men landed.—The prisoners were sold.—I was shocked, but could not prevent it, and, execrating this injustice, turned to leave them.—But the Frenchmen seized me.—I could not resist,—and saw the purchase of Zimza paid into the hands of his subjects!

Once more a captive, I scorned complaint, and was a third time sold, at our arrival at Martinico, to an Englishman, a gentleman, a Christian!—Unconfined, I am permitted to chuse my employment; to ramble at will about the vast woods and plains.—But I must not be ungrateful. I will work.—They indulge me in the gratification of my dislike to the presence of a stranger,—nor insist upon my submitting to the gaze of unfeeling curiosity.—

Who can divest youth of its ardent propensity to elucidate mystery?—The situation of my mind communicates a gloom to my features, a ferocity to my manners, that unites the attention of — my — and is it so?—Yes.—My *master's* visitors, one of which watches me continually. — He was near surprising me yesterday, but was disappointed.—Foolish and ungenerous, thus to press upon the retirement of wretchedness.—Distinguished by wealth and freedom, let him enjoy his privileges, nor seek to deprive me of the only blessing I can enjoy. —

It

It is too much, the cup of misery overflows.—I have seen the counterpart of—of my Adolphus!—Air, form, features!—He entreats me to stop.—His voice, too!—persuasive, mellow, manly.—How roughly I answered. How sternly I looked. He called again.—I fled, more distressed than ever.—Ah! may I never more behold the copy of an original—who—Distraction. . . . Well, there is consolation yet. Though the parent groans in bondage, the son is free, and let me lay, happy.

This phantom, brought hither merely to supply additional torments to Zimza's soul, pursues me to my extremest refuge. It was but this morning he called me *friend*.—He offered assistance.—Friendship from him, I cannot bear it—and in the moment I was tempted to embrace him as a son, I fled him as a monster.

Now, then, adieu to liberty and life—Nor food nor speech shall ever pass these lips.—I must die.—Comfortless, restless, and mortified, with the officious attention of a youth, whose curiosity deprived me of the precious hour of solitude, I fled—left the master whom a *prince* scarce needs blush to own, and wandered, wild and unthinking, to the shore, where even misery itself received the addition of aggravated torment, and I am now in the power of Yes, they have sold me to a Frenchman. We sail for Europe.—Again, mysterious wonder!—In the vessel which conveys my *master*, I have once more seen the phantom, to avoid whom I have thus precipitated myself.—Who can he be?—I

am

am not *his* slave—Would *he* have captured me in the very instant I was availing myself of the only chance for freedom?—No; no.—Chains! Whips!—Pencil, adieu for ever.

Thus far had he written when he was deprived of the power of continuing his journal, which was scattered in different fragments about the place of his confinement, and the succeeding hours were passed in silent anguish, till his grateful happy Adolphus, by means most awful, saw him restored to life, and every blessing his affectionate heart had given up for ever.

Our voyage was short and prosperous; and, though confined by the effects of surprise, terror, and joy, my hours rolled on enlivened by the attentive tenderness of a beloved father, and the cheerful conversation of our noble friend.

By the time we reached Portsmouth, my renovated health completed this indulgent father's happiness.—But my heart!—Oh! sir, its unequal flutterings! now impelled by fearful prognostication, now actuated by tumultuous hopes!—Hopes supported by the excellent general, fears created by my own unworthiness.

I have spoken of the unfortunate Miss Lestock.—I have reprobated my weakness, in giving a promise my soul dreads to realise.—Zimza listens to my representation. He looks serious.—“Do you perceive (he says) a firm reluctance in yourself to perform a covenant so solemnly made?”

I shrink

I shrink from an acknowledgement sincerity demands, and hesitate while I confess compassion alone induced my compliance with the unfeminine petition of an indiscreet woman.

"This mystery time must explain. You have been to blame, Adolphus; but your best virtues have been your betrayers, and prove how unequal they are to the cunning of a deluding world, if not supported by resolution and cool judgement."

How mild are the censures of the good, and yet how forcible! Thus would my parent have reproved a stranger. To the claims of consanguinity his justice allows no forbearance, nor could even his enemy provoke a wrong decision. The determination I have settled, not to suffer the unhappy girl to feel, in pecuniary instances, the loss of an alliance ambition tempted her to seek, (proportioned however to my future possessions,) has given some relief to my feelings, and I shall prove, in *one* instance at least, that I am Zimza's son.

Do you not expect, my dearest sir, a description of what, in its essence, is undescribable? For who can delineate the features of gratitude, love, joy, fear, pleasure, in their most striking forms and colours? But you will be reasonable, I know, and accept the imperfect traits of a picture which cannot be justly given. And now you are to suppose us landed at Portsmouth, where we immediately procured chaises, after forwarding letters to Finsbury-Square.

In vain my father's tenderness and the general's lively raillery were employed to give me

me that confidence in the forgiveness of the dear friends I had so much injured, and which was so necessary to divest the dreaded meeting of its terror.—Upon recollection, my purpose will be better answered by enclosing the minutes I have taken from my landing to the present moment.

Portsmouth.

Once more the picturesque scenes of this singular spot present to my reflecting mind the most sublime views. It is true, the fleet no longer gives that noble variety to the eye which not long since, comparatively speaking, charmed, through that optic, every gallant soul, nor are the shores cloathed with the redundant beauties of the summer. But there is a majesty in their spotless covering, there is a peculiar brightness in their snowy vestments, that charms the soul with silent contemplation. That hill above the town exhibits a shining mass of silver, to which the sun-beams give a radiant lustre, while they are too weak to change the purity of its appearance.—Along the coast the grandeur of winter is heightened by cottages, churches, trees, and cliffs, breaking the uniformity of the colourless earth. But how I trifle! What are these considerations to one whose felicity hangs upon the determination of a few succeeding hours!

Guildford.

How indulgent are my venerable companions! They permit me to scribble away the moments I ought to dedicate to their society.
With

With what delight did I hear the good general's arguments, in favour of Christianity, melt, by degrees, my father's opposition to particular tenets of it.—It is not an hour since he declared his intention of uniting the noblest virtues to the most exalted belief.—“Long
“(said he) have I despised the senseless adoration of stocks and stones; and the more,
“when I discovered the same pernicious principle to actuate the African as distinguishes
“the culpable European. For what treachery,
“though so much reprobated by its victims,
“can exceed that which I have suffered?
“Take notice, Mr. St. Leger, my heart
“and spirit shall bow to the Christian's God;
“but no controversial disputes, no casuistical
“objections, shall lessen my adoration of a
“being so sublime.—I will worship him as a
“God of benevolence, who has sacrificed his
“only son to recover those whom sin had
“misled. I will adore that all-righteous
“sufferer, who patiently, willingly, nay
“urgently, gave himself up, a free and spotless victim; but I have nothing to do with
“the contradictory opinions of such as, in
“their zeal for a good cause, admit every
“trifling deviation to be a foundation for idle
“distinctions and perhaps dangerous innovations,
“not considering that the one invariable
“principle for a Christian to observe, and
“which I have not yet forgotten, is, to do
“justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly
“with his God.”—

Now, Adolphus, thy fate will be decided.—From a chaise, which has driven rapidly into the yard, descends—Yes, it is my guardian,
and

and the blessed Mr. Hawkins follows. . . .

All is peace, love, and forgiveness.—I knelt.—My father too.—What humiliation does parental tenderness induce!

“Thou wouldst have preserved my son, (said he,) and thus accept my thanks for thy more than kind attention.”

Oh! how it distressed Mr. Hamilton.—He raised us both. He conducted us to my tutor.—It was a scene which nothing could exceed, but Mr. St. Leger’s agitation, when his brother, embracing him, cried, “Your child, our darling, waits at Ripley to receive a father’s blessing.”

Sambo, faithful worthy creature, he clings to my feet; he places my father’s foot upon his neck.—He speaks of Omra, and weeps bitterly.—He interrupts himself to say,—“My king, and my prince! They live too.—He go home, fetch poor Omra—Ah! poor Omra!”—Then he laughs, sings, dances, and weeps again.—“My king betrayed!—He lose his kingdom!—None fight for Zimza!—O yes. — Me fight.”—What disinterested affection!

I have seen her.—I have heard the accents of her sweet voice.—She too pronounces my pardon.—Sweet creature! who can describe her dutiful manner, her extatic reception of her noble parent!—No—silence, tears, embraces—more expressive than the most elegant language, graced this solemn meeting.—

Wretched Berisford! and hast thou dared to affront thy Maker by the dreadful commission of suicide!—I could weep for thee.—Poor, thoughtless,

thoughtless, rash—but, shall I reprobate thee—who, if not *quite* so flagitious was yet setting an example terrible to recollection!

How futile, how ill founded were my arguments, at that shocking period, in favour of the wild suggestions of a pusillanimous soul!—
“It is equally, (said my misguided passion,) it is equally disagreeable to labour through a life of poverty, want, or sickness: but slavery, poverty, and pain, united, can hold forth no such horrors as treacherous friendship has inflicted. Well, then, is there not a way to escape the prolongation of these evils?—The Romans were a brave people, and even honoured those who bravely defied the dread of suicide.—Many a noble African has rushed upon the weapon of destruction.—But they were strangers to Christianity.—Even in *this* country, men, rich in the blessings of revealed religion, desperate as Romans, savage as Africans, boldly produce numerous examples of self-murder.—Either to courage or cowardice must this propensity be owing:—And who ever branded Cato with want of intrepidity?—Who ever accused the noble Thomas, one of my predecessors, of poorness of spirit?”

Thus foolishly did I appropriate to my own private case the motives which actuated infidels, pride and rash despair. And what preserved me in the moment of temptation and trial?—Gracious Heaven! methinks I feel more strongly than ever the consequence of thy interference.

Lestock,

Lestock, too, though not a victim of passion, will, it is likely, be that of avarice. Since the heir of his late master, (the remains of whose shattered fortune added to many unjust accumulations from the same source,) has not only sued him for those remains, and obtained a verdict in his favour, but now means to commence a prosecution against this wicked steward for many sums as yet unaccounted for. Again I repeat, his unfortunate daughter shall not be neglected. Berisford did an act of justice, in returning the promise extorted from my credulity, nor can she be hurt by it, since, with the loss of my father's kingdom, fell the means of the support she hoped to partake.

Miss Hamilton, who accompanied her beloved—I am encouraged to say *my* beloved Mary Ann to Ripley, recognised, in the confused repenting Adolphus, her favoured friend and *protégée*, and humanely pitied, while she endeavoured to lend dignity to, the debasement his errors had occasioned.

“ My pupil (said Mr. Hawkins with a tender smile) claims a right to Miss Hamilton’s
 “ generous allowance. He has suffered severely ; and, though so young, already
 “ feels the importance of the doctrine that this
 “ world is a state of temptation : nay, he has
 “ proved it to be a situation open to sorrow,
 “ disappointment, and mortification — De-
 “ lighted with the brilliance of every opening
 “ prospect, expecting youth is too apt to press
 “ on to scenes more flattering beyond ; flight-
 “ ing even the possession of health, innocence,
 “ and

“ and honour, when it is only through the
 “ bright medium of these he can perceive the
 “ charming views.—But, remove the mag-
 “ nifying optic, strip him of those juvenile,
 “ those attracting virtues, too late he finds
 “ thick gloomy darkness close his glowing
 “ hopes; and, though the first of those valua-
 “ ble requisites remains, it only enables him
 “ to relish perhaps the dissipation his better
 “ reason would reject. Not so our young
 “ friend.—*He* has retreated with credit, and,
 “ by his candid ingenuous repentance, gives
 “ the best security for the future.—Forgive
 “ me, Adolphus; that blush upbraids my
 “ indelicacy in adverting to the humiliating
 “ recollection. And yet there is one more
 “ trial for your sensibility remaining.—Miss
 “ Lestock—(I started,) has written to Miss
 “ St. Leger. The letter is in my possession.—
 “ It is necessary you should see it. She is
 “ generous.—I am sure you are too warm an
 “ advocate for virtue not to admire it in the
 “ most homely garb.—The poor girl must not
 “ be given up.”

“ Given up, sir!—What means Mr.
 “ Hawkins?”

“ Not to distress you, Adolphus.”

“ You do distress me greatly, sir. In this
 “ presence, even to mention Miss Lestock is
 “ an injury—”

“ To no one present, (interrupted the gentle
 “ Mary Ann.) That young woman is to be
 “ pitied.—Will you not forgive her, when I
 “ acknowledge that the very letter my uncle
 “ hints at removed every prejudice I had con-
 “ ceived against your conduct? Come, madam,

"we will withdraw, [to Miss Hamilton,]
"while Adolphus runs over the effusions of
"a heart not totally corrupted."

What an angel is this!—How noble, how
disinterested!—It was some minutes before I
could attend to Mr. Hawkins's request to open
the mysterious letter.—The struggles of my
soul, the effervescence of gratitude, almost
stifled articulation. But, when I read the
unfortunate woman's confession, what con-
trary feelings agitated my bosom!—Pity, self-
reproach, abhorrence, I had almost said, even
for the dead, I have no doubt, gave my coun-
tenance the most horrible expression; for my
father, who entered while I was thus aw-
fully engaged, exclaimed, "Adolphus!—
"My son! Wherefore this change? What
"has distressed you?"

"The consequence of my own errors,
"dear sir. But give me a moment's leisure,
"I am only paying the debt of contrition."

He passed his handkerchief over his face, and
left me to my sad employment.

SARAH LESTOCK to Miss ST. LEGER.

IF I had not been encouraged by Miss St. Leger's general character for charity, and pity for the misfortunes even of the most culpable, I had not dared to solicit her attention to the situation of an unhappy girl, who, even in the moment of confession, feels the keenest remorse for the treachery practised against the benevolent lady she ventures to address.

I will not hurt your delicacy by any unnecessary reference to my connections with the wretched Berisford, or shock your exalted notions of filial duty in the accusation of a parent; but, when the facts are plainly stated, the arts discovered by which I was miserable, who shall exculpate the father or the betrayer?—For oh! madam, I soon lost the approbation of an approving conscience,—soon found myself reduced to connive at the treachery by which I had fallen.—At full liberty to enjoy the society most pernicious to retired modesty, enabled by my father to make a greater appearance than our finances could support, unawed by any internal restraint, and pleased

with the addresses of a man of fortune, I fell.—Berisford deceived me.—I said I would be explicit.—I intended to state facts as they progressively happened ; but it will not do.—It may be sufficient to say, I was *lost*.—A daily witness to Berisford's extravagance, and too clear sighted to a parent's iniquitous proceedings, I was unhappy but not convinced ;—thoughtful, but unable, perhaps unwilling, to avoid any mode of extrication.—At this period, my seducer became intimate with the African prince. “ He is a prize (said that “ vile man) worth looking after.”—My father was instructed, — pretended poverty ; — was under an arrest.—The generous Adolphus, instigated by his friend, made a critical visit, and we rioted in the spoils of his benevolence.

Another scheme was planned.—“ You must “ love this credulous being,” observed my paramour.—Alas ! what duplicity !—False tears, feigned distress, pretended illness, nay even threats to put an end to my existence, could not engage that noble heart, which, unused to disguise, I well knew, palpitated with the purest affection for Miss St. Leger.—But what the inflexible principles of justice and real love refused, he granted to pity and friendship, and the promise I received was blotted with the tear of regret.—Inflated with vanity, I forgot my caution,—and saw the abused youth no more.—Alas ! alas ! I have since heard he is *indeed* no more.—I thought to have asked his forgiveness, confessed my crimes, and. . . . Oh ! madam, is it indeed true ?—Then have you lost the worthiest, gentlest, and most beneficent, of human

human beings!—And I, wretched woman, have contributed to your unhappiness.—How then can you forgive me?—How can I presume to solicit your pardon?—And yet—my father, it is true has received me; but, since Mr. Berisford's shocking catastrophe, he is become penurious; denies me,—I blush to say,—denies me the necessaries of life. But there may be a reason.—And now what shall I say? . . . Let pity, let benevolence, supply the rest.

S. LESTOCK.

Pity and benevolence did *indeed* supply the rest,—for all she was supposed to have requested was immediately granted, and my dear friends have united in settling a decent competency on her, but they leave her father to the fate he so truly deserves.

The general paid a friendly tribute to the memory of an honest old soldier who had served him from earliest youth, and whose attention to my Miss St. Leger had rendered him dear to every friend of this noble family.

And can it be?—Am I indeed allowed to look with confidence to the future hope of passing my days with—Oh! my exulting soul!—with the sweetest of women?—Dear, modest, engaging, creature?—She listens to my ardent petition for returning favour, founded but upon an amendment of conduct, and with a mild encouraging countenance, she refers me to her father.

“ I am

"I am happy, (she says,) Adolphus, in my present situation; happy in the acquisition of a parent and adviser; happy in the enjoyment of friends and relatives."

"It will be your own fault, Adolohus," (interrupted the general, before whom I had been so explicit,) "if you do not give, in your own person, the last mentioned title to that of husband to Mary Ann St. Leger."

He left us, confused and silent, but returning immediately with my father,—“Come, (said he,) noble Zimza, let us unite in giving our children the best claim to domestic felicity. Take the consent of a man, my young friend, who would have denied her even to you, was there a prospect of finding another so replete with virtuous propensities.”

The entrance of Mr. Hamilton and his sister interrupted the expression of gratitude, and, while they congratulated us upon our intended alliance, gave a welcome relief to my heart, which was almost bursting to express its different feelings.

With a deep sigh, my father arose; and, in a tone serene, deep, and full, his attitude collected, his countenance strikingly majestic, —“I once (said he) had given up every expectation but that of passing the remnant of a short existence in slavery, which, however softened by the most humane attention to my situation, still was *slavery*. At another time, I looked forward, with trembling delight, to the moment which, by the slowest of deaths, that of fasting, would free my
“soul

“soul, impatient of the indignities it suffered.
“But, while anticipating the wished-for deli-
“verance, freedom came in a form the most
“pleasing, conferred by a child and friend.—
“To that friend I owe the highest earthly ob-
“ligation for the protection and happiness of
“that beloved child; whose hand, after he
“has taken the projected tour of Europe, I
“ardently wish to see accepted by the object
“of his earliest affection. Had ingratitude
“and rebellion confined their influence to
“polished courts, Tonouwah had not rejected
“and betrayed its lawful sovereign, nor had
“the son of a king been indebted solely to his
“own virtues for an establishment to which I
“can add no temporal advantages. For
“Zimza, whose ancestors eat the bread of
“freedom, who launched the powerful weapon
“at their opponents, and who were obeyed
“in silent awe by their numerous subjects,
“now, banished and proscribed, no longer
“appropriates the claims of royalty to his
“disappointed successor. Poor and deposed,
“my alliance can confer no hereditary dignity,
“no worldly greatness.—But, though deprived
“of every brilliant recommendation, though
“the outward glare of wealth distinguishes not
“my appearance, yet is Zimza’s soul, that
“superior principle which actuates the human
“frame, still the same.—And may that spirit
“of independence and probity, which, I trust,
“no earthly mortification can ever subdue,
“descend unsullied to his son.—To him I
“shall not cease occasionally to enforce the
“practice of every moral, every Christian
“virtue.—Yes, Adolphus, I would see thee
“more

" more than a brave, more than a generous,
 " more than a polite,—I would see thee a
 " **GOOD MAN**. I would see in thy conduct
 " every grace united.—And oh! when thou
 " reflectest on the deposition of thy parent and
 " thy own loss of temporal honours, let it
 " make thee still more tenacious of the rights
 " of sovereignty, should they ever be attacked
 " in the person of the monarch under whose
 " gentle auspices so many blessings are enjoyed;
 " particularly the very essence of that freedom,
 " to obtain which, in a neighbouring nation,
 " so many horrid massacres, barbarous assassina-
 " tions, and unjust decrees, have already ren-
 " dered a once arbitrary government still more
 " so by the means employed to suppress it. My
 " soul disdains the wretches who, while grasp-
 " ing at the shadow, are losing the reality; as
 " if the rights of man consisted merely in ob-
 " taining power to destroy each other; where,
 " instead of altering, they attempt to annihila-
 " late."

" Fear not, Zimza, (interrupted Mr. Ha-
 " milton. The best barrier a king can boast
 " is the lively affection of his subjects, ground-
 " ed upon, and strengthened by, his own
 " estimable qualities.—Nothing can force an
 " entrenchment so powerful.—By supporting
 " his monarch an Englishman secures his own
 " freedom.—The safety of the king is the basis
 " of his own, on which he builds the strongest
 " claims to honour, wealth, and peace.—
 " Under the quiet regulations of a protestant
 " monarchical government, commerce flour-
 " ishes, arts are encouraged, science rears
 " her head, and there is no room for complaint,
 " unless we allow it to a few discontented mor-
 " tals,

“tals, who, hoping to glean the spoils of
 “successful faction, peep from their shells,
 “and, like the groveling snail, fastening on the
 “fairest fruit, vainly attempt to spoil the noble
 “produce they cannot destroy. But their
 “dirty track shall be pursued, while, crushed
 “by the hand they have provoked, they will
 “lament too late the ruin they have de-
 “served.”

“I have listened impatiently (said the gene-
 “ral) to the noble Zimza’s delicate reference
 “to his own degraded situation. My good
 “friend, will you permit me to say it is a
 “reflection upon me, who would boast of your
 “alliance, had you never possessed a kingdom.
 “—We wish neither for titles nor riches.—
 “Had we more, we should only multiply the
 “appendages to luxury; had we less, we
 “should still have enough.”

My father was affected. — “Yes, (he cried,)
 “I was wrong.—Mistaken gratitude urged the
 “confession, and I will yield in point of true
 “greatness even to a European.—And now to
 “thee, (turning to Mr. Hamilton,) to thee,
 “the former guardian, and to thee, (to Mr.
 “Hawkins,) the revered tutor of my son, my
 “soul is drawn by the most affectionate sym-
 “thy; while the goodness of the amiable Miss
 “Hamilton fills me with the idea of female
 “wisdom personified.—And oh! mayest thou,
 “sweet Mary Ann, (to Miss St. Leger, who
 “just then entered with her friend,) who are
 “the produce of a noble stock, be ever shel-
 “tered from a rude world, which once had
 “nearly sullied the tender foliage of inno-
 “cence.”

I know not whether a description of these effusions of the heart will atone for my liberty in taking my good L'Heureux's important moments; but the following little anecdote may perhaps be a fresh demand on his patience. Sambo, who, since my arrival, has scarcely articulated an unimpassioned sentence, entered my chamber, last night, with an uncommonly pensive air. Upon looking up, I discovered he had been in tears. "What now, Sambo?—(I cried,) you seem afflicted?"

"Me—sad—Yes."

"I do not wish to see you sad.—Tell me the cause."

"No, you will be angry.—And yet—and yet—*Pon my soul*, me can't help it."

"In tears again?" I was alarmed; but, looking stern, "What means the cowardly puppy? Will you never get the better of this ridiculous weakness?"

"O massa, when you cry, Sambo was sorry."

"—He cry much.—But now you be so happy, poor Sambo may go."

I was ashamed. The accusation was too just.—"Tell me, then, (said I, more mildly,) what is the matter. I will not be angry.—"

"Perhaps you wish to go home."

"No;—no;—But me have seen your wife."

"My wife!—Villain!"

"There now; what have me done? Oh! poor Miss Lestock!—She see me to-day; so she cry, and pray for you—and your other wife."

There was no explaining the affair to Sambo, who seems to think but little of the *legal* ties

of marriage. Indeed, his attachment and constancy to Omra was mere matter of accident. Had he seen one he could have liked as well, Omra would have shared but part of his affections. He now proceeded to tell me that, crossing St. James's Park, towards evening, he heard a young woman feebly attempting to call after him; and, when he stopped, she took him by the hand, and, bursting into tears, asking him if his master were *really* dead.—That his answer had such an effect she was near fainting.—He supported her to a seat, and, when she recovered, her joy was excessive.—That she looked extremely ill, but said, “Now she should be happy.—She wanted for nothing but peace of mind, and now she did not despair of obtaining that.”

She spoke, if I may judge from his broken expressions, in the highest terms of the family in Finsbury-Square; and, when she was about to go, fell upon her knees, praying for blessings upon us all.—Her father, she said, was in prison, and, but for her assistance, would be in the wretchedest indigence.

Sambo concluded with begging me not to be angry. “But indeed,—indeed, (said he,) “she so cry my heart did cry too.”

Unhappy girl!—I fear, nay, I am too well assured, my own conduct in that affair was reprehensible.—Nor was my extreme youth any excuse for actions committed without the sanction of those whose tender care and cautious prudence would have been more than equal to the chicanery and arts by which I blindly fell,—Unhappy girl! I repeat. Shall a poor unenlightened Indian sanctify thy misfortunes with
tears.

tears of pity, and shall I, who was once engaged to protect, harden my heart against thee? No.—Sambo shall teach me the lesson of humanity, and even the culpable parent for his daughter's sake shall be relieved.

My amiable Mary has heard Sambo's artless tale; and when to that I added my own sense of this affair,—“Yes, Adolphus, (she said,) “the father must be assisted, that his daughter “may reap the fruits of those benefits her little “establishment allows. You have nothing to “do in this business. Miss Hamilton and “myself will arrange it, and I doubt not “but you will find it settled to your satisfaction.”

When gentleness and benevolence are united with beauty, what heart can resist the forcible attraction! How considerately delicate! And with what noble compassion does this inestimable creature seek as it were to restore to me my own good opinion! Oh! that I had never forfeited it.—However, one good effect may flow from my defection. The shock self-love has sustained will lessen that presumption which had set itself even above temptation.

We are already preparing to leave England. My father resolves never to quit his favoured sen, and proposes to reach Italy by the way of Leghorn, as the troubles of your unhappy country render travelling through it both melancholy and inconvenient, if not highly dangerous. As I have glanced upon the awful subject, permit me, dear sir, to offer my fervent wishes for its recovered tranquility, torn and embroiled

embroiled as it is, not only by foreign invaders, but by still more cruel destroyers, who at first sought only perhaps to repair the errors of a faulty building, not considering how much they would weaken the foundation by taking away the damaged supporters, and placing others, equally unsound, in their room. May you, my worthy friend, escape the ruin in which such destruction may probably involve those who can hardly determine whether the success of either party shall produce a blessing or a curse.

We have this day received a most pleasing addition to our party.—Mr. Sealy, whose name and character is not unknown to you, is just arrived from Bath, to give pleasure to all who know his worth.—The general, before he was announced, recognised in him a long absent and affectionate companion.—His grateful remembrance of the almost parental services that gentleman had rendered his daughter, was delivered with a concise and elegant energy.—My father says, “had *he* been obliged to serve a European, Mr. Sealy would have stood next Mr. St. Leger in his election of a master.”—Such a letter of recommendation is the countenance, when supported by an open liberal manner,

With the most humane attention has Mr. Sealy visited the forlorn Mrs. Abrams, of whom you have heard me make (shall I say, *honourable*?) mention.—She was extremely shocked to see the father of her late ward, for the general accompanied his friend, and began to weep profusely.—But her tears were soon stopped, when she found herself enabled, by
the

the good merchant's generous interposition, to look forward to better hopes than her late darkened prospects had admitted

"But indeed, (said she,) Mr. Seeler, (with a renewed sob,) I have been very much deceived,—ay, and abused too,—by them there runners. It's a sad thing, Mr. Seeler, to be reduced, one do'n't know why or wherefore.—Here I used to have a coach at command, as one may say, and a servant in livery; and now—to be stripped of every thing. For they did'n't leave me so much as a damask window-curtain."

My friend waved the subject, and left her tolerably composed.

"I cannot but feel, (said Miss St. Leger, when she heard of the poor woman's ignorant if not artful complaints,) for Mrs. Abrams, who has no resource, in the day of distress, but self-commiseration. Though Miss Hamilton's stronger mind rejects a pity which, in this case, she argues, grounds its motives only on the claims of necessary mortification, and very properly urges the service her disappointment may produce to a spirit inflated by criminal prosperity, nor doubts but she stands a greater chance of tranquility in the expectations of a spare mediocrity, than while she was subject to the perpetual alarms arising from even the remotest view of danger to her late illegal possessions. Here a decision so just supercedes the operation of ill-grounded tenderness, and establishes the superiority of judgement to that of the most laudable passion.—But still, where the defect is congenial, as I may call
" it,

"it, weak minds, like mine, can hardly avoid
"embracing the errors it may induce."

What amiable sophistry! One can hardly blame its tendency, which evidently leads to a wish for the happiness of our fellow-creatures.

Who, my friend, can think with patience of the long separation so speedily to take place, that is permitted to indulge the charming though protracted hope of passing his future days with such a gentle, lovely, sensible, partner. Adolphus, where is thy rashness, thy impetuosity? In the cause of a friend they were exerted almost to thy destruction; but now, when the exertion would be praiseworthy, how cold, how tame, how submissive!—When the ocean formed a tremendous barrier between us, my soul burnt to lessen the distance, though unknowing what fate was preparing.—And shall the certainty of expected felicity chill the glow of ardent love? When, impelled by a spark of that impetuosity, I venture to express my sentiments, the blushing Mary, with an averted countenance, expatiates on the advantages of a foreign tour; and, when I would paint the sweet scenes of domestic peace, she adverts to the gratification of masculine curiosity in a view of the Roman antiquities, the rarities of the Florentine gallery, and the contemplation of the majestic Pyrenees, stupendous Alps, or lonely Appennines. Thus prudently counteracting the ebullition of fervent passion.—I would apply to Mr. Hawkins, but *he* too is prudent. Oh! this European—what must I call it,—*virtue*?

And

And would thou, Adolphus, so lately liberated from the worst of slavery, that of the passions, militate against whatever bears the appearance of goodness? Is there no middle station for this cold phlegmatic local deity? for I am sure it never extended its influence beyond Europe. —No.—Well, then *virtue* be it. —And, after all, it must be so, or would Mary Ann suffer it to influence every word and action? —To-morrow,—oh! my friend,—to-morrow we once more quit this hospitable land. —Adieu, ever kind and generous L'Heureux.

Conclusion of the Letter by ZIMZA.

Amidst the numerous protectors my son has met with, the good L'Heureux claims a sacred remembrance.—May his heart be largely gratified in the power of doing acts of beneficence, and may he be equally rewarded, by every object of his pity and sympathy, by consequences as great as those we now rejoice in.—The accomplishment of these wishes will be the best return his noble soul can receive. Perhaps you will wonder at the apparent delight I take in acknowledging a sense of obligation to the people, to whom thou mayest suppose my mind has long borne a rivetted hatred; but even Zima can retract, when conviction requires it; and, though no circumstances, no situation, can palliate what in itself is bad, at least in the eye of integrity, yet prejudice shall never warp the liberal soul.

For

For which reason, I would just advert to a subject, the discussion of which may clear my character from the imputation of partiality or a too hasty conclusion.

If I have reprobated vices that have brought evils upon so many of the human race; if I have supposed Europe to be the seat of local crimes, because the fruit of those crimes extended more particularly to the wretched Africans; let not this mistake, I beseech thee, extend to the exclusion of every just, every generous, sentiment. I have seen enough to execrate even those from whom I had reason to expect duty, protection, and love. For, if all duties are reciprocal, what is not due to a king who ever possessed a decided affection for the people he was sent to govern? But I have met with a shocking return, and can truly charge my countrymen with unprovoked, though, sad to say, *not* unprecedented, barbarities, and stand a melancholy instance of their treachery and ingratitude.—Yet, putting my own case out of the question, does it follow, because these Africans fight, take captives, and set up a traffic unnatural and illegal, that Europeans are to be the purchasers? Will it obtain, with the consistent part of mankind, that such an arbitrary system is to be supported, or rather countenanced, by European tyranny? Needless is the mention of principles like these to L'Heureux, but I cannot help asking thy nation, or any body of people concerned in this trade, if they would be more passive, more gentle, were the negroes situation theirs? Our people must undoubtedly labour for their subsistence; but who is there
that

that would not, were it possible, endure ten times the weight of voluntary burthen, rather than of that which is constrained?

When, in England and Africa, I have contemplated the athletic sports of youth, "Surely, (said I,) free-will enables one to do much. How many of these active young ones would sink under the idea of being *obliged* to labour equal to this exercise! proving the hypothesis I would establish, that, were even the negroes under less severe restrictions, or could they be engaged on terms more gentle, much of these complaints would be done away."

We are told that none but slaves *can* do the work, because none but them can bear the *heat*. Now, then, if heat enervates stronger men, even to rendering them feeble as the negroes, still they are upon an equality; and, if the former, under these circumstances, can do as much, wherefore the necessity of urging creatures to an exertion which sullenness and a sense of unjust treatment makes so extremely painful?—Thou seest, and wilt perhaps say, I argue like an African; but is there not reason in my argument?

It is true, I have been nobly treated by the only master I ever acknowledged; and, even in the moments of deep dejection, offended pride, and meditated vengeance, never suffered my soul to breathe a thought of revenge against him. And doubtless there are many of my countrymen distinguished by the same humanity; for all masters are not merciless.—But does it follow that *all* slaves experience such indulgence?—Power is a dangerous thing; fascinatingly

fascinatingly sweet, and too often urges the possessor to actions which to his cooler reason must appear culpable.—One thing more I am well aware of; we are represented, in general, as proud, sullen, obstinate, and even savage. It is said, our sovereigns encourage their subjects to war, merely for the advantage of selling their unfortunate captives; particularly a prince *Abbo*, who is much enraged with the English, for endeavouring to stop a traffic which has hitherto proved so lucrative to him. These latter assertions, I fear, are too true. But let me ask, how can a poor creature, who is ignorant of the true reason for which he is enslaved, and possessed of the idea of suffering the death from others he knew must be his lot if kept in Africa;—how, I say, is such a one to express his feelings?—Taught, perhaps, that complaint would be below him as a man, and imbibing from his predecessors a love of revenge and the most dreadful retaliation, his dignity takes shelter in obstinacy.—His feelings absorbed in the contemplation of future retribution, he scorns the inflictors of punishment which pride considers as disgraceful, and he meditates a savage retaliation, should fate give him the power of realising it.—Oh! that Zimza may live to see a more moderate conduct take place! And earnestly does he pray, that a similarity of principle, a coincidence of sentiment, a harmony of opinions, and a general knowledge and observance of the tenets of the Christian religion, may soon pervade the farthest corners of the habitable globe.

globe.—Nor can he conclude without joining his Adolphus in wishing peace and unanimity to thy distracted nation.

Adieu, friendly L'Heureux. Accept, we entreat thee, the united esteem and respect of our little society, who derive real happiness from the valuable consideration that on thy felicity they ground their own.

ZIMZA and ADOLPHUS.

Miss

Miss ST. LEGER, to Miss HAMILTON.

Abbeville.

WE have, my dear madam, bid a long adieu to your favourites, after accompanying them to Abbeville, beyond which it would be imprudent to pass towards the metropolis—Zimza has altered his plan, and means, if uninterrupted, to coast it to Brest (as he wishes to pass through Normandy) and take shipping for Leghorn.—Of course, we shall return to Calais; and with a pleasure, which I hope you will not attribute to cowardice, I shall embark for peaceful England.—Poor Adolphus!—We all felt for him.—“You will not (said his father, rather sternly):” “degrade yourself in the estimation of a tender female.”

He looked at me.—I smothered a tear, but he saw it.—“It is enough, (cried the worthy youth,) that tear was shed for me, and I am satisfied.”

I smiled.—“That tear, Adolphus, is due to friendship.”

“To friendship only, and none to love?”

“Nonsense!”

"Nonsense!—In our situation the terms are synonymous."

"Methinks I could controvert that argument."

"Not now, my friend; let it be a subject of future correspondence."—He acquiesced.—The chaise drew up; I would have retired; but Zimza, with the affection of a parent, caught my hand.—"Adieu, my child.—Adieu," (he repeated,) "sweet object of my Adolphus's tenderest love." And then, looking at my father and, giving the hand he held to his son,—"General, you confirm this gift?"

"With all my soul," answered my parent.

"Brother Hawkins, add *you* sanction." The dear old man could not speak, but clasped his children in his aged arms—and—we parted.

I could not trust myself to look after the chaise, for the last words of my faithful Adolphus had nearly overpowered me.—"I leave you, (said he;) but my foreboding heart taxes me with cruelty in so doing.—Nay, it whispers we part for *ever*!"

Foolish, to dwell with painful regret upon effusions of impetuous passion! But the *last* words of a friend will leave disagreeable impressions.

Treason!—Prisons!—Perhaps death!—Are these the fruits of all my brighter prospects?—Distraction.—Who has blighted the fair fond hope I cherished of soothing the declining days of a beloved father? Of lightening the sorrows which anxious retrospection might sometimes induce?—Adolphus, Zimza, happy
in

in each other's society, ye know not the pangs which tear a daughter's apprehensive heart. Dear revered sufferer.—Precious gift of heaven! Restored, as I thought, in *pity* to a mourning orphan, so soon torn from these arms!—For alas, I could not hold him.—What had he done to be thus ignominiously treated?—What could he now do, admitting his principles militated against the present powers of France?—Amenable to laws he attempted not to controvert, and carefully keeping among these suspicious people his opinions to himself, wherefore this infringement on the rights and happiness of two individuals? *Two*, did I say?—*All* will lament the fate of the noble St. Leger.—The preserver of Adolphus, the friend of Zimza, is,—oh! my bursting bosom,—is the victim to some diabolic scheme, and the inmate of a place I shudder but to pass.

Mr.

Mr. HAWKINS in continuation.

IN pity to the agonising feelings of my poor niece, I will attempt an explanation of this dreadful mischief.—Dear frantic soul, how wildly she interrupted me! “I will *not* have patience, (she cries.) Save my father.—Oh! those horrid walls, those tremendous gates, must they form a part of “Godfrey St. Leger’s habitation?”

Sweet creature, her affecting lamentations pierce my soul,—The hospitable landlady (in this instance hospitable) has prevailed upon her to retire to her chamber, where she weeps, dries her eyes, then weeps again, but will neither lie down nor receive any nourishment.—Alas, madam, we thought ourselves perfectly safe at this distance from Paris. And undoubtedly should dam, we thought ourselves perfectly safe at this have been so, but from the effect of some deeply-hidden treachery which we cannot develope.

Yesterday, while waiting for chaises to convey us to Calais, we were informed none could just then be obtained, as they were employed in the service of couriers, who were engaged in carrying dispatches to different places, but that two were expected in the evening, which should

should certainly be reserved for us. This arrangement was by no means pleasing; added to which was a report, very suddenly propagated, that the people, in imitation of the Parisians, were determined to examine strangers as well as French, respecting their political sentiments.—Terrified and unhappy, my niece threw herself into her father's arms, claiming, by that expressive motion, his ineffectual protection. The general smiled—"What fears
"my Mary? (said he,) we are not emigrants.
"These people will not forfeit their well-
"known characteristic for humanity to
"strangers."

She shook her head.—"Ah! sir, but should
"yours or my uncle's principles be known."

Again he smiled.—"There is no danger,
"my love."

"True, (I added;) and, should your
"father be known, his situation in America
"would exonerate him from suspicion. For
"myself, they will hardly notice a poor old
"man."

"I shall not, in that case, (said the general,) deny my present sentiments. When
"I fought abroad, it was to preserve my pro-
"perty. Even then my heart spoke in favour
"of monarchy; and, though I detest all
"arbitrary power, I am as much against un-
"principled liberty."

"Then, (said Mary Ann, in a trembling
"voice,) you will confess a disinclination—"

"Peace, my love; there is no danger."

His serious manner intimidated his daughter; but, soon recovering his usual cheerfulness,
O and

and every thing continuing quiet, Mary's spirits revived, though she could not help uttering a wish for our safe arrival in Finsbury-Square. It now grew dark. — The chaises were again enquired for, and again refused. — Supper was ordered, and, when it came up, Mr. St. Leger asked the landlord if there was any prospect of our quitting Abbeville that night. The man fixed his eyes, with a ghastly stare, upon his interrogator, and said, there would be danger in the experiment. I suppose then we must sleep here. The fellow muttered something of "betters," in a surly accent, and left the room.

"Very extraordinary this," observed my brother.

"And no less mysterious," I answered.

We soon finished our light meal. — It grew late, when our servant entered in visible confusion. — Nay, I observed he trembled as he put the wine on the table. The general, equally quicksighted, demanded the cause of his agitation; and upon being informed the lower part of the room was occupied by several armed men, he, mechanically as it were, started up, took down his sword, and, seizing a pistol, sat down again.

"Oh! my father, (cried Mary Ann,) we are lost. — What noise is that?"

Joseph went to the door, and was met by seven of the national guard, headed by an officer, who commanded the general, on pain of immediate death, to surrender his arms. — Our dear girl rashly threw herself upon her knees before the men, her words by no means corresponding with her attitude. — "You
" shall

"shall not touch his sacred person—He has fought and bled in the cause of *liberty*, what would you have more?"

The officer, mildly putting her by, advanced with his sword drawn.—"You must (said he) submit. Provoke not my people to desperate measures.—I act by authority. You are accused of purposes inimical to our present government."

"It is false, (replied St. Leger,) my principles are well known. If you doubt them, let the certainty of my being an Englishman convince you. I love my liberty, and venerate my king.—Had your boasted reformation been grounded on motives sincere as mine, the consequences would have been not lawless anarchy, but a quiet well-governed police."

"Your words condemn you, proud sir.—But, though we have no *Bastille* for traitors, we have suitable punishments for faults like yours."

"Yes, well we know your boasted power, signalised as it is in acts of violence, massacres, and vile assassinations."

"My dearest brother, (I cried,) have pity on your poor child. If we must submit, let us do it quietly. It is in vain to contend.—This is a stretch of authority that a little time must explain. We cannot be detained, unless in the defiance of the faith of nations.—See this dear girl, convulsed and frantic!"

His noble soul was overcome.—Dropping his arms, he knelt by her, as she lay in agonies on the floor, and, raising her from the ground,

while big drops of anguish fell from his eyes,
 "My sweet girl, (said he,) look up.—Your
 "father is safe.—Revive, my beloved Mary.
 "—Recline your precious face on a father's
 "bosom.—Well, sir, (resuming, in some
 "degree, his former haughtiness,) are you
 "satisfied—Do you not enjoy this distress!"
 "You wrong me, sir, (said the officer.) I
 "can feel for what I cannot relieve.—You
 "are positively accused, by one of your coun-
 "try, of receiving emigrants, and of corres-
 "ponding with the aristocrats, and fomenting,
 "by your pen, the broils of our unhappy
 "nation. For this you are rendered amenable
 "to our new law, and must be taken to Paris
 "to be tried."

"To Paris!" cried the miserable daughter,
 raising her head, and then dropping it upon
 the tender father's breast.

"Monstrous! (said the general,) vile base
 "pretence! What villain has traduced St.
 "Leger's unsullied fame?—But no matter, I
 "am ready,—Mary, my love, I leave you
 "but for a short time.—Brother, be careful
 "of this drooping blossom." He then gently
 placed her in a chair. She could not speak,
 but fixed her eyes upon his, and clasped his
 hands in hers, with such agonising sighs and
 groans as drew a tear from the officer, and
 exclamations of pity from his men. But fruit-
 less were the emotions of these honest souls,
 they were obliged to perform their duty, and
 the dear child beheld her father *indeed*, as she
 "pathetically says, torn from her arms."

I must

I must leave off. She is seeking me in every apartment. — "Perhaps (she says) they have taken my uncle too." But here she comes. — I will just add, the municipal officer kindly promises the general shall not be removed for a week to come. Dear madam, tell our kind Mr. Hamilton we anxiously hope, before that time is expired, we shall see him at Abbeville. Perhaps his superior mind may advert to the cause of this terrible mischief. Fly, then, dear and respected sir, to the relief of your poor friends, who, next to the Almighty, look to you for comfort and redress. Could we but be admitted to the noble prisoner, my dear niece would be more composed, but he is indeed most strictly confined. — Adieu, good Miss Hamilton. Ever your most obedient and most unfortunate

RICHARD HAWKINS.

Ah! Miss Hamilton, will you not come to your desolate Mary Ann, who has no endearing female friend to soothe her sorrows? — Methinks, if you were with me, I could weep; — but now — oh! my uncle, do not chide me. — You are too kind, — kind even in your reproofs. — But come, dear lady, to the wretched

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

Rev.

Rev. RICHARD HAWKINS to A. HAMILTON,

Esq.

Abbeville.

THE week is expired and no intelligence from England—My friend will be lost.—And my niece—wretched old man!

Why was my life preserved, my wants relieved, my heart gratified with the choicest blessings, but to behold myself reduced to a distress more horrid than words can express?—And is this the language of a Christian! Presumptuous mortal! Kneel, tremble, and adore.—Yet, to see the situation of a once cheerful creature!—Bewildered, and almost insensible even to the poignancy of sorrow—To know, that, in a few days more, the noble victim of concealed malice will most probably suffer an ignominious death. Alas, sir, will not the terrible climax almost justify the exclamations of despair?—But be calm, my impatient soul.—Sink not under trials so necessary to a state of frailty.—Banish every selfish thought, and exert thy utmost efforts to console and assist the only relative who can claim thy services.

Continued

Continued by Mr. HAMILTON.

Abbeville.

IT is well for my dear sister that she listened to her brother's arguments against a scheme which her strong affection only could divest of its terrors. France is no longer the seat of gaiety and peace. But each mistrusts the principles of his neighbour, and malevolence gratifies itself at the small expence of greedily-devoured information. To such malevolence the general owes his present confinement; but the ostensible cause yet lies concealed, though he cannot long remain so.—The first examination takes place to-morrow, and I am encouraged to hope the unhappy prisoner will be spared the trouble and danger of a journey to Paris.—I have seen the municipal officer. He is a man of sense, politeness, and humanity. But all the information I can acquire respecting this treacherous business amounts only to the certainty, that there is a monster base enough to destroy the tranquility of a worthy helpless family; that he has given the fullest evidence respecting St. Leger's sentiments, and even produced written testimonies of

of his correspondence with a refugee. Surely this violation of the privilege of a foreigner will be elucidated. I am all impatience for more satisfactory intelligence, and have turned over in my mind every possible occurrence that may lead to a fuller investigation.—Joseph, their servant, whom I have strictly interrogated, turns pale—hesitates—“Can’t say he knows any thing of the matter.” He is certainly culpable; but he can only be an agent. The principal yet lies deeply entrenched in his own detestable politics. But all his cunning will be insufficient to carry on successfully his impious contrivances.

Villan! Villain!—Oh! Louisa, I was right in my suggestions; Joseph is gone; left the house at four o’clock, and it is supposed he is on the road to Paris.—The monster! Precious agent of such pernicious mischief.—How could I let him escape?—But, foolishly depending upon his apparent carelessness of detection, I have lost a certain clue to this horrid business.

I have seen the general.—A message was sent this morning, importing his examination would take place this day at three o’clock. I was punctual to the time, but the principal witness was withdrawn. I could hardly accept the apology made by the municipal officer for bringing on the cause sooner than was intended, but a multitude of business, added to the request of the evidence, was among the reasons he gave. “However, sir, (said he,) you may see the gentleman,” and immediately introduced me to St. Leger.

He

He took my hand. "What, (said he,) are my *friends* too included in this vile infringement on British freedom? Are you, Hamilton, snared by this detestable informer?"

"Patience, my dear sir, (said the officer.) We have no claim on this gentleman, but you are condemned by written evidence;" and then, to my utter astonishment, he produced a packet, addressed by Zimza and Adolphus to captain L'Heureux, in which their sentiments were freely expressed. But what had criminated the general was, some lines written by him in the envelope, freely censuring the present system of French liberty.

"See, Hamilton, (said he, his eyes blazing with indignation,) these letters, which were given to Joseph for the purpose of putting in the general post, have, by some cursed accident, been preserved for my destruction!"

"No accident, my friend.—Joseph is certainly a villain, and moves by some secret spring."

"Is there a creature upon earth (replied St. Eger,) to whom I can have given cause for revenge so diabolical?" And then pausing, as if studying for an explanation, he suddenly exclaimed,—"*Joseph must be found.*—Surely it cannot be inconsistent with their new laws to have the fellow examined, respecting the motives for this treachery."

"He *shall* be found, (said I,) if possible. But, to gain time, we must apply for liberty to keep you at Abbeville."

The officer shook his head, but promised to use his endeavours for that purpose.—The unhappy prisoner then adverted to the situation of his poor family.” “My child, sir, (said he,) “may I not see my poor Mary?”

“I have already (he was answered) “exceeded my authority in admitting your “friend.”

“If (I replied) you would save the life, “and restore the senses of an innocent virgin, “you will not, you cannot, refuse this request.”

“Senses! Hamilton? Do not terrify “me thus.—My lovely girl! Is she *indeed* “reduced by sorrow to a state so dreadful?— “Now then I am conquered. Let them do “what they please with a miserable wretch.— “Oh! my child, my child!”

The officer turned aside his face, and, in a faltering accent, gave me liberty to conduct her to the prison.

You will not expect me to particularise the scene which shocked every susceptible witness of a meeting so truly agonising.—It was with the utmost difficulty we could separate the wretched pair.—But one salutary consequence flowed from this expedient.—No longer stupid and insensible, the poor thing perfectly recovered her bewildered senses, and, with the most lively sorrow pictured to me the shocking events of that evening which has plunged us all in such misery. I will send this letter off immediately,

immediately, as I know how anxious you must be to hear from yours,

A. HAMILTON.

P. S. I have written a concise account of our situation to Zimza and Adolphus, advising them to hasten from the French territories, as they were to wait at Rouen for our letters.

General

General ST. LEGER to Mr. HAMILTON.

M. SOISSONS, acting from a liberality of sentiment extremely honourable to himself as well as advantageous to me, not only permits the use of my pen, but has actually, in consequence of some circumstances appearing favourable to my cause, in a second examination, obtained permission to keep me at Abbeville another fortnight.—I was confronted again yesterday with the principal evidence, whose face, though familiar to me, I cannot identify; as part of his lower jaw and his left eye have been carried away by the contents of a pistol.—He appeared much confused while interrogated respecting his knowledge of me; and, though he swore positively to my correspondence with an emigrant, as well as of being an ear witness to several reproachful expressions I had thrown out against French democracy, he chose not to ascertain *when* and *how* he became possessed of my papers; and this mystery, dear Hamilton, I burn to elucidate.

How is my sweet girl? Tell her a father wishes to express his love and tenderness personally.—But, above all, if possible, keep up her

her spirits. It cannot be that any part of my conduct should be amenable to justice. No doubt, then, but my innocence will soon be manifested, and my confinement ended; unless the mobbish inflictors of vengeance should interfere.

Thus do I conjecture, argue, suppose, and yet remain in doubt. However, it is determined that this fellow shall be more strictly examined, his conduct scrutinized, and his connections in France brought forward. I have entreated to see my friends once more. But M. Soissons produces so many important reasons against this indulgence, that I must submit. Dear Hamilton, set every engine at work to find out my treacherous servant. Stupid I always thought him,—but he has made the most of a *knavish* propensity.

To my worthy brother, to my lovely child, commend the most affectionate remembrances, always including in them my ever respectable friend. Adieu—Adieu,

GODFREY ST. LIGER.

ADOLPHUS

The looked round confused and frightened, but spoke not. — However, we secured him and brought him safely dinner. — Before we could sight Mr. Hawkins, perceiving whom we had in the chair, exclaimed, "Oh! stop! stop! not an instant; fly to M. Sedgwick." The general is now, for the last time, under examination. Miss St. Leger is with her

ADOLPHUS to Miss HAMILTON. — Kind of hall. — Joseph turned back, but we turned him forward. — A man, who I later learned was the lost witness in this duty, being of opinion, I took into a chair.

BUT for the few lines my guardian wrote, on his departure from England, general St. Leger had yet been in confinement, his daughter wretched, and her worthy uncle equally unhappy. Not a moment was lost in our return to Abbeville, and we arrived at the very period when the noble prisoner's third examination was commencing. — But I should first observe, that, stopping to change horses at Amiens, we were alarmed at the sight of Mr. St. Leger's valet, who, evidently confused at our appearance, darted into the house. A sudden suspicion passed through my mind, for which I could not ascertain the cause; but, instinctively as it were, I followed and caught him by the hand, as he was hastening through the passage. Conscious guilt threw him upon his knees, while he exclaimed, "Forgive me, and I will confess." — "Confess! monster!" (said my father, who was close behind,) "is it to you then this horrid mischief is owing?"

He

He looked round confused and frightened, but spoke not.—However, we secured him, and brought him safely hither.—Before we could alight, Mr. Hawkins, perceiving whom we had in the chaise, exclaimed, “Oh! stop not an instant; fly to M. Soissons. The general is now, for the last time, under examination. Miss St. Leger is with her father.” It was enough. We entered a kind of hall,—Joseph shrunk back, but we forced him forward. A man, who I afterwards found was the sole witness in this dirty business, seeing us approach, sunk into a chair, apparently overcome with terror.—Mr. Hamilton, who was present, seizing our prisoner, led him towards the evidence.

“Now, then, (said he,) say, who is this fellow?”

“Why, it is—”

“Who?” said the general, trembling with agitation.

“Why, that is Mr. Abrams.”

“Yes, (said the villain, endeavouring to acquire fortitude,) I am Abrams, and am ready to suffer any punishment; though, to my last moment, I shall only lament the want of power to be revenged.”

Dear madam, I leave you to imagine the joy, or wonder, and congratulation, which succeeded this discovery.—My beloved Mary fainting in her father's arms; Mr. Hawkins, who had followed us, piously adoring the providence which had thus signally interposed;—while Mr. Soissons, with ardent pleasure, was proceeding to interrogate Joseph, respecting

his

his connections with Abrams; but the latter, with an air of insult, turning to the general, said, "Your friend thought me dead: but, though betrayed, pursued, and accused, by my countrymen, I found that mercy in foreigners which Mr. Hamilton denied, and purchased that report of my death which, in consequence of the wound my temerity had given, was strongly believed, and sent back to England without his errand. Joseph is a coward, but ought to be forgiven. He knew not the motive that induced me to renew the slight acquaintance I had with him in London, for he was not *always* a servant. — Mere accident threw him in my way, on the evening of his arrival at Abbeville, when he confessed he had omitted, in his hurry, to carry some letters to the post. I requested to see them. They were directed in the general's hand. I was astonished, but took them, under the pretence of sending them from Abbeville; and, after I had gained every information respecting the family he was with, left him, to study revenge."

We were all attentive to his vile confession, and he continued,

"The lines written in the cover I invented myself, and then brought them to the justice, who immediately ordered a guard to seize Mr. St. Leger. — Joseph, understanding I had been seen with the magistrate, grew suspicious; to keep him quiet, I terrified him with a dread of being accused as the
"cause

cause of his master's imprisonment;—and this
“I suppose induced him to go off.—It would
“have been infinitely more pleasing to me
“to have involved Mr. Hamilton in this busi-
“ness; but I knew that, in wounding the
“general, I should completely mortify his
“friends.”

My guardian smiled indignantly on the re-
morseless wretch, who was now silent; when
M. Soissons, after ordering him to strict con-
finement, addressed himself to Mr. St. Leger.
—“You are now, sir, (said he,) no longer a
“prisoner. I am extremely sorry for partly
“contributing to your undeserved afflictions:
“but zeal for the cause which has armed all
“France must take the blame off my conduct.
“—The liberty we contend for blossoms
“sweetly in your nation—Had our mode of
“government been mild as yours, the rights
“of royalty would have been equally secure.
“—Go then, sir, and enjoy with your
“friends the pure sunshine of freedom; and
“pity, even though you should condemn,
“those who, in the turbulence of the tempest
“they have raised, confound the innocent with
“the guilty.”

Through my beloved Mary's entreaties,
Joseph's liberty is restored.—But she cannot
so far forgive the vile Abrams as to make him a
subject of benevolent intercession. The law,
which, in his case will be very severe, is per-
mitted to take its course.—I will only add,
that my father obligingly permits me to attend
this revered party to England, there to remain
till

till quieter times shall invite us to make the protracted excursion. Judge then, dear lady, how happy this permission makes your faithful

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

P. S. All remembrances from friends are rendered unnecessary by the affectionate epistles which accompany this.

THE END.